

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SYDNEY

NEW SOUTH WALES



## MERMAID

By PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN

*Daughter of the sea-drift,  
Dreaming in the sun,  
Thrilling to the motion  
Of the greeny ocean,  
Where sudden little ripples  
Laugh and lightly run.*

*Listening to the singing  
Of the silver wind  
And watching ships go by,  
Hearing the seabirds cry...  
Mermaid that the falling tide  
Has left here behind.*

*Daughter of the sea-drift,  
Beautiful and free,  
Like a goddess seeming,  
Like a sculptor's dreaming,  
Thinking of a coral house  
Underneath the sea.*



# SANE LIVING Pays the Best DIVIDENDS

## New Y.W.C.A. Secretary Champions the Modern Girl

Tall and good-looking, with a fresh and charming personality, keen, blue eyes, well-groomed silver hair, and fair complexion, Miss Grace Carr has arrived from America to take up her job as general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in Melbourne.

Miss Carr has proclaimed herself a champion of the modern girl. "I could not be doing this work if I were otherwise," she says.

"VICE is more spectacular than virtue, and there is no news value in being a good girl," she says. "That is why 'wild young people' seem more numerous than they really are. The huge majority of sane young people do not attract attention like the few unbalanced ones."

"But a huge majority of young people have proved for themselves that sane living pays the best dividends in the long run."

Miss Carr's wide experience in social work entitles her to speak with authority about modern girlhood. For five years she was general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. at The Summit, New Jersey, the position she relinquished to come to Australia. She represented her association on a council of social agencies composed of various youth organizations. For ten years prior to that she worked for the Y.W.C.A. in Ohio in an honorary capacity.

Miss Carr believes that sanity and honesty are the outstanding characteristics of the outlook of modern youth.

"The tremendous growth of various youth movements throughout the world," she declares, "is an indication of the questioning, thoughtful viewpoint of modern youth. In their discussion groups they debate questions that often make us older people gasp. We sometimes fear that some of these discussions are out of their depth, but their preoccupation with serious subjects and honest endeavor to decide their own points of view, is a healthy sign that should be encouraged."

### Youth's Problem

"PROBABLY because history is taught to them in a much more interesting way, they take an intense interest in public affairs, and while a young girl may be still susceptible to the romance of uniforms and brass bands, her interest in international problems and other peoples of the world is a strong force in the movement for world peace."

"There is a swing away from the 'self expression' idea to one of study and questioning of accepted thought and traditions. Young people are high-minded to a degree that older people do not always appreciate. They have a thirst for education and wide knowledge. Discussion groups for young people have become a necessity, not only in the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. but in schools and churches in America."

"Young people are no more muddled than older people in their outlook on present-day problems. One of the greatest problems that youth is up against—and one that is greater than any that has faced previous generations—is the problem of their futures. Young people prepare themselves for careers with intense education and an honest desire to do some good in the world, only to emerge in a world that often has nothing to offer them."

### Saneness and Honesty

"MODERN youth is keenly interested in religion. Compared with the way we used to feel about it when I was a youngster they are much more in earnest about finding a Christian way to live."

"The girls we deal with give a very good cross-section of homes in the community, from the completely unprivileged to the highly privileged, and we find that all types of young people really strive to develop a Christian attitude, and encounter some difficulty in reconciling this striving after an ideal with the fact that the world frequently presents barriers that make it impossible to practise a Christian attitude."

"In America, as in the rest of the world, youth has set for itself a high standard of physical fitness. In the association in Australia sport seems to be more heavily emphasised than in the association in America."

"Another present-day problem that modern girlhood is facing frankly and honestly is the problem of choosing a career or marriage with a

family, or reconciling them both.

"I believe very definitely that while many girls must face the fact that they must earn a living, we should encourage our girls to be efficient home-makers and mothers, for there is nothing that forms so strong a bulwark for any nation as the right kind of wives and mothers. It should be, and is part of the association's aim to educate girls in this direction."

"The same saneness and honesty that characterise modern girls in their general outlook is noticeable in their attitude towards men. There is a frankness, understanding, and sane friendliness

that can only be brought about through interchange of thought between young people of both sexes. In America co-education, mixed discussion groups, and combined social programmes provide op-

portunities for this interchange of thought, and I understand the same opportunities are provided in Australia by various young people's organisations."



THE NEW SECRETARY of the Y.W.C.A. in Melbourne, Miss Grace Carr, who doesn't fear for the modern girl. —Brooklyn.

# LADY ALICE Makes Her Wedding PLANS

## A Romance on which the Prince of Wales won a Bet

By MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in  
London. By Air Mail.

It has now been officially announced that the wedding of the Duke of Gloucester and Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas-Scott will be celebrated at Westminster Abbey on November 6. The Archbishop of Canterbury will officiate.

Before the official announcement, rumors were rife to the effect that the ceremony might be held in Edinburgh as a compliment to the bride, but an insuperable obstacle to this lay in the fact that there would not be sufficient accommodation available.

HOLYROOD Palace, home of the beautiful but ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, is quite inadequate for the reception of the Royal guests, and the great St. Giles' Cathedral, which stands almost exactly in the heart of Middlethian, is not nearly large enough to hold the number of guests for such a ceremony.

Even Westminster Abbey seems small on such occasions. It now seems certain that the wedding arrangements will follow very closely those made for the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

At the time of that wedding, when the King and Queen were choosing jewellery from their personal collections for the then Princess Marina, they put aside a number of pieces for the next Royal bride. The pieces include some fine emeralds and diamonds which are the Queen's personal treasures, being heirlooms of her family. These will be given to the Duke's fiancée when she makes a ceremonial visit to Buckingham Palace shortly after the Court returns to London in October.

Lady Alice is now wearing her engagement-ring which was made by the Crown Jeweller. The main stone is an exquisite deep-toned oval sapphire, three-eighths of an inch long and a quarter of an inch wide. It lies between two diamonds, each a quarter of an inch by one-sixteenth of an inch. The ring is of platinum, thin and finely-fashioned, and the stones are claw-mounted.

Sapphires, the true lovers' stone, have been closely associated with Royalty

since the Stuart days, and Scotland, of course, is replete with the history of the romantic, graceful, but ill-starred Stuarts. The Duchess of Kent's engagement-ring was of sapphires, the Queen herself wears these stones very often, and they figured largely in the wedding jewellery of the Princess Royal.

### Brother's Bet

IT is now disclosed that the Duke and Lady Alice have been sweethearts for a considerable time, although society knew little about it.

This does not apply, however, to the members of the Royal Family, for at the Duke of Kent's wedding last November the Prince of Wales made a bet that the Duke of Gloucester would be engaged within a year and that the announcement would be made from Balmoral.

This shows that the Prince was not altogether unaware of the progress of this supposedly secret romance.

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose are both to be attendants at the wedding, I understand, and it is said they are both thrilled to the core at the prospect.

The Duke of Gloucester is at present with his regiment, the 10th Hussars, at Catterick, in Yorkshire, but he took a couple of days off, since his return from Balmoral, to spend with his fiancée at Bowhill Castle. I understand he will be given long leave from duty when the

### SECURE THIS BOOK NOW!

THOUSANDS of men, women, and children have by now received their copies of "The Children's Treasure House." Every mail is bringing letters of appreciation. Here are a few sentences from them, selected almost at random:

"We are delighted with the book . . ." "A treasure house, indeed . . ." "We are most grateful for this wonderful book . . ." "Our children are enthralled by it, and we elders find it just as fascinating . . ." Have you got your copy of this splendid book yet? Don't delay, for supplies are limited. Applications are being dealt with in the order they are received. Secure your copy now!

Court leaves for London so that he may attend to the wedding preparations. It is thought that he and his future Duchess will set up housekeeping either at White Lodge, Richmond, that charming, friendly manor where the Queen spent some of her early days, or at Frogmore near Windsor.

### Open-air Girl

LADY ALICE is very accomplished. She sings, plays and paints. She is thoroughly at home in the open air, can manage a wild home, play polo, take the stiffest fences in the hunting field, and shoot, straight. As a youngster she was her brother's constant companion in their outdoor activities, but her domestic training was not neglected. She can cook, sew, and run a household, and has, indeed, taken charge on occasions of one or other of her father's great houses.

This engagement has, of course, thrilled the whole of Scotland, and it is very popular throughout Britain generally, as it is felt that the choosing of a bride at home is in keeping with the present spirit of the Empire—a whole.

In Lady Alice Scott, daughter of a long line of ancestors who have played an important part in the building of that Empire, and herself the embodiment of sterling British qualities, it is agreed the Duke has found a bride admirably suited for her high station.

### WIDE AWAKE CELIA . . .



stole a march on Beauty. Went to her dressing table looking just ordinary, (such an indifferent skin) came away a vision of breath-taking loveliness. She found the gift of a radiant complexion waiting her in her pretty box of Revelry.

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# Let's Talk Of Interesting People



GIFTED COMPOSER

DAISY DEGOTARDI, talented composer—in private life Mrs. H. R. Brown—has just returned from a visit to our Western capital.

Her husband, who is Mr. H. R. Brown, manager of the travel department of the Bank of New South Wales, accompanied her. The Perth people extended warm hospitality and invited them everywhere.

Miss Degotardi has the distinction of being the first woman in Australia to compose a piano concerto which was broadcast all over the Commonwealth; in April of last year it was heard throughout the national network. The soloist was Isidor Goodman, noted Continental pianist, now of the Sydney Conservatorium.

Miss Degotardi was so impressed with Yehudi Menuhin, the celebrated violinist, when she heard him in Sydney, that she has commenced to portray his gift in a violin concerto.



SMART PRINCESS

PRINCESS ALPHONSE DE CHIMAY is the attractive mother photographed here with her little daughter, Countess Pamela Theresia Louise de Chimay—a big name for such a tiny girl.

The princess is the lovely daughter of Lord and Lady Ernest Hamilton, and a sister of Lady Buchanan-Jardine.

Lady Buchanan-Jardine and the princess share the honor of being two of the best-dressed women in London.



BEAUTY FOR AMERICA

FRAULEIN HERMA DE HATVANY, who was recently chosen as the most beautiful girl in Europe by a jury of artists in Vienna, has received sixteen marriage proposals from the United States of America.

Only a short time ago Fraulein Hatvany accepted a film offer, but the company ran out of funds and was unable to pay her, so, disappointed in life generally, she jumped into the Danube.

Now, apparently, she has recovered her spirits for she declares that she is going over to the United States to run her eye over her admirers, and says she will marry only an American.

## PLANETS Promise HAPPINESS for the Royal COUPLE!

### Horoscope of Duke of Gloucester's Fiancee HER STAR IN ASCENDANT

By JUNE MARSDEN

International Astrologer and President of the Astrological Research Society of Australia.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER disputes with his brother, the Prince of Wales, the honor of being the best-dressed man in England.



LATEST AIR MAIL photo of Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Prince Henry's fiancee. Lady Alice is a keen horsewoman.



THE DUKE and Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry, father and mother of Prince Henry's fiancee.  
—Photo by Air Mail.

The prospective bride of the Duke of Gloucester, Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas-Scott, possesses an extremely interesting horoscope—not only as to the planetary positions and influences which existed at the time of her birth, but also in regard to the present year of her life.

As the future bride of Prince Henry and a member of the Royal House of England, she attains a position which shows her star to be definitely on the ascendant; yet her star-map is of those that bring the touch of grey to the hair of all astrologers, for it shows an individual strength of character and purpose, allied to so powerful an inclination toward reserve and modesty that the expression of her whole nature must perforce seem contradictory and unpredictable.

THE Sun in the sign Capricorn at her birth indicates that Lady Alice is practical and cautious. She will always act with great dignity. She is very ambitious and, despite many difficulties, will triumph over circumstances, for she is patient and not easily discouraged. She might be called an "unconscious" actor, for there is an innate love of ceremony attached to every thought and action. She is frank, enterprising, and fond of out-door sports, especially in connection with horses, dogs, or other animals, and walking.

Mars, Saturn, and Jupiter are all in the sign Capricorn also, so that Lady Alice must express the Capricornian characteristics to a very marked degree. Mars there brings her honor and fame, and a sincere desire to shoulder the responsibilities which come with positions of prominence.

The nature is brave, self-reliant, and fond of action, but inclined to bring opposition and criticism through quick temper and impatience, or rashness. This can incline to accidents or ailments affecting the knees or other bones.

Saturn in Capricorn gives a melancholy and discontented twist to the nature, but also adds diplomacy, good reasoning, steadfastness and general success in life. Yet success will often be followed by failure (inclining to mis-

picion and pessimism), and should be guarded against by forethought and caution.

Jupiter in Capricorn is the saving grace of this strong four-fold Capricornian influence in the life, for it endows the blessings of philosophy, perseverance and ingenuity, and promises, despite obstacles, a position of unassailable power over the heads of others in some important public sphere. There will be long journeys and dealings with those of other lands; popularity among those of wealth and power, and gains through them, as well as through the father or by legacy.

Venus in the sign Aquarius at the time of birth adds generosity, sincerity, intuition, and endows Lady Alice with the happy knack of making friends with equal readiness among inferiors and superiors. She is faithful and earnest in affection, and will undoubtedly gain through the marriage partner, especially if such partner has a strong Uranian influence in his own star-map. This is vitally interesting, since a glance at the horoscope of the Duke of Gloucester shows that the planet Uranus rests in the House of Marriage, thus bearing out the astrological forecast.

It is interesting to refer to the horoscope of the Prince which was published in The Australian Women's Weekly of September 22, 1934. In that it was said that there would be much talk of his love affairs, and that he would have to choose between marriage

with a foreigner of Royal birth and another "foreigner" of unusual charm, originality, and even genius, but not of Royal birth. It was added, "In any event, the marriage of Prince Henry will have about it an element of the

sudden, unexpected, and unusual, and he should be remarkably happy in married life."

These planetary interpretations have all been amply borne out, since Lady Alice is not of Royal birth, but is possessed of great charm and ability. Also, the projected marriage was so unexpected and unusual that not even her ladyship's own sister knew of it until she heard the announcement broadcast over the air. This element of surprise added the last touch of originality and unexpectedness to an already romantic affair, an affair which the planets show to have had its inception over 16 years ago, when Lady Alice was no more than 17.

Neptune in the sign Cancer indicates a tendency to attract trouble and criticism, but the inspirational, imaginative, and psychical faculties are keen and conducive to an idealistic love of home and family.

Thus outlined are the basic characteristics and conditions of Lady Alice's life, as judged astrologically; but look now into the present and future, striving to see how the stars are fulfilling the destiny they bespeak at her birth by bringing about her engagement to one of the most important bachelors in the world.

Please turn to Page 21

### Take 3 Inches Off Your Chest-Line!

REDUCE YOUR BUST this NEW Easy Way!

ARE you embarrassed by a large oversize bust that hangs in shapeless, unsightly fat? Do you want to reduce your bust and restore the firm, shapely contour of youth? Now you can reduce that chest-line by 2 to 3 inches. Let me tell you how FREE.

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Mrs. F. Allan, W.

"I have been using it for little over a week now, and can feel and see the difference in the bust already. They are getting firmer and rounder."  
Mrs. C. Clark, O.

"I am very pleased with the reduction. My bust is quite small now."  
Miss L. Feller, A.

"I am very delighted with the result."  
Mrs. D. Hook, W.

"There is a great improvement."  
Miss B. Heath, B.

"I am thrilled with the results and have already lost over a stone in weight since starting."  
Miss M. Camble, F.

"My bust has become a better and firmer shape."  
Mrs. Rossing, A.

**NOTE!**

These letters and many more are open for inspection at my offices any time.

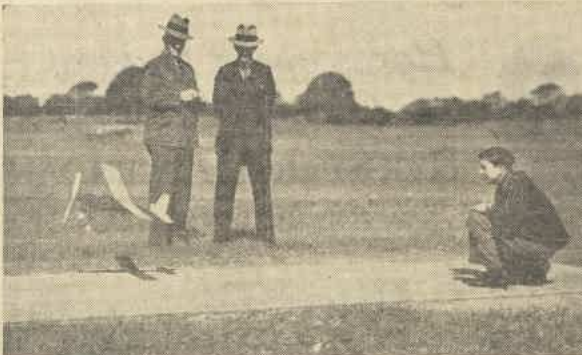


# OUR WONDERFUL Model Aeroplane GIFT OFFER!

Something more than  
a toy... Reserve now!

Who is not interested in that wonder of the modern age — the aeroplane? Here is an announcement that will bring joy to the heart of every young Australian, and will delight parents equally.

The Australian Women's Weekly is now making available to readers a wonderful model monoplane for the low price of 4/-, post free. This is an all-British, cabin-type monoplane, and, if it were available on the market to-day, it would cost at least 25/-.



HERE IS one of The Australian Women's Weekly model monoplanes taking off from the ground under its own power.



A CLOSE-UP of the model monoplane now being made available to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly. Its dimensions can be gauged by comparison with the youth holding it.

DESIGNED and guaranteed to fly by Mr. Norman Lyons, Chief Commissioner of the Model Aircraft Association, this monoplane takes off the ground under its own power and, if fully wound, will fly for up to twenty minutes.

Models of these monoplanes have already executed flights from Sydney to Manly, and from Randwick to North Sydney.

Mr. Norman Lyons conducts the model aeroplane section from 2.30 every Monday and Friday evenings at 6.30 p.m., and during his talks will give further particulars of The Australian Women's Weekly model aeroplane.

Its flying times and distances are

easily controlled by the mechanism of the machine. It is built of feather-weight, yet tough, fabric, over the lightest of strong wood.

Here is another thrill for the boys and girls who are mechanically-minded. You make the monoplane yourself from the simple and easily-followed instructions which are issued with the parts.

## Thrilling Sport

The wing spread of the monoplane is 34 inches, and the overall length 24 inches. It will not carry a passenger, but is big enough and substantial enough to provide thrilling sport for every boy and girl who secures one.

Mr. Lyons considers this model monoplane superior to anything that has yet been brought to Australia, and

quite capable of winning any model aeroplane championship either in Australia or elsewhere.

PARENTS will be able to avail themselves of this unique opportunity to secure a splendid model monoplane and put it aside as a Christmas present for a boy or girl.

To secure one of these Australian Women's Weekly monoplanes, all that you have to do is to fill in the reservation form on page 29 of this paper, and forward it to Dept. W.S.1, Box 2607EE, G.P.O., Sydney, and a monoplane will be reserved for you.

Then turn to the inside back cover of this paper and cut out the special monoplane token appearing there. These tokens will appear for the next four weeks. When you have collected the four

tokens send them to the above address together with a postal note for 4/-, and the monoplane will be sent to any address in New South Wales post free.

Readers who collect their coupons and call at the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly may take delivery of

their monoplane parts on payment of 3/6.

The reservation form should be completed at once, as thousands of boys and girls will want to avail themselves of this marvellous offer, which will be open for a limited period only.

## MODERN Sleeping Beauty of ILLINOIS

Girl Unconscious for Three Years

From Our New York Correspondent

In Chicago is a girl who has earned the title of "Sleeping Beauty of Illinois." She is Patricia Maguire, who fell asleep in February, 1932, and who did not open her eyes again until three years later, when, early this year, she brought hope to the heart of her mother by showing signs of awakening.

Three blank years in a young life! It is tragic to think of it. And the prince who brings her back to the world, if she is brought back, will be clad, not in shining armor, but in white overalls and rubber gloves, will be armed, not with a sword, but with some new knowledge of that most puzzling disease known to science—sleeping sickness.

THE first indications of approaching sickness became apparent in the unfortunate girl's eyes. The family noticed, early in 1932, that they were becoming heavy; there was a dazed, far-away look in them.

Then came drowsiness, an inability to keep the heavy lids from falling in sleep. But with this there was no sign of illness; for a time she continued her work as secretary to a Chicago business man.

She continued to struggle against the insidious malady until the morning came when her mother could not wake her up. From this time until the present, Patricia Maguire has been constantly under medical supervision. The family physician, although he can do nothing, is in regular attendance, while science has been exhausted in an effort to discover some cure. The family has received countless letters suggesting treatments, while parcels of herbs and drugs—claimed by the senders to cure anything—have reached them from all over America.

Patricia's mother has been her nurse ever since illness first came to her. The family is in very modest circumstances, so that expensive help is out of the question. It would be a difficult thing to decide which of the two—mother or daughter—has gone through the greater ordeal.

## Lost Youth

THE girl has lost three years of youth but, so far, she has been unconscious of any loss or any suffering. To her mother has come all the worry, all the pain of seeing what was a beautiful, spirited daughter lying in a coma from which only a miracle or a new scientific discovery will awaken her.

Fortunately, there has been no difficulty in administering food and drink. Liquids and soft foods are administered through a tube, and the muscles used in swallowing react naturally to the stimulus.

Although Patricia now has her eyes open most of the day, she is still too lethargic to move or speak. She can crook her fingers; sometimes she smiles; but the greater part of the time she just lies quietly. Nobody knows whether she is thinking or, if so, what her thoughts may be.

One of the most pathetic features of this tragic case is the care taken by the mother to safeguard her girl's appearance. A hairdresser calls regularly at the house to trim Pat's lovely dark hair.

The mother herself tends to her nails and hands.

Zealously guarded, kept away even from other members of the family, Patricia Maguire's mother keeps a diary, a record of over three years of heart-breaking suffering. Whatever has been written in those pages, however it has been written, the little book must be an authentic human document. It is as well, perhaps, that it is being kept secret, there are some things that no strange eyes should read.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.  
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MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne C1.  
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SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.  
TASMANIA: The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Gordon & Gotch (A'sia) Ltd., 65 Cameron Street, Launceston.  
LONDON: 20 New Bridge Street, London EC4.

## HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS

All editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 3551E, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, Sydney, or Tasmania office as applicable.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, summed up in a short of newspaper, showing date and page in which first published.  
(b) Give full name, address and State.  
Unpublished contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

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Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

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By deciding at once—NOW—you can make a test in your own home of this amazing method at absolutely no cost to yourself. If you are not satisfied, Tall people to-day are the winners—the short person is pushed aside. Why concern yourself when you can be your normal height? You can stand above your fellows and command the attention and respect which only tall people receive—nothing adds more to your personality than height, and yet all this is within your reach! You can NOW get this extra height—you can be the person you have always wanted to be!

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You Can Increase  
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Ample proof that this wonderful system does increase height and improve general physique is forthcoming in the letters from grateful people who have used this system. People from all parts of Australia. A few of these letters are printed here; they are but a few of hundreds which have been received. This is your opportunity to add inches to your height, and the benefit of this FREE offer, and post the coupon at once.

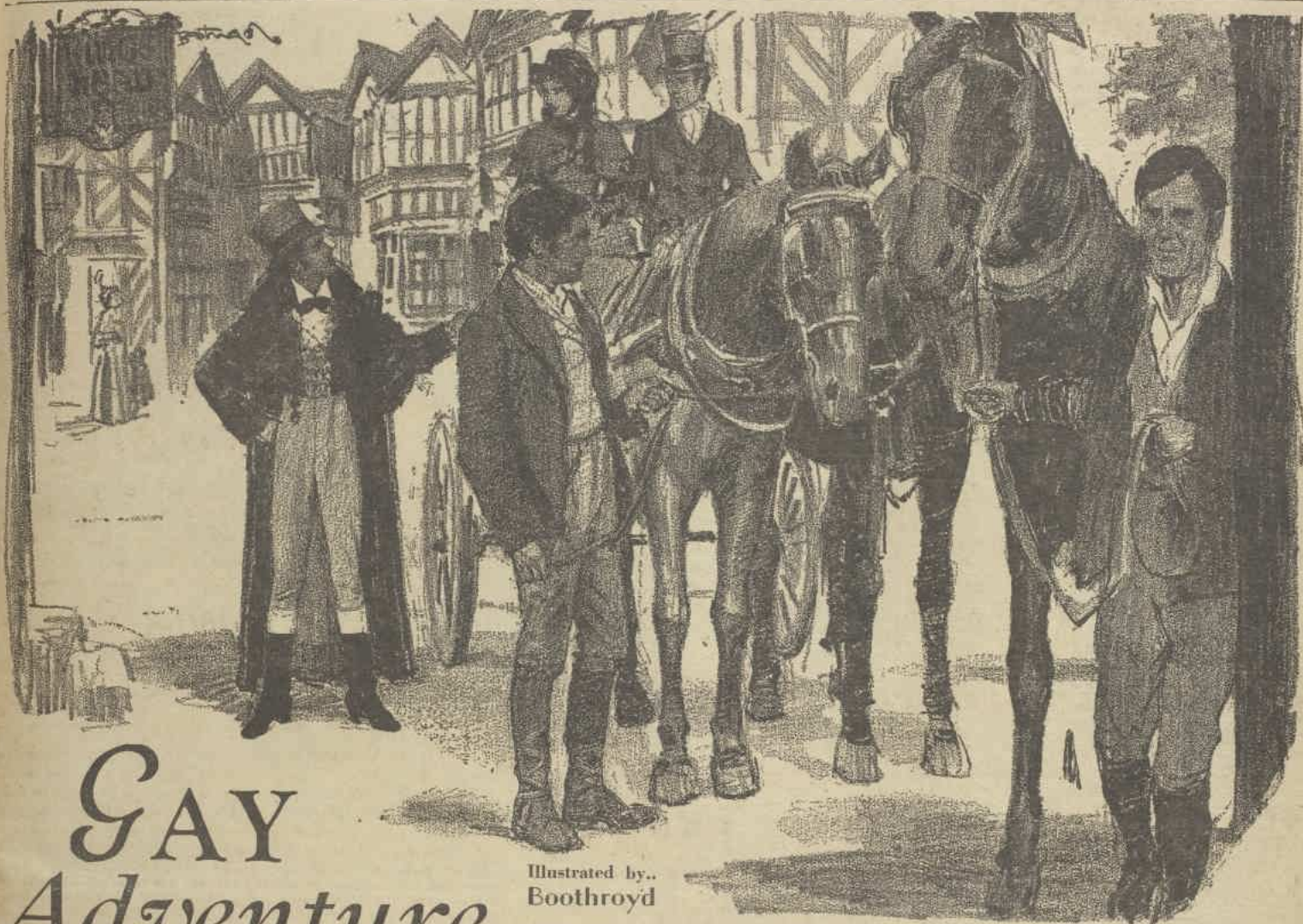
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Illustrated by.  
Boothroyd

# SAY Adventure

A maid defies a man, and embarks on a mad escapade that brings swift retribution

**T**O Judith Taverner, wealthy and attractive young heiress, her guardian, Lord Worth, sometimes seemed the most odious, provoking, detestable creature alive. They quarrelled on almost every matter, though he had shown on occasions that he could be very pleasant.

It irked Judith to know that he had discouraged suitors to her hand, although he had agreed to the marriage of her brother, Peregrine, to Miss Harriet Fairford. Secretly she was often glad of the protection Worth's decision afforded her from unwelcome suitors.

Three attempts on her brother's life had given Judith cause for extreme anxiety. First there had been the quarrel forced on him by Captain Farnaby, which, fortunately, police had stopped; then the mysterious shot attributed to a highwayman; and later, at their guardian's country home, Peregrine had become mysteriously ill.

When Judith and Peregrine had first decided to come up to London to set up an establishment worthy of their fortune, they had many misgivings as to their reception by society. But great wealth, charm, and beauty, Judith discovered, ensured her many friends, although her spirited, frank manner made enemies of others.

It had been a shock to find that their guardian, Lord Worth, was none other than the young gentleman with whom they had quarrelled on their way to London. He chose a distant relative, Mrs. Scattergood, for Judith's chaperon.

By...  
**Georgette HEYER**  
Author of "These Old Shades," "Devil's Cub," "Death in the Stocks," etc., etc.

Worth's brother, Captain Audley, whom Judith met later, was an entirely different character; a tall, handsome, laughing cavalier.

The friendship of Beau Beaumell, society's famous leader, meant a good deal to Judith, and she was also impressed with the charming manners of a newly-discovered cousin, Bernard Taverner.

During their stay at Worth's home, Peregrine conquered his mysterious illness, and on their return to London brother and sister made plans for the Brighton season. Judith and Worth clashed again regarding the renting of their seaside home, but Worth had his way.

Judith's plan to drive her own phaeton to Brighton was forbidden by Worth. Nevertheless, secretly she completed her scheme to drive down, and challenged Peregrine to a race to Brighton.

Now read on:—

**M**RS. SCATTERGOOD, in ignorance of what was in store, and believing herself to have checkmated her charge, set

about the business of departure in a mood of considerable complacency. Had she guessed that Miss Taverner's meek acquiescence to all her plans sprang from nothing but a desire to allay any suspicions she might nourish her peace would have been quite cut up. But she had never come up against Miss Taverner's will, and had no idea of its strength. In happy unconsciousness she went about her affairs, instructed the house-keeper what chairs and sofas must be put into holland-cover, arranged for the servants they were to take with them to leave Brook Street not later than seven o'clock in the morning, and gave orders for the chaise that was to convey herself and Miss Taverner to be brought round at noon.

The momentous day dawned. At ten o'clock Miss Taverner, dressed in her habit, and with a handful of spare whip points thrust through one of her buttonholes, walked into her bedroom where she was fluttering about in the midst of bandboxes and valises, and said coolly: "Well, ma'am, I shall see you presently. I trust. I wish you a pleasant journey."

Mrs. Scattergood cast one aghast glance at her, and cried: "Good God, what does this mean? Why have you put on your habit? What are you going to do?"

"Why, ma'am, I have engaged to race Perry to Brighton, driving the other currie," said Miss Taverner, preparing to depart.

"Judith!" shrieked Mrs. Scattergood, sitting down plump upon her best bonnet.

Miss Taverner put her head round the door again. "Don't be uneasy, Maria; I can outdrive Perry. I beg

The groom, however, was looking at Lord Worth, who laid his hand on the currie and said, curtly, "You will be pleased to alight, Miss Taverner."

begin the other side of Westminster Bridge and to end at the Marine Parade. Are you ready?"

She nodded, and, taking the reins in her right hand, got up on to the box of her currie and deftly changed the reins over. Peregrine followed suit, the grooms got to their places, and both vehicles moved forward down the street.

Until Westminster Bridge was crossed the pace was necessarily slow, but once over the bridge Judith, who had been leading, drew up to let Peregrine come abreast, and the race began.

**V**ERY much as she had expected he would, Peregrine turned his horses to a rattling speed immediately, and went ahead. Judith kept her team at a brisk trot, and said merely: "His horses will be blown by the time they reach the top of the first hill. No need to press mine yet."

A mile and a half brought them to the Kennington Turnpike. Peregrine was not in sight, and as the gate was shut it was to be presumed that he must have passed through some minutes previously. The groom had the yard of the ready, and blew up for the pike in good time; as the currie drove through he remarked with satisfaction: "The master must be springing 'em, Brixton Hill will take the heart out of his cattle, miss. You may overtake him

on the panels, and let her horses have their heads. Peregrine's currie came into sight a mile further on, crossing Streatham Common. His horses were laboring, and it was evident that he had pressed them too hard up Brixton Hill. Judith gained on him steadily; he sent the lash of his whip out to touch up one sluggish leader, and the wheeler behind shied badly. Judith seized her chance, demonstrated how to hit a leader without alarming the wheeler-horse by throwing her thigh out well to the right and bringing it back with a sharp jerk, and shot by at a gallop just as the Royal Mail Coach came into sight round a bend. The currie swung over to the side of the road, and the two vehicles met and passed without mishap.

Peregrine had now no hope of overtaking his sister on the first stage, and was content to hang on as close behind as he could for the four miles that lay between them and Croydon.

A gallows-sign straddling Croydon High Street showed the position of the Greyhound, one of the two chief posting-houses in the town; the groom blew a long blast for the change, and by the time the currie had turned into the courtyard the ostlers and post-boys were bestirring themselves to be in readiness for whatever vehicle should appear.

**M**ISS TAVERNER kept her seat while the horses were taken out, and the new team swiftly put-to, but Judson, her groom, jumped down and ran back under the archway to watch for Peregrine's arrival. He came back in a few moments with the news that the master had passed, and was making for the King's Head, in Market Street.

A little time had to be wasted in giving the necessary directions for the return of Miss Taverner's own team, but in a very short space the currie was away again, and bowling through the town towards the turnpike three-quarters of a mile on.

Just short of the pike the Sussex Iron Railway ran for a little way beside the road. A number of trucks loaded with coal were being hauled along iron rails by teams of horses, and the sight was so new to Miss Taverner that she slackened her speed to watch this queer form of transport.

Please turn to Page 14

## The End of the Race

you won't forget to send word of it to Lord Worth, if he should still be in town."

"Judith!" moaned the afflicted lady. But Miss Taverner had gone.

In the street, Peregrine was tossing his driving-cloak up on to the box of his currie. Hinkson was to accompany him, while the second currie was in charge of Judith's own groom, a very respectable, smart-looking man, with an intimate acquaintance with every turnpike-road in England.

"Well, Ju, is it understood?" asked Peregrine, as his sister came out of the house. "We take the New Road, and change three times only, at Croydon, Horley, and Cuckfield. The race to

anywhere you please between Streatham and Croydon."

Another two and a half miles brought Brixton Church into sight. There was no sign of Peregrine, but instead an accommodation coach, loaded high with baggage, presented a ludicrous appearance with a wheel off, and all its disgruntled passengers sitting or standing by the roadside. No one seemed to be hurt, and Judith, checking only for a minute, drove past, and into Brixton village. She had been nursing her horses carefully, and they brought her up the hill beyond at a good pace. She glided them over the crown, swept past a stage-coach painted bright green and gold, with its destination printed in staring white capitals



# MISTRESS of the CHAIR

When the battle against pain was almost won, the inspiring influence of love was lost.... Could it be rediscovered?

Complete  
Short  
Story

Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER



**S**INCE Joan's stare had fallen out of an apple tree at the age of fourteen she had been wheeled recumbent through a world that walked. Six years is a long time to be on one's back and fight the atrophy which, having gripped the members, naturally invades the heart and soul, but Joan put up a great fight.

Frank Bowes had not been long in Updene before he made acknowledgment of it to old Jacob Holtham.

"The vicar's daughter," he said, "keeps a mind soaring in a body chained."

"An' what do you know about it, Mr. Bowes?" returned the old cobbler sourly. "You ain't been 'ere near a year."

The fell impeachment was true. Frank Bowes, having bought Most House some months before, was neither native nor resident. In Updene a year barely qualified him as a visitor. He was just passing by. Yet, putting aside this disability, Frank was a nice enough man, and his judgment was right. He had come into the country with the object of escaping from the neighborhood and memory of a pair of blue eyes and their owner, who had shown a predilection for another name than Bowes. He had been hard hit, and not having the spur of need which keeps men at wholesome labor, was in danger of taking up misanthropy, neurasthenia, and the other attendant demons that attack the over-sensitive. Then one Sunday morning he fell in with Jacob, piloting the Chair to

He smiled wanly. "This is Jane, Miss Gatacre. Would it be impertinent to ask how it all came out?"

"Father brought home the first. He would have called last week only there was a conversation at Bishopstone. Mary Harden was responsible for the rest. You've engaged the Updene Chronicle to keep house for you, Mr. Bowes!" She hesitated. "I-I got that bit about books out of her myself."

"I see," he said, "you like reading, Miss Gatacre?"

She nodded, about to speak, when Jacob interrupted. "Stand 'ard, sir!" he cried, and swung the long chair in at the churchyard gate.

The little walk was opportune. Preceding the plain service, where simple folk, unoppressed by the hypotheses of the learned, praised the Lord who made the wheat to spring, it synchronised with two suggestions. First was the quotation, the notion of mere kindness as a sufficient rule of life. Next came the eloquent testimony of the lame dog, alive and glad, who might have passed recumbent years in vain complaint. And here was the vicar at the lectern, "When the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness that he hath committed...."

**F**RANK, sitting through the service in the half light under a derelict musician's gallery, began to ask himself was he not the wicked man? True, there was nothing of commission which he could lay to his charge. But he had run away from his defeat and wallowed in self-pity. Was it very brave?

Was it right to lock doors and pull down the blinds on life at forty? Anyhow, he was not tied to a chair.

The result was action in spite of all the conventions, the first altruistic action he had been capable of for months. Frank Bowes walked round to the Vicarage with half a dozen books under his arm. He had chosen more or less in the dark, but the choice was good taste because it was his own. "Mandarin," with its blustering vitality, a volume of Locke's, "An Englishwoman's Love Letters"; the other three were poets.

The parson was visiting, and Frank found the long chair under a mulberry tree, which is the tree of all trees to bestow a grateful shade. Some Elizabethan vicar with the Italian fever had set out the place in a Baconian perspective which centuries had softened to mellow English. The prim box ranks had broken before the brazen points of Aaron's rod. Sweet William clustered velvet in the shade, and from the pedestal, where a bulbous Cupid once had leered, red Jacobys crowned a flower fall of climbing rose.

"See," he said, "I have ventured to bring you round a book or two. You said you liked reading."

The hands, busy a moment before with snowy buds in finest Irish print, stretched out for them.

"Oh, books!" she cried. "How kind! I love books." The firm hands took them lovingly one by one. "Chatterton, Locke. We don't see many modern books in Updene. An Englishwoman's Love Letters! Sold in the market place! How strange. And poets, that poor boy Keats, in love with careful death, and—oh! Browning! Thank you, Mr. Bowes."

"I'm glad," he said. "There are many more when you want them. I'm a catalogue. Do you like Browning?"

"Not like," said she; "revere, perhaps. He is the one man who makes one see a reason and justification for what's wrong."

"What's wrong?" Frank translated as motor nerves that slept and would not be awakened. He nodded, thinking of his own sadness. "There's a great deal wrong and it needs a great deal of justifying."

"What is our failure here but our triumph's evidence," she quoted in a low voice.

"For the fullness of our days, Have we withered or agonised?"

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?

Why rushed the discords in but that harmony might be prized?"

"That's fine," he said. "It might have been made for me."

She did not say that it might have been made for her.

Where she lay the sun dropped a glittering shaft upon her eyes and she bent brown capable hands over the side of the chair to the wheels. He anticipated that and in a moment, with a deft twist, had the chair deeper in the shade with the wheels locked on a half-bared root.

She smiled her thanks. "I'm a little at the mercy of circumstances since my feet turned Bolshevik!"

"I'll be your feet," he said impulsively. "I've done little enough that's useful."

She glanced down whimsically at the broad-soled shooting boots and the heathery stockings.

"They are most efficient feet," she said. "Thanks for the loan, Mr. Bowes."

He chased and picked up a ball of crocheted thread and came back soberly.

"Joan, dearest, you have made me love you so..."

"Entertaining my visitors, Joan?"

During the years of her imprisonment she had dragged folk many times from the sloughs of error by the chains of service and she saw her chance.

"Yes," she cried. "I've got some new feet! Let me introduce them to your notice, Dad. I think they're a very good pair!"

"First-class," said the vicar and shook hands laughing.

"Only my week-day feet," added Joan. "I keep my Sunday ones at Jacob Holtham's."

"I ought to have called," began the vicar in excuse and, interrupted by a gong, cast a questioning glance at his daughter.

She did not hesitate. "Feet! feet!" she cried.

"Will you eat?"

Just cold meat.

It's all we've got.

If you will not,

Then, good Feet—trout!"

"My daughter knows no convention but neighborliness," began the vicar a little doubtfully, "but if you would care to—"

"I shall be delighted," said Frank.

**T**HE next three months were critical ones for Frank Bowes. When he had fled with his unrequited love to bury himself at Updene he had in truth been near to a chronic stagnation that would have expressed itself increasingly in unlovely excrescences. Excess was not to his taste, but sour repression can produce results as bad, misanthropy, misanthropy.

As I came through the village," he said. "I stopped at Holtham's. He saw my books. 'Ah,' said he, 'for money at the Vicarage. Well, she won't find never a thing in print gooder, nor merrier, nor wiser than she.' Mrs. Mote of Well was in, waiting for a pair of boots. 'That she won't,' she said. 'Who set my Fred to gardening at the Vicarage after his poaching' trouble and made a man of him?' Then in the school as I passed through the walls were gay with pictures and—"

"What very conversational feet!" said she. "But neither do they wend?"

"Well," he said slowly, "I know a fellow who spent a lot of time crying for the moon and not being much of a chap, he talked with life because he couldn't get it. He's been making a general hash of things. Miss Gatacre, and—"

There was a step upon the lawn behind them. The vicar had returned

a general love of shadow and hatred of such as laugh in the sun. His saying had begun on the night when he had nursed his setter pup over the crisis of its illness. The act had reached the long chair at the Vicarage, as most things in Updene did, sooner or later.

Tried on the touchstone of the sick puppy, Bowes had seemed to Joan Gatacre a man worth knowing and knowing, to Joan, meant helping. So a trivial courtesy that might have been paid with "Thank you" had become the peg to support a little talk, and then came the books. Joan read the sorrow in the man's face and determined to fight it if she could.

She was very successful. Frank, who was by nature compassionate, took his task quite seriously, and "Her good Feet," he said, "ran unwearied for months on many errands. They carried her to the school, where she relieved a harassed schoolmistress for an hour

at times, with tales out of old books. They bore baskets and advice and homely household remedies through the village, and gradually, during it all, Feet learnt two things. They learnt in what perilous places they had wandered and how great was the privilege of service to the Mistress of the Chair.

So that one night in summer Frank Bowes, coming home from dinner at the Vicarage, stopped with wonder before a miniature on his mantelpiece and looked at it frankly, dispassionately.

"Attractive," he said to the reproachful blue eyes. "I hope you are happy, Lady Belcoline."

That was sincere. It was also an acknowledgment that Frank was no longer for self-immolation. It led him to the place where the good Feet multiplied.

That was in the rose garden. Joan that day was drawing a cartoon for the school walls, the Wycliffe preachers at the Updene Yew, and he cleaned her brushes for her and they talked.

"Joan," he said at last, "do you never think of yourself and your own happiness?"

"I find it here," she answered, surprised.

"But—but—" he hesitated, "you may not always stay here, Joan."

She finished her line carefully.

"I don't cross my bridges before I'm wheeled over them, good Feet. It's a kind of world."

"You make it so," he said. "You are like old prior Conrad, of Bishopstone, who lay on his back and built the glorious nave."

"Conrad's glorious nave is seven hundred years old," said she.

"And your work?" he said. "Have you never thought how it will go on, folk made decent and happy and raising happy children? That goes on like a wave for ever. Conrad only worked in stone. But, Joan, you are splendid!"

"No, no," said she. "I do what I like, and people are kind to me."

He laid hand upon hand, the hand that held the brush.

"You have never thought what you have done for me. When I came to Updene I was an outcast dog at war with the world and myself. You shook me out of that and gave me health of soul, you with your kind eyes and your heart that conquers pain? Can you not guess?"

"Feet!" she broke in sharply. "Feet, I don't believe I've got the costumes right. Go into the library and bring me Juvenal's 'Middle Ages' Feet, please!"

Frank Bowes looked down at his boots, half-started from old habit, and then stood still.

"I'm hanged if I do!" he said, and, turning, made captive both her hands.

"Joan," he said, "Joan, dearest, you have made me love you so."

Please turn to Page 53

## My Room

My room is a quiet room  
Which ever seems to keep.  
With quiet, untouched thoughtfulness,  
A tryst with sleep.

O my room is a quiet room  
Where ghosts who steal about  
With cries of haunting yesterday  
Are all shut out.

My room is a quiet room  
Where ever I may keep,  
Beyond the curtain face of dreams,  
A tryst with sleep.  
Irene M. Gough, Glynde Rd.,  
Frie, Adelaide, S.A.

church, and gave him a hand at an awkward gate. That entailed acquaintance with the Mistress.

"You follow an old-fashioned philosophy," said she, smiling.

Frank raised his cap. "I don't quite understand."

"The thing that's nearest," she explained.

"Though it's dull at times, Helping when you meet them, Lasse dogs over stiles."

"A very small matter," he returned, "and not at all dull. You are the vicar's daughter, aren't you? My name is Bowes."

"Frank Bowes," she returned. "Bachelor, a little touchy about meals being served to them, fond of Setters and old brags, with a library full of books, and he sat up all night with a puppy that had distemper. I think that's all, Mr. Bowes."

By MICHAEL KENT

"As I came through the village," he said. "I stopped at Holtham's. He saw my books. 'Ah,' said he, 'for money at the Vicarage. Well, she won't find never a thing in print gooder, nor merrier, nor wiser than she.' Mrs. Mote of Well was in, waiting for a pair of boots. 'That she won't,' she said. 'Who set my Fred to gardening at the Vicarage after his poaching' trouble and made a man of him?' Then in the school as I passed through the walls were gay with pictures and—"

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# Barbarian Maid

By ...  
**JOHN RUSSELL**

Author of  
"Where the Pavement Ends"



As a shipwreck it was quite a classic, to begin with. As a rule such things happen rather more abruptly in the far Southern Sea, where you generally sink or swim without much ceremony. But here were noise and gestures and shouting, and a master mariner bestirring the tempest in the best tradition.

To be sure, she was only a trim little coastwise and island-trading steamer of the Philip Line. To be sure, she had run this course in all sorts of weather, and worse, many a time. But this time she had managed somehow to ram her nose on an uncharted reef somewhere off the uninhabited littoral of North Queensland. These are rude parts, where you will find nobody much to observe your fate and only birds and fish to pick up your remains.

Nevertheless, Cap'n Denny, of the Barbarian Maid, certainly managed the whole catastrophe in due and ancient form. "All right, bye!" he nobly roared.

It would have been worth something to see him, a heavy-set man with a cigar butt clamped in his jaw, as he squaddled out heroically on a deck which was sliding away from under. It would have been worth even more to hear him, for he swore in the Australian manner, which is highly efficient if you once catch the swing of its single unquotable adjective, with a snort.

"All right, bye. We took it in the blinket this—round, and no—mistake! Thang Gawd, we got no—passengers this trip, any'ow, and that's somethin' for fair measure. All you hands for the stabboard boats, double over to leeward. And if anybody tries to jump, I'll cut his eye out!"

THEY grinned and obeyed—some sixteen men, well trained to Australian efficiency, its adjective and all. Only the mate and the engineer lingered for further orders—while that he would choose to come along with.

"Aht, whichever I—well please! If I ain't on one, I'll be on another. Nobody wait for me, y'hear? When I give the whistle, everybody pull clear off for the lee of Hinchy Island, ten mile S.E."

Then the purser spoke up, as he was bound to do in the interest of the Philip firm. It appeared that he had had no chance to reach his safe.

"Aht? And you couldn't reach y'r safe?" repeated Cap'n Denny, for all the world to hear. "Now ain't that jest a—shame? And I s'pose we all gotta drown for it. I'll tell you, Mister Purser, I'm in command of this—ship, not you, nor old Joey Philp himself! First of all, we're gonna save our—lives, understand?—Gif over, everybody!" he grandly bawled.

But just then he remembered something he had somehow forgotten, which really did annoy him, and by so much made him swear more quotably.

"Good jakes! Where's that blasted steward? ... Steward!" A mild voice answered him from somewhere near by. "What's y'r blasted name?"

"Horace, sir."

"Aht! Even then, in face of all the elements, Cap'n Denny could snort his scorn of such a name at such a time. At eight, too, of a lean, lithe sort of fellow, vaguely familiar to him as an extra hand hired on at Thursday Island. Meek and modest, in the midst darts of his lowly rating, he was the most

obvious landlubber. Still, he seemed serviceable enough.

"Well, you look a here, Horace," said Cap'n Denny, under great control. "Didn't we have some kind of a stewardess on board?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, where t' hell is she?"

"Somewhere aft, sir."

"Well, git'er out d'y' hear? Git along with her in one of them boats, and damn quick!"

"Yes, sir. I was only waiting to know what you expected to do about it, sir."

What he expected—Good jakes! But the opportunity was too good to be missed. Cap'n Denny spraddled wider and spat away his cigar butt like a gun at Tratalgar. "What I expect," he thundered imperiously, "is for every man to do his juty! Y'hear that, Horace?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man mildly.

When he went skating off down the deck he could hardly find his way from hold to hold along the tilted rail. Everything was dark and slippery. Still, the after-deck-house showed a dim light, and outside the lifeboats were already manned and waiting. The storm was mounting and driving past in great high surges tipped with dangerous foam. Still these salt men of the sea kept fending off with their oars and casually chaffing back and forth among themselves. About their "juty," perhaps, as they conceived it.

So it was, perhaps, with a strengthened spirit—if he needed it—that the young man went on about his own.

## A Long Complete Story!

Until he came skidding against someone who stood there waiting for him, apparently at the cross-companion entrance. "Hello!" he said, and he said it quite spontaneously for he had taken hold of a firmly-rounded body, and a firmly-rounded body had taken hold on him. "Hello! Is that you? Are you all right?"

The only answer he got was a laugh. Now, we are taught that certain creatures have the faculty of adjusting their coloration to all kinds of surprises. This might even apply to a lowly hand on a coastwise trader, and wrecked at that. For his tone was milder than ever as he added, respectfully:

"Miss—I say, miss. You're all right?"

"Oh, quite!" she said.

He had seen her only a few times on the trip—a long-striding apparition with a glinting blond head which she carried like a coronet when she swept past him. Without passengers to serve they had had no occasion to meet.

It was a dreadfully mortal moment for a classical nymph. These horrid, low creatures had taken all the gusto, all the magic and mockery of her high adventure, and had turned everything into a loathsome, cryptic insolence of their own.

But now he saw her and he met her in a singular intimacy. Now she was smiling level at him by the fading glow of the deck-house, with a reflected flash of impish eyes and her loosened hair wind-blown about her face to match a wisp of cloud about the moon. She had put herself into a trim little navy jacket that made her look like a sort of modern maritime nymph.

Yet what took him even deeper than her beauty her pose—even more than the competent grip she had clamped upon him—was the continuing tinkle of her laughter, true and clear as a bell. "Horace," she said, "You don't really mean that your name really is Horace?"

"Yes, miss," he something less than gasped.

HER mirth ran into delicate mockery.

"You know, I've always wanted to meet someone named Horace. You look rather Grecian than Roman, perhaps. But you'll do, Horace!"

"We have to get overboard," he explained, reasonably enough. "We have to leave the ship. This way, miss!"

He tried to swing her towards the rail. Strangely he found himself resisted with a ripple of muscles like steel cords. "I won't and I shan't," she said. And suddenly and full-

ly she turned to keep his balance at any end of the earth. And when he finds himself teetering over the verge of eternity, he may possibly have doubts about the partner whom fate seems to have thrust upon him, wondering just how good her own sense of balance may be.

Yet there was nothing wrong about this girl. With such eyes and such a voice, there absolutely could not be. Nothing beyond the supreme impudence of her, and the way she had almost squeezed the breath out of him by the mere contact of her vigorous young person.

In the circumstances, he did pretty well again, with a modest resistance. "Yes, miss, of course. ... But the ship is sinking!"

"Oh, no, it isn't," she murmured. "Only soft coral herabouts, and Dunko Point near enough."

"Captain's orders. You must get over!"

"I won't and I shan't," she repeated. Again the ship settled with a sickening lurch that threw them against the rail. The last lights went out. Through a renewed tumult of the gale came the sharp blast of a whistle, and the lifeboats began pushing clear. The steward made one last gallant attempt to save the stewardess. She slipped aside from him. Her hands went to her coat pockets. He tried to grab her again.

"Please!" he said.

"Sorry!" she said.

Whipping out something in her right fist, she nipped him with a smack just over the left ear. And that was the way the Barbarian Maid went down.

WHEN he came to once more, it was an early wakening in the tropics of the Queensland littoral; the sort anyone might wish for himself here or hereafter—the east kindling like an opal, the air with an ambient spice and a nimble promise fit to lure any man back to life.

He found himself lying on the after deck at rather a sideways cant, so that he could squint down over his feet at an ocean as smooth now as a sheet of crinkling pink silk, and he could squint up overhead at a sky like a soft blue, coverlet.

It was another of those fantasies of the Southern Sea, where anything can shift between storm and calm as swiftly as a woman's whim. This young man was aware of the charm and the peace of it as a kind of dimly Elysium, into which projected presently the face of a nymph attendant on the gods, bending down above him. A naughty

nymph, perhaps. But not so naughty now by virtue of a tear which splashed on to the end of his nose. Which made him sit up and tenderly rub the left side of his head. Which made him blurt out a purely instinctive question: "I say: What was that you hit me with?"

"Darling! Nothing but a slipper. Only I forgot about the heel. I'm so sorry!"

She was kneeling beside him. She was feeding him with hot tea out of a vacuum bottle. She was handing him a lighted cigarette.

"Do tell me you're feeling better. Do say I didn't quite kill you!"

Whereupon she smiled with a relief bright as penitent stars after rain and hopped on the slanting rail and lighted

## "The Seasons"

DOWN the lane with skirts

awhirl

Came that flickle Autumn girl,

Dress of russet, red and gold,

Flirting out in every fold,

Winter waited, sombre, deep,

To fold her up in quiet sleep.

Spring, a dainty lass in green,

Shyly peeping, hardly seen

Until the sun's bright 'ray had

shed

Flocks of blossom, pink and red.

Hats to match of petals red.

She was indeed a winsome sight.

Summer came with tired feet,

She'd been to town, how indis-

creet,

Had missed the trees and brooks

and rills,

And spoiled her dainty, pretty,

frills.

—Elizabeth Kohn.

a cigarette for herself. "I'm so glad. Because, you see, I couldn't remember quite how hard to sock you—or quite where—really. You see, they never gave us anything to practise on bigger than frogs."

"Frogs?" he repeated faintly.

"Yes. In the lake, you know. At my college, you know. I truly did my best to learn the nerve centres, when we jabbed 'em with a galvanic needle. But the professors were really so dumb. And, of course, they were dead!"

"The professors?"

Please turn to Page 37



# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laif,  
sketched by Petrov

## CLOTHES for the CRUISE

• AT LEFT: A wool suit of pale blue tweed, with belt and crepe-de-chine blouse of deeper blue.

• BELOW: A print dress to wear ashore. White-and-red hand-blocked linen for the dress. White linen for the three-quarter coat. Little hat of white pique.



• BELOW AT LEFT: Short-sleeved dress in yellow washing crepe. The yoke forms the sleeves. Inverted pleats and blue silk belt.

• ABOVE: Dress of white washing crepe, completely backless, with collar surrounding neck and pleated front. Next it are sketches of a three-piece play-suit in white challis, printed green and red. Pleated shorts and sun-top for sunbaking, and matching dress for wear over shorts and sun-top.

**S**UMMER cruise-time is starting. If you are to be one of the lucky travellers, you will be thinking about your cruise-wardrobe. You will want to take as little luggage as possible, and yet to be prepared for all weathers.

All your day clothes should be "sporty," plainly tailored in durable though washable fabrics. For evening use, uncrushable materials, chiffons, cottons and lace.

There are certain articles of clothing you must have for "board ship life"—a warm coat, cool sports dresses, sweaters, and a skirt; low-heeled, rubber-soled deck shoes, a light, shady hat; several pairs of short, woolly socks.

White is by far the smartest color. With it combine navy-blue or brown. Any pastel shade is good for cotton dresses, and grey flannel is the most useful for your wool skirt or suit.

For ports you will require one or two frocks. These can be of cotton or silk, but keep them plainly tailored and you will be able to wear them on board ship as well.

### A Practical Wardrobe

**FIRST**—your warm coat. Have it made like a polo coat, wrapping over and belted, two patch pockets and wide revers and collar. Flannel, gabardine, or any tweed for this. The most useful colors are white wool or grey flannel. A tweed in any pastel shade or navy-blue would be just as appropriate.

All-white suede lace-up shoes with rubber soles or a combination of navy-and-white or tan-and-white; a small, sporty panama, or fine white felt with a plain band.

A woollen suit or a wool skirt and sweaters for cool days. If you choose the latter, have the skirt to match your topcoat and then contrasting sweaters or blouses.

Your daytime hours will be spent busy at one sport or another—swimming, sunbathing, deck tennis, and quoin, etc.—all these requiring attractive, comfortable clothes.

If your figure is good, and you like them, you can take your choice of lots of shorts and slacks. Long, grey flannel trousers are worn with colored shirts and thin sweaters. Full-pleated skirts of white cotton look best. They

have pleats front and back which give them the appearance of being kilted skirts. These are often made in one piece with the short-sleeved shirt. There are still tight shorts; these are usually in heavier material, such as flannel or gabardine.

There are backless sunbaking dresses in linen, pique, shantung, and fancy cotton—white, pastel-colored or spotted. These are ideal for any deck games, and when a short jacket is added these frocks are suitable to wear at the ports.

The front has a tucked bosom. When this dress goes ashore it is covered by a hip-length jacket in navy-and-white spotted pique.

Sports dresses of course need not be backless. Many have shirt-like tops, opening at the neck and buttoning up centre-front, short sleeves and pockets, but they must have plenty of fullness in the skirt, always achieved by pleats. After white, yellow, pale pink, pale green, and pale blue are best, although the latter usually fades.

### The Three-piece Dress

**THE** three or four-piece costume is ideal for deck wear; it consists of shorts and backless bodice for sunbaking, and a dress that is worn on top; under these you may still wear your bathing costume.

Made of denim, pique, challis, or any non-transparent cotton or rayon, in pastel shades or a small print, of striped seersucker or spotted linen, this ensemble is decidedly smart as well as practical.

### For the Ports

**TO** wear at the various ports: either one of your deck dresses with the addition of a plain or printed jacket or

a dress or suit of printed crepe-de-chine. Wear this with a big white hat and white court shoes. Don't have an elaborate dress—keep it plainly made. You could have a frock or a frock and jacket in dusty-pink, white, or turquoise-blue crepe, or a short-sleeved dress of pastel tweed linen. If you choose print, don't have a dark background; white with bright flowers or spots, pale grounds with dark or bright pattern.

### Dancing at Sea

**EVENING** dresses that pack easily and do not crush, such as lace, chiffon, printed cotton and printed crepe-de-chine, floral voiles and piques. You will want a warm wrap, colored velvet or velvet for a three-quarter or full-length coat.

### A Complete Outfit

**HERE** is a suggested wardrobe:

Navy-blue, tailored, gabardine top-coat. Navy-and-white sports shoes, white panamas, navy band; white shoes and hat for ports. Navy-blue wool shirt, navy-and-white spotted shirt blouse, bright yellow wool sweater, white backless sports dress, yellow dress, navy-and-white spotted pique shorts and dress ensemble. Pink shantung "shirtmaker" dress.

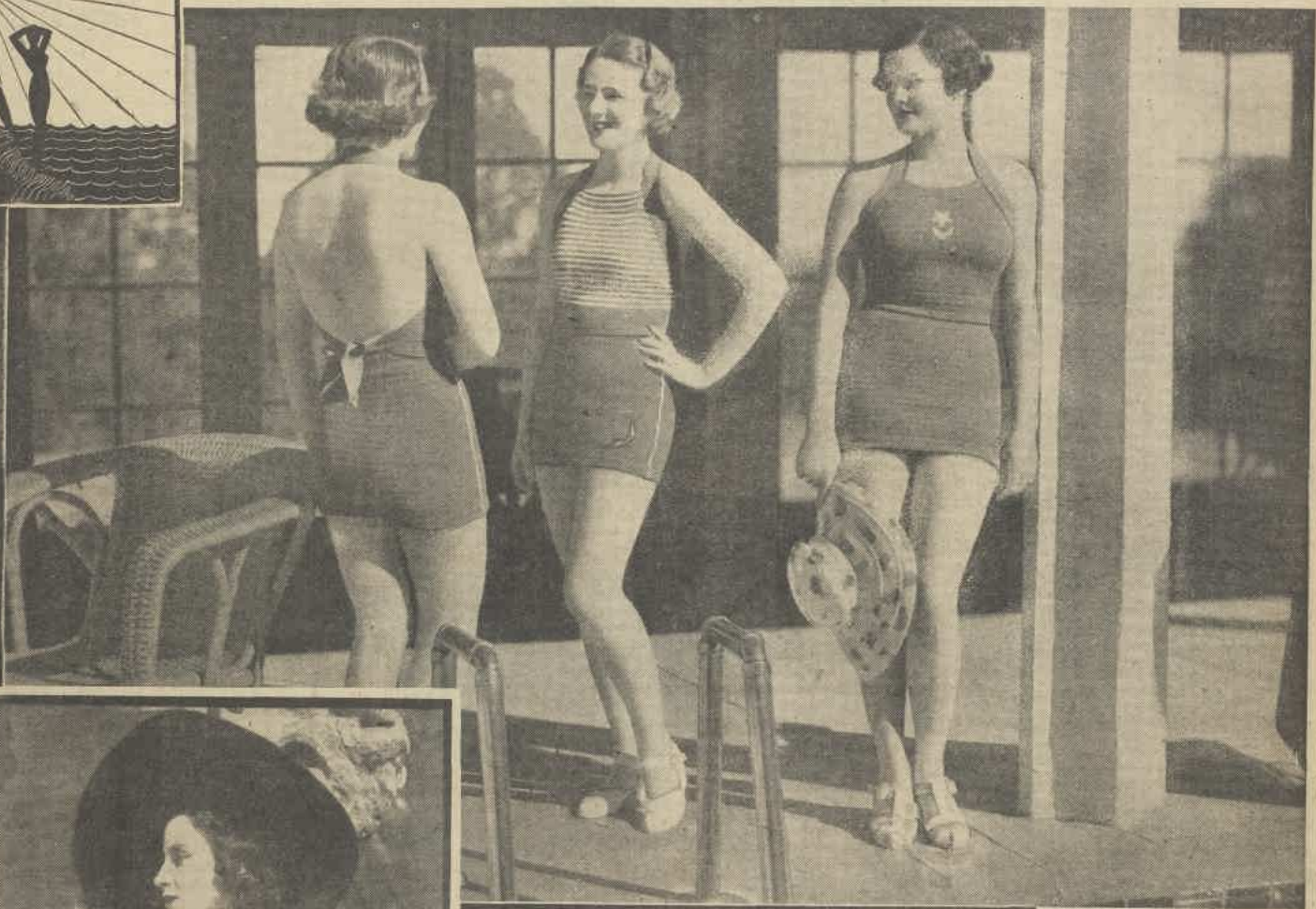
Printed crepe-de-chine for ports; white ground patterned with bunches of field flowers. A white pique jacket to wear ashore over the yellow or pink or white dress.

Evening dresses, printed crepe-de-chine, black background, with big, white and red flowers, pink faces with black chiffon flowers at neck. Pale blue chiffon with a bunch of sweet peas at the waist. Blue and black shoes. Black velvet full-length coat with big sleeves.





# WHEN SUNNY BEACHES CALL!



• ABOVE (at left) is an attractive two-piece swim suit, the top of which can be worn with shorts or slacks if desired. The open back is ideal for sun-tanning. This is the Jantzen Kerchief model.

• THE KERCHIEF model in the centre is also made in two parts, and has a similar back to that illustrated on the left. Its top has horizontal stripes. It is made in one of the new Kavaknit fabrics which have an attractive novelty surface.

• A FRONT VIEW of a kerchief model. It also is made from Kavaknit fabric. The top has a broad neckline band that continues down the sides, tying in a bow at the back.

• ENJOYING a sunbake on the rocks after her dip, the pretty girl above wears a fashionable sun hat of stitched blue linen to protect her complexion. Her blue-and-white woollen sun suit has blue buttons as trimming. The double-breasted jacket over the short trousers gives a nice nautical touch.

—Photo by courtesy Hordern Bros

• FROM a rocky peak two girls wave their greeting to summer. One wears a dark blue costume, shaped to a peak at the waist. The other has chosen a red suit with plain trousers and the top adorned with white spots. Both costumes have the fashionable halter neck, tie at the back and are backless.

—Photo by courtesy Hordern Bros



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# An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 28, 1935

## ONE-MAN RULE — A DANGER



THERE is hardly a man or woman in Australia to whom the idea of another war in Europe is not hateful; and who is not viewing with grave apprehension the present situation between Italy and Abyssinia.

The danger to the world is in that curious and sinister development of modern times, the military dictator.

Hitler in Germany and Mussolini in Italy are men who have risen as the result of war conditions. Their authority rests on force, and was created by force. In the same way Stalin, in Russia, is the product of a regime that rose in blood on the ruins of the old.

Again and again it has happened that those invested with supreme power have become, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, a national danger. Raised to a giddy height, they lose touch with what is around and beneath them. They become laws unto themselves.

This has been the rule in world history from the days of Alexander the Great and Napoleon. Human nature is no different now.

To say this is not to suggest that Italy has no legitimate ambitions in Africa, or that she is necessarily and wholly in the wrong in the present dispute.

*But one thing is clear. If she is to resent all interference from outside, if she is to resort to force and nothing but force, she will invite a conflict that must be disastrous to herself, and one of which no one can foresee the end.*

Australia believes that war on a great scale, or on any scale, can still be averted. It believes, too, that a deliberative Assembly, such as our own Parliament, is a better safeguard in a crisis than the will of one man.

We hear often of the alleged "failure of democracy." But at least we know, as other English-speaking countries know, that decisions on life and death matters are made by our representatives; that they are, in fact, our own.

It is our own fault in Australia if we send men to Parliament who are unfitted to govern. We have the widest range of choice. A crisis like the present makes it abundantly clear that we do well to keep a democratic form of government, and to mould it to the expression of what we value most in individual and national life.

The state of Europe to-day is a bad advertisement for the surrender of self-governing powers and the substitution of dictators.

—THE EDITOR.

# POINTS OF VIEW

## Veterans to Retire

SOME well-graced actors are about to leave the Australian stage. These men have not performed behind footlights, and only rarely have they spoken their lines to a large-sized audience. Nevertheless they have played the chief part in hundreds of real life dramas and played it well.

In Victoria, Sir William Irvine will retire from the Bench at the end of this month. He retains, however, the position of Lieutenant-Governor which he has filled with distinction for a number of years. The High Court Bench is unlikely to see more of Sir Frank Gavin Duffy, who, at the age of 83, is about to give way to a younger man.

High judicial office is a test not only of character and ability, but of physical fitness. The reason that so many judges carry on to an advanced age is probably that they had the necessary equipment, mental and physical, to begin with. If they had been weaklings they would never have got on the Bench.

## Useful Citizens

NO one will enter a demurrer to the statement by Mr. Justice Browne that milk carters are a "good class of men," and that they are entitled to more than the basic wage. His Honor fixed their remuneration in N.S.W. at £4.5/- a week, which doesn't strike us as extravagant.

Morning after morning, in darkness, in rain, in cold, in drizzle, in sunshine, the milkman or the milk-boy—more often than not it is a boy—delivers his goods, and delivers them up to time. No one envies him his job. Yet if medals were given for social service, how would he stand?

A milkman's wage of £4.5/- compares unfavorably with that of a lawyer or a politician, but if we get down to bedrock, whose services would we be most loath to lose?

## Where Doctors Differ

THERE is a mystery attached to the medical profession which all the lore, learning, and explanatory powers of individual doctors have been unable to clear up. The recent conference in Melbourne threw no light on it. It is the mystery of the charges made for professional attendance.

If you drive up to the doctor's rooms in a limousine, leaving the chauffeur to wait outside, you may later receive an account that will retard the progress of recovery for some time. Conversely, if you come along in a shabby dress, or in corduroys, you may be surprised and delighted at getting marvellous assistance for nothing, or next to nothing.

Among the things doctors don't tell is the amount of money they ask from their patients. It would be a good thing for the ordinary citizen, and a good thing for the doctor, if the scale of fees was standardised and the patient knew what to expect.

## Let Us Be Polite!

WHO was not touched by that moving appeal to Australian taxpayers made by an officer of the department the other day? We were all urged to be more polite in our dealings with the machine that squeezes us so hard and so often. "If taxpayers were courteous enough to reply to the department's letters they would often save themselves a lot of trouble," ran the official reminder.

Politeness is a virtue, but, as between the taxing authority and the victim, it should cut both ways. Those "final notices" and "please explain" are not models of polite letter-writing.

The gladiator in the arena was required to salute the Emperor who sent him there. The modern taxpayer finds the gesture rather difficult.

## Successful Invaders

THESE victories of Englishwomen on the playing-fields of Australia—what is the reason? They have scored over our girls at tennis, cricket, and now at golf. From Betty Archdale and Dorothy Round to Mrs. Walker and "Pam" Barton it has been a triumphal march.

"By this way," said a man who watched them on the Melbourne links, "they come from a country where women outnumber men by two millions. They're the dominant sex all right. Thousands of them know they're not going to marry; they don't worry about it but concentrate on earning a living, playing a game, or something like that."

The flaw in this reasoning is that two of the four women golfers are already married, and have made a real success of the marriage business. But the surplus of women in Great Britain MAY have something to do with it, plus the fact that the Australian girl has so many distractions in the shape of flannelled young men waiting round the corner.



LATEST FAMILY STUDY of an Italian, who is famous throughout the world. The Marchese and Marchesa Marconi and their daughter, Elettra. The great inventor and his beautiful wife are extremely popular in England.

## Parking in Paris

THE Prefect of Police in Paris has hit upon an ingenious scheme for dealing with the traffic problem of keeping narrow streets passable and yet granting some concession to motorists.

On days of the month ending in odd numbers, parking is allowed on the side of the street whose houses bear odd numbers. On alternate days, parking is on the other side.

The firstcomer who is a bit hazy about the date may be placed in a quandary. The man who always insists that he's the only one in the regiment who keeps in step may still insist that he's a better judge of the date than his fellows and find himself a lone left-side parker in a sea of right-siders. These minor drawbacks, however, only add the spice of romance and adventure to the daily round. Somehow, our own police never infuse traffic problems with such effervescent possibilities—a fact which will be deplored by all who find a certain lack of snap in their present duller methods of ordering us hither and yon.

## "Unemotional!"

WE heard last week of an English magistrate who talked quite learnedly about characteristics of men and women. Again we got the opinion that woman is "comparatively unemotional."

Has this English S.M. ever stood on a wharf when a liner is going away? Has he ever sat in a picture-theatre when a real sob story was being filmed? If he has he must have noticed that it isn't the men who are in tears behind the fluttering ribbons, or who dab handkerchiefs to their eyes as the lights come on.

The "calm, strong man" is still a woman's ideal—mainly because he is unlike herself.

# Dread Field for War in Abyssinia

With Italian and Abyssinian troops massing almost in sight of each other, it would seem that nothing but a miracle can prevent an outbreak of hostilities between the great European Power and the half-civilised Ethiopian Empire.

IF war comes in Abyssinia just what would it mean? Abyssinia has no navy and no coastline which can be attacked by Italian battleships, so that war would mean an invasion by Italian troops of Ethiopian territory.

There are three ways from which the Italians can enter Abyssinia: from the south, across Somaliand; from the east, through Danakil-land; and by the north-east corner. The latter is the easiest method of approach for the Italian troops, and almost the first place they pass will be Adowa.

Here, in May, 1896, an Italian army under Colonel Baratieri clashed with the forces of the Abyssinian emperor Menelik, and after a terrific struggle the Italian army was practically wiped out, and 3000 prisoners were taken.

It should be remembered, however, that at the Battle of Adowa the emperor, Menelik, had nearly 80,000 troops, while the Italian army consisted of 13,000 well-equipped and organised soldiers.

## Shocking Barbarity

THE Italian defeat at Adowa is yet remembered with shame throughout Italy, while the shocking treatment of the prisoners taken by the Abyssinians is still fresh in the minds of every Italian.

Cruelty is second nature to the Abyssinian.

Even for minor offences against the State, men and women have their hands chopped off for punishment. How enemy prisoners would be treated can best be left to the imagination.

The country between Adowa and Addis Ababa, the capital of Abyssinia, is fertile although mountainous, and there would seem to be little doubt that the vast army Mussolini has assembled will be able to force its way through to Addis Ababa.

Addis Ababa is a city of some 80,000 inhabitants, and in all probability it will be abandoned and burned by the Abyssinians on the approach of the Italian troops. The history of past wars in Abyssinia tells of numbers of other capital cities which have been deserted in time of war and of the desolation which has been wrought of the country around them.

Most of the towns shown on the Abyssinian map are small places of from six to ten thousand inhabitants, and are hardly worth destroying. King Haile Selassie rules over a great number of feudal princes or chiefs.

He does not fight according to the rules of modern European armies.

His practice is to dissolve his army when the enemy appears in force, and order it to reassemble in another place many miles away.

If war comes in Abyssinia, there will be no hand-to-hand fighting or trench-digging. The Abyssinians depend upon continual harassing and guerrilla warfare, and doubtless the greatest enemy the Italian forces will have to contend with will be dysentery, fever, malaria, and sunstroke, which will play havoc with the European soldiers.

The emperor's own soldiers are armed with the latest known weapons, and are reported to have plenty of ammunition. It is believed that the Japanese have for some time been supplying arms and ammunition to the Ethiopian army. Each Abyssinian soldier on being called to the colors is expected to provide himself with dried provisions for one month, during which period he is expected to kill at least one enemy warrior. As the Italians concentrate their forces, the Abyssinians will vanish, and each detachment that goes too far into the jungle or desert will be trapped and massacred.

The heat in certain parts of Somaliand and Danakil-land rises to 160 deg. F. in the sun and 138 deg. in the shade—a heat which will kill a European in a few hours, and yet the Abyssinians walk about almost uncovered in the sun without ill effects.

Water is scarce in many parts of the country, and each tribesman travels with a water-skin in which he carries his own supply. Many of the volcanic wells in the country contain poisonous water.

The high, unexplored mountains of Abyssinia are split by valleys which are among the most pestiferous spots in the world. The jungles in these valleys are death-traps for white men. While it is not impossible for a white army to march through these areas at the right time of the year, it is certain any European army attempting it would lose a great number of fighting men through disease.

# BLONDIE

## Hazards of The Sea.





# LOWER'S GRANDPA tells of his CADDY TEES

*Hazards, Stances and Miracles of the Wanderers Golf Team*

EXPLAINING THE GAME

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by

WEP

"Do you know anything about golf?" I asked Grandfather. I've been pretty interested in the game since Mrs. Walker, the visiting Irish golfer, who is married to a Scotsman, has won the Australian golf title.

You wouldn't think that my remark was very harmful, but then you don't know my grandfather. He started on me.

"Do I know anything about golf? My boy, I was playing golf when St. Andrew's links had only one hole, and there was only two of us that played the game—me and St. Andrew. I had to give up playing with him after he'd been made a saint, because he started ringing in miracles on me.

"In those days we used rough, three-cornered or square balls stuffed with haggis or some other non-detonating material.

"Now, of course, they use the gutter-percher ball. When I think of the golf ball makers, perched in the gutter, winding the elastic round and round and round and round and round and round—all right, my boy. Don't go."

"And did you win any trophies, grandpa?"

"In those days," he replied, loftily. "We didn't play for gain. We played for the thrill of it. Ah, what would I give to feel the smooth shaft of the dormy in my hands, to see the ball flying through the tiger country with the tigers after it, while the caddies cowered in the sand-box and the birdies drank at the casual water fountains!"

"I'm afraid I don't understand all those technical terms, grandpa," I said. "Could you tell me in simple language how to play golf and what tools I would need?"

"Well, my boy, first of all, the caddy tees up the ball—hence the term tea-caddy. Then you take up your stance."

"Why do you have to tuck up your pants?" I asked.

"You take up your stance!" he bawled. "A stance is what you stand on. Rule 10 says that 'A player is always entitled to place his feet firmly on the ground when taking his stance.' This is a very important point, as you will find when you come to play. It is extremely difficult to hit a ball accurately with both feet off the ground.

"And while we're on the subject of rules, there's another one I remember. Sub-section 2 of Rule 22 says that 'If a ball be completely covered by sand, only so much thereof may be removed as will enable the player to see the top of the ball.'"

"But, Grandpa; how does he know where the ball is if it's completely covered with sand?"

"Don't ask silly questions. It's in the Rules, I tell you!"

"Sorry. What happens next?"

"The caddy hands you one of the golf bats. You raise it aloft, shout 'FORE!' in a loud voice, hit the ball a terrific smack, and it sails through the air and lobs smack into the hole. At least, that's how I do it. No use pottering about wasting time."

"But what do you shout 'Fore' for?"

"You don't shout 'Fawfaw'; you just yell out 'FORE!' like that. It's an old Scottish custom. I think it is the start of 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.'"

## No Fair Way

"WELL, what's the fairway in golf, grandpa?"

"There is no fair way in golf, my boy. A man who plays fair at golf never gets anywhere."

"And putting, what's that?"

"Your ball is close to the hole, the caddy hands you your stymie, you give the ball a slight tap and dribble into the hole."

"What a disgusting habit! What if you run short of dribble?"

"When I was captain of the Moore Park Wanderers," he said, ignoring me, "we were unbeatable. I remember the last game we played in. There was only two minutes to go and we needed a goal to win. We were working furiously. Two men were going ahead with shovels getting the balls out of bunkers, the two wing three-quarters were bailing out the casual water, and the rest of us were slogging away at the ball. We were six feet from the hole, and I saw the referee fumbling for his whistle. With one magnificent leap I dived on the ball and



A Wep study of Grandpa Lower's Golf Wanderers.

slid on my stomach to the hole and dropped it in."

"Your stomach?"

"No; the ball, fool. We had won!"

"I'll bet you had more than one. Has the course got a bar on it?"

"Hazard! I'll say it haz! That's one of the main reasons I want to polish up my divots."

I'm to have another lesson to - morrow. Meanwhile I'm learning the language.

## Why is she so Young for her years



IT'S hard to imagine her the mother of grown-up sons and daughters, for she's so astonishingly youthful. How does she manage to look ten to fifteen years younger than she really is?

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BOURKE STREET MELBOURNE. IN THE LATE FORTIES.



GOVERNOR LATROBE.

## Victoria's First Governor

The first Governor of Victoria was Mr. Charles Joseph Latrobe, who had been Superintendent of the Port Phillip settlement for many years. Governor Latrobe's appointment was made by the Imperial Parliament in August, 1850, when an Act was passed creating Victoria a separate colony.

In 1851, the Bank of New South Wales, the first Australian Bank, which had been established in Sydney in 1817, opened its first branch in Melbourne.

This Bank has always been identified with the development of Australia's resources. As settlement extended, the Bank opened branches throughout the country. It offered complete security for the people's savings and provided the financial assistance without which the development of industry and trade would have been greatly retarded.

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Every country has its own brand of humor. It is impossible, for instance, to imagine England producing a Mark Twain, or a Thorne Smith, or to separate from the Australian background humorists such as Steele Rudd, Ernest O'Ferrall, or L. W. Lower.

ENGLISH humor has its own hallmark. At its best it is restrained, urbane, farcical sometimes, without becoming burlesque, and satirical. In "Innocence and Design," by Richard Waughburton, these qualities can be tasted at their ripest.

It would be interesting to know something of Mr. Waughburton. From his book he might be anything in private life. Whatever his antecedents, he has brought his convictions to flower in a book which leaves sacred nothing on which he touches.

International diplomacy, highly-placed Government servants, Oriental potentates and their ministers, famous travellers, the Union of the Soviet Republics, Secret Service—all these institutions and persons and many others come in for attention from Mr. Waughburton's pen. And once this happens the result is inevitable. A smile, a chuckle, or a straight-out guffaw on the part of the reader.

The book bears all the signs of having been written by a man to whom the task was a labor of love. One can imagine the author sitting back reading over a completed chapter, and grinning at the flights his own fancy had taken. It has a finished quality that is only found in works that are written—even when other motives exist—from a feeling of "art for art's sake."

Like all really fine blends of humor and satire "Innocence and Design" has in it an undercurrent of sadness. There are sections of the book in which laughter reverses its mask, fleetingly, but sufficiently long to reiterate the old truth that life is a tragedy—comedy—matter for laughter and tears.

### Own Illustrator

ALTHOUGH this novel abounds in quotable extracts it would be unfair to the author to give them. His characters, their conversation, and their actions are, actually, inseparable from the main context. Wrenched from their setting they would still be funny, but not nearly so funny as they actually are.

The book is illustrated with vignettes which add considerably to its humor. In the absence of anybody else being named as illustrator, it may be assumed that these pen and ink drawings are the work of the author. They give a very fair idea of his writing.

It is not everybody who enjoys humorous books, and of those who do perhaps not all will accept the Waughburton type, which is never blatant, rarely broad, and always directed at human idiocy in general. But those who do take to "Innocence and Design" will do so wholeheartedly. They will urge their friends to read it. They may even, as this reviewer has done, buy copies. Can one say more?

(Macmillan and Co. Our copy Moore's Bookshop. 7/6.)



WILLA CATHER, whose novel, "Lucy Gayheart," reviewed on this page recently, is a fine piece of writing.

## SHORT REVIEWS

### "THE WOMAN WHO STOPPED WAR"

G. Cornwallis West. This is an unusual story, and one which, in view of current events, every woman will find interesting. It is pure fiction, and admitting that most of the things that happened in the story could only happen in fiction, the idea behind it all is one that will make women pause and wonder if they, as a sex, have utilised their power to the full in their efforts to achieve world peace.

Mary Barn married her childhood sweetheart during the Great War, and a month later he was killed in action. She, like many other women, realised the utter futility of war and, too, that wars were made by men. She saw in women the hope of preventing future carnage, and organised the women's Save the Race League. It had a promising reception, but needed money to make it the success and international organisation that Mary wished for. In order to get the necessary funds she became the mistress of one of the richest men in England, a manufacturer of armaments. She financed the League, unknown to him, and it was not until war was imminent that she had to reveal herself and become identified with the thousands of women throughout the world who, by direct action at the critical period, removed the possibility of the threatening clash between European nations. It's a provocative story, and interesting as a novel, apart from its deeper purpose of inspiring women to realise the possibility of organised concerted action on their part. (Hutchinson.)

### "THE WEDDING"

Doris Mackail. This book is a shining example of the way in which a competent author can make a lot out of a very little. Commencing his novel on the morning of the day on which Nancy Pilgrim is to become Mrs. Peter Trantbeck, Mackail devotes all of eighty thousand words to describing the reactions of the bride and the bridegroom, the bride's parents, the bridegroom's mother, the bridesmaids, the best man, and an assorted group of relatives and friends.

The idea would be justified if the author had anything new to say, but he hasn't. All his characters react in the way in which several generations of fiction writers have decided they should act in such circumstances. The bride's father is helpless, the bridegroom goes about in a state of trance, the bride acts as thousands of other brides have acted in thousands of other novels.

In short, it is a pretty boring book, enlivened at odd moments by touches of humor. These, however, make one want to commit mayhem on Mr. Mackail, since they tempt one into reading a further chunk of dull stuff in the hope of encountering another humorous passage. (Hodder and Stoughton. All bookshelves. 7/6.)

### "GREEN LIGHT"

Lloyd C. Douglas. Though this story is stated on the dust jacket to be "an absorbing love romance," the two chief characters in the romance are overshadowed by that of the man who supplies the background, Dean Harcourt. It was his philosophy that gave rise to the term used as a title. He thought of life in terms of a procession with the individual progressing towards the achievement of that peace and personal power which was his rightful wage. "Personal adequacy" was his name for it. When man had attained this outlook, had achieved the personal adequacy which would make him right with his own soul, he got the breaks in the turmoil of life, the signal to go forward—the "Green Light."

With this premise, and using Dean Harcourt in the varying capacity of counsellor, guide and friend, the author has given us a peep into the procession of several interesting lives and revealed them in states of rather tragic helplessness until that stage when the "green lights" gave them the signal to go forward in their mental and spiritual development as well as in the establishment of their material happiness.

The central character is a young doctor, Newell Paige. A senior surgeon who had stood in the place of a father to him bungled an operation and Paige, by running away, allowed the blame to be attributed to him. He later met the daughter of the woman whose death he was supposed to be responsible for, and they fell in love. Their problem is a tragic but interesting one, and in working out its conclusion the author produces a good story, full of incident and good character studies.

Published in Australia by Angus & Robertson. 8/-.

### "AUSTRALIAN SPIDERS AND THEIR ALLIES"

Walter W. Froggatt, F.R.Z.S. Naturalists will welcome this instructive booklet, written by the president of the Naturalists' Society of New South Wales. Profusely illustrated, it is packed full with valuable information, presented in a form that will be acceptable to the interested layman as well as the scientifically-minded.

**BRAN TUB No. 23**

HE WAS EASILY SECURED

Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about A. DARING RINGDAR, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "He was easily secured," will tell you what it is all about—and, for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two or three words, but not more than three.

Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:—"BRAN TUB" No. 23, Box 415X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4. The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid.

Solved Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth" Ltd., Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. Stamps not accepted. Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, October 19.

**£50 WON**

### RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 20

The Winning Competitors in this contest are:—  
Mr. H. Goodwin, 4 Owen Street, Punchbowl, N.S.W.  
Mr. T. D. Bertinshaw, 4 Thornton Street, Manly, N.S.W.  
Their solutions were the only all-correct ones received, and the Prize of £50 in cash is therefore awarded to them. Each will receive £25.  
Prize Money will be posted on Friday, October 11th.

### SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 20

He could not tell when a day had commenced or closed. His only companions were numberless rats, who ran over him with a freedom even they would not have attempted were it not for the helplessness of his position.



# THE Other BED

*This woman, this utter stranger, was lying dead in my room! I must get rid of the body, I decided.*



"W"ERE waiting, old man," Lanthwaite smiled across at Denver, the engineer, whose tanned face and faded blue eyes told of exposure to glaring deserts and merciless suns.

The four men, friends of long standing, had dined at Lanthwaite's pleasant house in Linchester Gardens and were now yarning over vintage port by the fire in the study.

After touching lightly on a diversity of topics, the talk dwelled at length on a series of uncanny and mysterious experiences contributed by readers to an evening paper. Someone had suggested that each should relate the strangest adventure that had occurred to him.

Bisby, the plump stockbroker, had shaken his bullet head. His had been an uneventful life, a thing of stocks and shares. Lanthwaite, in his role of host, elected to keep his contribution to last.

Pullerton lean and dark in the shadows to the left of the hearth, held his peace. And it had fallen on the engineer to set the ball rolling.

Denver started out of a brown study. "Oh, yes, of course. Sorry. Well, my experience is mysterious enough in all truth, but I'm afraid it's not very satisfactory as a story. It ends in the air, as it were. In deepest mystery."

"Wouldn't it be a mystery otherwise, would it?" Pullerton put in from the shadow. "Perhaps one of us will be able to solve it."

"I hope one of you can," the engineer said full-heartedly. "What about cutting out the cackle and coming to the 'oneses'?" the stockbroker urged.

Denver eyed the blue-grey smoke curling upwards from his cigar, apparently marshalling his thoughts.

"It happened twenty-five years ago (he began slowly). I was just back from India after three years' bridge-building. I had arranged to meet my wife whom I had married on my previous leave in town for a few days' junketing before we travelled north to her people's place in Scotland."

"The ship docked earlier than expected, and it meant that I had to pass a night alone before she joined me. I went to the hotel, a vast tenement of a place near Southampton Row, where we were to stay, and booked a double room."

"I dined in the grill that evening and afterwards looked up a pal at his club. As I remained with him till late, it was midnight when I got back to the hotel."

"Collecting the key from the office, I ascended to my room on the second floor. It was the usual rectangular box furnished in the usual impersonal way. The window overlooked a side street and the door opened at the foot of the twin beds. Both I noticed were turned down in readiness for their occupants."

"After undressing quietly, I switched off the lights, and slipped between the sheets of the bed nearer the window. I was dog tired, and dropped into heavy, dreamless slumber immediately."

"I AWOKE with a sense of the unusual, of something not being right. I realised what was amiss in a few seconds. The light over the dressing-table beyond the other bed was burning."

"Yet I clearly remembered turning them all out, and cursing an unimaginative architect for not placing a switch by the bedside."

"Thinking that perhaps a maid had brought in tea, I glanced at my watch. It was half-past four, which put paid to that explanation."

"I rose on an elbow and looked about the room. A bulge, the outlines of a figure, under the eiderdown of the other bed caught my eye."

"My first thought was that my wife had arrived in the early hours and turned in without disturbing me. It was the sort of thing she would have done. I reached across the space intervening and drew back the coverlet."

"The woman's face on which I gazed was not my wife's!"

"It was an almighty shock. I can tell you. I was stunned, staggered, bewildered. A dozen questions came tumbling into my mind. Who was the woman? How had she got into the

room? Was it an attempt to compromise me? And so on.

"Her eyes puzzled me. They were wide open and set in a stony stare. The pupils were dilated. I touched her cheek. It was dry and icy cold, and chalky white. The lips were colorless."

"Getting out of bed, I cautiously rolled back the coverlet and found that she was lying on top of the counterpane in a black evening frock. A pair of black satin shoes lay on the floor."

"I bent over her. She was not breathing. I felt her pulse. There was not the flutter of a beat. This woman, this utter stranger, was dead in my room!"

"Remember, I was young then. Young and inexperienced. I suppose I should behave differently now. I suppose I should ring for the night porter and send him for the manager."

"But then I could think only of the scandal that would ensue were that woman to be found dead in the bed intended for my wife. I thought of my young wife and her love for and trust in me. Would her affection, her faith, survive such a test? Was it fair that she should be faced with such an ordeal?"

"I thought of the inquiry, of the mob pointing their beastly fingers at me. I thought of the papers. I thought of my friends turning away from me in

By  
**LYNN  
DACRE**

disgust. I thought of the charge of murder that might well be the outcome of the affair."

"Facing the room, I tried to make up my mind what to do. I looked at my watch. Only ten minutes had elapsed since I had awoken with that strange premonition of something being wrong."

"I must get rid of the body, I decided. Get it out of the room. I concealed it with the coverlet, opened the door, and peered up and down the corridor."

"There was no one about. It was still with the brooding stillness that reigns over the upper regions of an hotel before dawn. Pendant globes glowed wanly here and there. Boots and shoes, put out to clean, marched away to right and left."

"A bathroom just along the corridor solved the problem. I tiptoed to it and looked in. It was empty. Leaving the door ajar, I made sure that the passages intersecting the corridor on the right and left were deserted. There was a risk, you see, that a 'boots' might surprise me."

"I crept back to the bedroom, picked up the shoes, and carried the slight body of the woman to the bathroom. I lowered her into the bath, put down the shoes and, shutting the door, returned to my room."

"After pausing beside to regain my breath and pull myself together, I made a thorough search lest there was something lying about to betray her presence. But there was nothing."

"Then I tidied the bed, turned back the coverlet, switched off the light, and slid in between my own cold sheets. It was just ten to five."

"I lay awake till the maid came with a cup of tea at seven. There was nothing in her manner to disturb me. As half-past eight informed me that my bath was ready and, to my dismay, indicated the bathroom along the corridor."

"Not wishing to make her suspicious, I entered. The body had been removed. I don't mind admitting that I missed my bath that morning."

"The rest is mystery, so far as I'm concerned (Denver concluded). I don't know how she got into my room. I don't know how she died. I don't know who she was. I don't know what happened after I placed her in the bath. No doubt the business was hushed up."

"I didn't make any inquiries for obvious reasons. When my wife arrived I made an excuse and transferred to another hotel."

"This is the first occasion I've told the story to anyone."

Please turn to Page 36

## Here's CONVINING PROOF that DR. SHELDON'S GIN PILLS will end BACKACHE RHEUMATISM & KIDNEY TROUBLE

These are but a few of the many testimonials that we have received from grateful users of Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills. What better proof could there be that Gin Pills will really do what is claimed of them.

### EXCELLENT FOR RHEUMATISM.

"I am sending this testimonial to let you know how wonderfully your Gin Pills have benefited myself, wife, and two grown-up children. We have found them excellent for Backache and Rheumatism, and have been free from illness ever since we had Gin Pills in our Medicine Chest."

George Christie, Gilbert St., Gilberton, S.A.



Mrs. O. M. Mears.

### ABSOLUTE RELIEF.

"For many years I suffered with my kidneys and was unsuccessful in finding a remedy that would give relief until I commenced taking Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills, which gave wonderful relief and cured me of dreadful backache."

Mrs. F. Hadley,  
Brighton St., Richmond, Vic.

### ANOTHER BACKACHE GONE.

"Having suffered for years with kidney trouble and always with dreadful backache, and trying so many remedies without success, I was advised to try Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills. They are really wonderful, and have completely cured me of a very long-standing trouble."

Mrs. O. M. Mears,  
Augustus St., Enmore, N.S.W.

You, too, can get the same speedy and certain relief from Backache, Rheumatism, and all Kidney Troubles by taking Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills. 27 Pills 1/9; 60 Pills 2/9.

## Dr Sheldon's GIN PILLS



### AMAZING RESULTS.

"I had known for a long time that my kidneys were out of order, and had tried different remedies. If I was relieved at all, it was only of short duration, with a return of that dreaded backache. Taking the advice of a friend, I began with Dr. Sheldon's Pills, and the result was amazing. In a very short space of time, I felt so much better that I could scarcely believe I had such an ailment as kidney trouble."

Miss Gladys Jones,  
Bertie St., Hindmarsh, S.A.

We would be glad to send you a trial sample of Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills. To obtain same, fill in and post Coupon below, together with 1d. stamp for postage.

Please send me a sample of Gin Pills free of charge.

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## A SAFER WAY to relieve constipation in any child

use, and this rich, fruity syrup does not upset them.

When you change to California Syrup of Figs instead of harsh medicines, you will risk no more violence to your child's appetite, digestion, and general physical condition. You will have a safer, more satisfactory result, too.

So, get a bottle of California Syrup of Figs from your chemist and start to-night, if your child is constipated, giving a good, cleansing dose. Repeat as necessary, giving a little less each dose. That's the secret of this treatment—gradually reduced doses.

Here is a simple way of finding out if any youngster with irregular or infrequent bowel movements is in need of relief, or getting the wrong treatment:

### The "Liquid Test"

This is the way to relieve occasional constipation, or constipation, in a child of any age:

First: Select a liquid laxative of the proper strength for children. Second: Give the dose suited to the child's age, and condition. Third: Repeat this dose, if repeated, until the bowels are moving without any help at all.

An ideal laxative for this purpose is California Syrup of Figs, which every chemist keeps in stock. Be certain that it is the genuine product, with "California" on the bottle.

### The Proper Treatment

Doctors recommend a liquid laxative for children. The child who has been convalescing in a hospital will usually come out with bowels working like a well-regulated watch. Hospitals give children a liquid laxative of suitable ingredients, suitable strength, and in suitable amount. Children should never be given the strong cathartics that are meant for adult use.

So, avoid all use of mineral drugs, whether they are salts, pills, tablets, or "candy" lozenges. Even once a month is too often to give any child a cathartic containing powerful drugs.

Give that sluggish child a liquid laxative containing senna (a natural laxative). California Syrup of Figs has the right amount for children's

# GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 5

THE new team was not an ideal one to drive, one of the wheelers being a bad holder. His continual attempts to break into a canter, coupled with the sluggish disposition of his fellow, made the task of driving the whole team up to their hilt a difficult one. Miss Taverner had some trouble with them, and further experienced the misfortune of coming up behind a stage coach which obstinately held the crown of the road for a good half-mile. Its progress was erratic. It lurched and swayed along at an unusual speed for such a top-heavy vehicle, and the roof-passengers, who were all of them holding tightly to their seats, looked as though they were not enjoying their journey at all. When Miss Taverner at last succeeded in passing it the reason for its odd progress was explained for she saw that it was being driven by a rakish young Corinthian, who had bribed the coachman to give up his place for a stage, and was tooling the coach along at a great rate, with all the reins clubbed in his hand. It seemed probable that at the first corner the Corinthian would overtake the equipage—a not uncommon ending to this particular pastime. Miss Taverner felt sorry for the other passengers, and especially for a thin, unhappy-looking man immediately behind the box-seat, who sat in imminent danger of having his hat whisked off by the Corinthian's unruly whip-lash.

Once past the stage no further check was experienced, but Miss Taverner knew that she had lost valuable time, and could only hope that Peregrine would be similarly unfortunate. But a few hundred yards short of Foxley Hatch he came into sight and caught his sister up at the toll-gate, where she was being detained by an attempt on the gate-keeper's part to fob her off with a ticket which would carry her only as far as the next pike. Judson immediately took control of the matter, and, while he pitifully informed the gate-keeper that he was no Johnny Raw to be cheated of the correct ticket (which opened

all the gates and pikes as far as Gatten) Peregrine and Judith had time to exchange a few words.

"WHAT sort of a team, Perry?" Judith asked. "You have got a reader, I see."

"Lord, yes!" replied Peregrine cheerfully. "And a couple of regular bone-setters as well. Did you see the spill down the road? Some fellow's put the stage in the ditch. What's the trouble here? Is the gate-keeper trying to gammon you? Hi, Judson, tell him if he thinks we're flats he mistakes the matter!"

By this time, however, the dispute had been settled, and Miss Taverner's curriole was free to pass. She drove through the gateway and, once past Godstone Corner, set her horse at a brisk trot up the long straight road ascending the pass of Smitham Bottom. Bearing in mind the margin that an unsound team was best driven fast, she took them down into Merstham, four miles on, at an easy gallop, only slackening the speed when the village was reached. A toll-gate lay just beyond Merstham, but the ticket issued at Foxley Hatch opened it, and with scarcely a check Miss Taverner swept through, and opened out her leaders on the mile stretch that led to Gatten Toll-gate, which was played by the nineteenth milestone where the old road branched off to Reigate. Here a new ticket had to be bought, and with Peregrine hard on her heels, only waiting his opportunity to challenge her, Judith began to resign herself to the prospect of losing her lead on the second stage.

She maintained it, however, for two miles, aided by circumstance, for twice when Peregrine would have passed her a vehicle coming in the opposite direction made it impossible, and she was able to draw away again. Red Hill gave her an advantage for Peregrine, who was in the habit of letting his leaders do too much work on the flat, was forced to let his team drop into a walk there.

Past Red Hill the road ran in a series of switchbacks over Earlswood Common, and such magnificent bursts of country presented themselves to her gaze that Miss Taverner almost lost sight of the fact that she was endeavoring to reach Horley before her brother in admiring the grandeur of the scene.

They were nearing the end of the long stage, and her team, which had never gone well together, were laboring. She was a little surprised that Peregrine should not challenge again, but concluded that the ups and downs of the road were not to his taste.

"The master's ruling his horses," Miss Taverner remarked. "Hinkson will have told him where to take his chance. He'll challenge about of the Salford's pike. I'll be bound."

"How far to Horley?" Miss Taverner asked.

"No more than a couple of miles now, Miss, downhill all the way."

"She smiled. "He may yet miss his chance."

OVER the lonely common a long, gradual fall of ground led down to the Weald, past Pettridge Wood and Salford's. The team picked up their pace and, for a quarter of a mile, Peregrine could not slip by. But just when Miss Taverner was entertaining reasonable hopes of maintaining her lead her offside leader went lame, and Peregrine dashed by in an eddy of dust.

There was nothing for it but to follow at a sober pace, and by the time the curriole stopped at the Chequers, in Horley, Peregrine had accomplished his change, and was away again. His old team were being led off when Miss Taverner drew up; she caught a glimpse of his tail-board vanishing down the street, and realised from the sight of a waiter going back into the inn with an empty tankard on a tray that he had allowed himself time for refreshment.

The Chequers, which was the half-way house, was busy, and swarmed with ostlers. A London-bound coach, heralding its arrival with three long blasts of the horn, drew up as Miss Taverner's horses were being taken out; a bell changed somewhere in the stables; the first turn-out was shouted for; and almost before the coach had pulled up the new team, with post-boys already mounted, was being led out.

In addition to the stage, several private vehicles, including a post-chaise carrying a smart-looking lady and gentleman, who stared curiously at Miss Taverner, were drawn up in the big yard. There was a young man with a wig who seemed to have driven in from somewhere in the neighborhood. Having quizzed Miss Taverner for several minutes, he started to come towards her curriole, but encountered such a frosty look from her that he changed his mind, and began to

curse one of the ostlers instead. Judith had sent to procure a glass of lemonade, but finding herself the object of so much interest she was sorry to have done so, and would have preferred to drive on with a parched throat than to have been obliged to stay in the yard to be impudently scrutinized. She began to be uncomfortable, to wish that she had not embarked on such an adventure, and for the first time to realise the impropriety of being upon the box of a gentleman's curriole, unattended except for her groom, and upon the busiest turnpike-road in the whole south country.

A very small Tiger, who seemed to belong to an elegant tilbury drawn by match-greys, and with its owner's scarlet-lined driving-coat hanging negligently over one of the panels, looked her over with an expression of strong derision, openly nudged one of the ostlers, said something behind his hand, and sniggered. But just at that moment a lean, saturnine, gentleman with a club foot came out of the inn, and the grin was promptly wiped from the Tiger's face, and he sprang to attention. The gentleman limped up to the tilbury, pulling on his gloves. He saw Miss Taverner, and looked her up and down till she blushed; then he shrugged his shoulders, got into his carriage, and drove off.

"That's the Earl of Barrymore, miss," volunteered Judson. "Him they call Cripple-gate."

The fresh team had been put-out by this time, and the lemonade drunk, Miss Taverner gave her horses the office to start, and swung out of the yard.

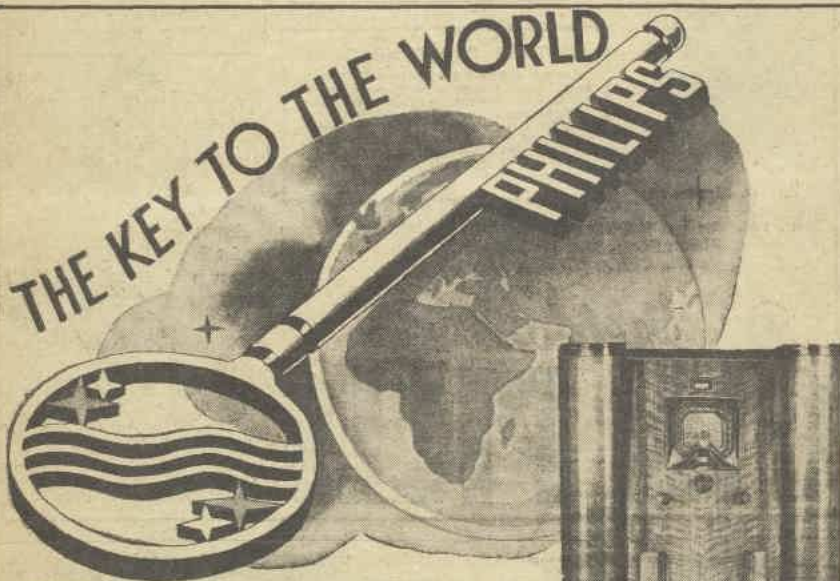
The tilbury was already out of sight, for which she was profoundly thankful, and if Judson was to be believed there could be little fear of catching up with it.

## MISS TAVERNER

now had a fast team of brown horses in hand, and all the difference of strength, quick-actioned beasts from the badly-matched four she had been obliged to drive over the second stage was soon felt. The milestones seemed to flash by, and from the circumstances of the road being in excellent repair, and Judson knowing every inch of it, she was able to make up her lost time, and to reach Crawley not very far behind her brother, who had got himself into difficulties with a farm-wagon just at the narrow part of the road by the George Inn.

Past Crawley the road rose steadily to Pease Pottage. There was not much traffic to be encountered, and except for one of the leaders shying at a hen which scuttled squawking across the road the next two miles were covered without any other incident than the overtaking and passing of a very downy-looking man in a phaeton and three, who took one glance at Miss Taverner as she went by, and whipped up his horses in the vain attempt to catch up with her. A golden beauty driving a curriole-and-four down the Brighton Road was, after all, no everyday occurrence.

Please turn to Page 16



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**'BISURATED' MAGNESIA**  
Banishes Stomach Ills

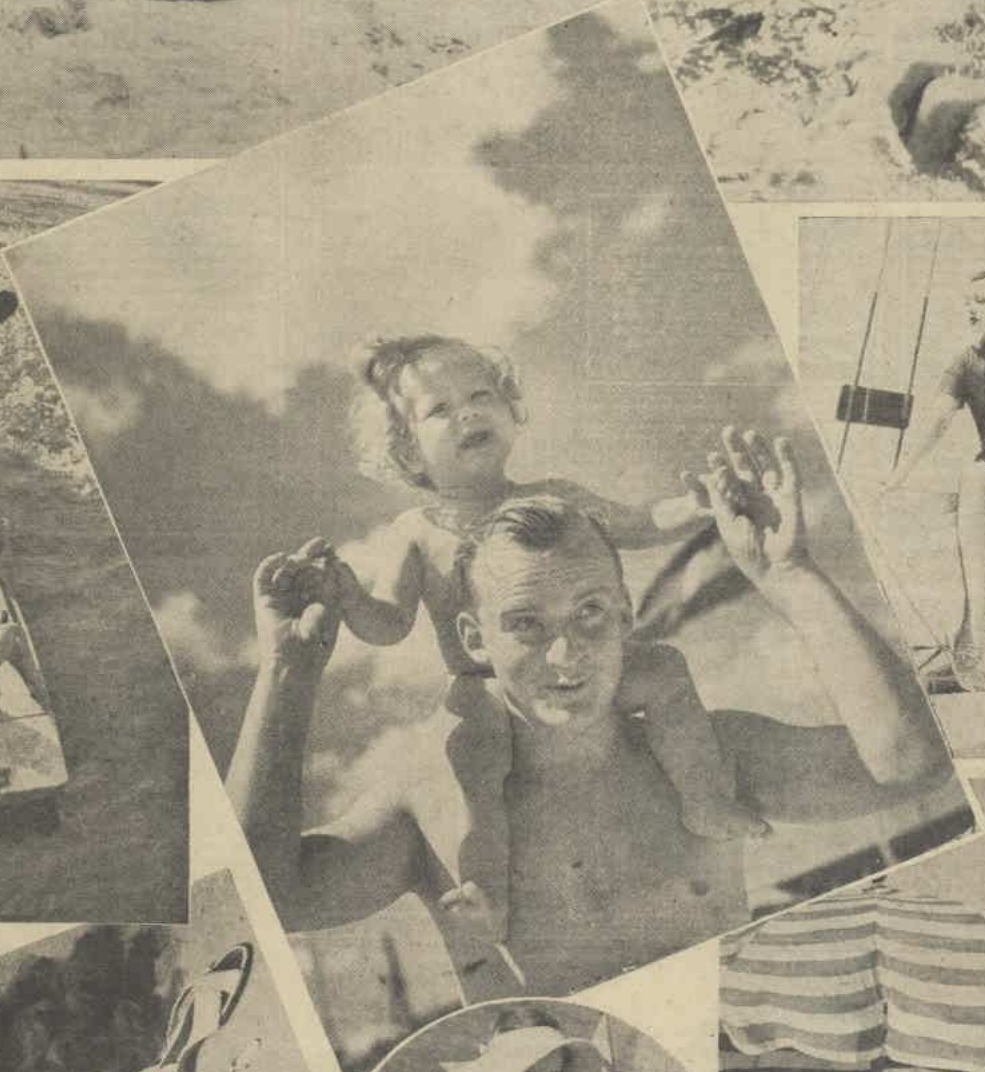
A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Bismar' Trade Mark.

HOST Holbrook says: "A solemn warning is the Bismarck Stuffed Curry. The stoves have been realigned with old plantations in a



# SUMMER...

Golden sunshine, once again pouring its warm benison on the earth... The Great Outdoors calling irresistibly to young and old... Lazy hours by the seaside... A life on the rolling waves... In short, happy days are here again!



Already the sun has sounded its call, and with it came new fashions and, possibly, new novelties for devotees of the beach and the boat. But will Australians ever be able to indulge in refreshment on the seashore as pictured above? Echo answers — ?



<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4606311>



# Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER "Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



**TICKET COLLECTOR:** Your ticket is to Perth, madam, and we're going to Brisbane.

**FAIR PASSENGER:** Goodness! Does the driver know?



**CHEMIST:** This is a new line in lipsticks.

**MOLLY:** Will it stand up to hard work? My new boy is wonderful!



**DISGRUNTLED PATRON:** I've never seen a rottener picture!  
**COMMISSIONAIRE:** Ever had your photo taken?



**SUITOR:** Will you marry me?  
**HEIRESS:** No, I'm afraid not.  
**SUITOR:** Oh, come on, be a support.



**PAWNBROKER:** —but business is business.  
**ANGRY CUSTOMER:** And, I suppose, I'm only a pawn in the game?

## Kills RATS and MICE but Nothing Else!



POSITIVELY NON-POISONOUS and harmless to humans and all domestic animals—cats, dogs, birds, etc. We unreservedly guarantee the absolute safety and effectiveness of "Squilltox."

130 BAITS from a 1-oz. tin — Price 1/6

In the home pantry, poultry farm, store or shop, poison methods are dangerous, limited, and out-of-date. Bait with safety, kill with certainty, by using

HOUGHTON & BYRNE'S

### 'SQUILLTOX'

All Chemists 1/6 ... 1-oz. TIN  
2/6 ... 2-oz. TIN  
5/- ... 5-oz. TIN

If you have the least difficulty in obtaining locally, send stamps or P.N. direct to our nearest office, HOUGHTON & BYRNE (Sydney, 3 Bridge St.), (Melbourne, 208 Flinders St.), (Adelaide, 12 Page St.), (Brisbane, T. and C. Buildings).

## Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used.

**COLONEL:** A brave soldier is always found where the bullets are thickest. Now, where were you during the battle, Smith?

**Private Smith:** In the ammunition wagon, sir!

**"DOING any good with your bees, Jones?"**

**"Not much honey, but they have stung my mother-in-law twice."**

**THE lady had invited a new gentleman acquaintance to dinner: "And bring your wife," she added.**

**"Sorry, I haven't got a wife."**

**"Oh! Well, your fiancée, perhaps?"**

**"Haven't got one, either. But, look here," he confided, "don't worry about that. I can come alone. I eat enough for two."**

**MRS. SMITH (showing portrait of herself in her mother's arms):** "This is how I looked twenty years ago."

**Guest:** Wonderful! And who is the baby on your arm?

**AUB:** What y' cryin' for?

**Syd:** Dad called Mum a sili' cow.

**Aub:** Well?

**Syd:** Then Mum called Dad a price-less goat.

**Aub:** But why cry about that?

**Syd:** Well, what am I?

**MOTHER:** A twenty-page letter from James! What does he say?

**Daughter:** He says he loves me.

**A MAN** was busy fixing his car.

**"Trouble?"** asked a bystander.

**"Yes,"** came the tired reply.

**"What power ca. is it?"**

**"Forty horse-power—and the horses are all dead."**

## KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



That **OUTDOOR** feeling

Sunshine is always with you if you are healthy. Smiles come easily and ambitions stir when you live on the "sunny side of life."

Good health depends upon regularity and you can conquer constipation merely by eating two tablespoonfuls daily of delicious Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. So much better than pills or drugs.

The "hulk" in ALL-BRAN arouses lazy intestines and induces natural regularity. No cooking needed. Merely serve with cold milk or cream. Your grocer sells ALL-BRAN.

Served inside with the WAXTITE bag



**Kellogg's ALL-BRAN**

FREE—Send your name and address to Kellogg's Pty. Ltd., Box 8, Botany, Sydney, for an interesting health booklet and diet series—they're FREE.

Made in Australia by KELLOGG (Aust.) PTY. LTD., Sydney



## The new Kava-Knits ...exclusively Jantzen!

**A**MONG the Jantzen presentations for 1935 are two entirely new fabrics—the beautiful Kava-Knits. These luxurious fabrics follow the Continental vogue for novelty surfaced materials and in addition provide the marvellous knitted-in figure control made possible by Jantzen's exclusive process.

Never before has such artistry in knitting been combined with such amazing properties of elasticity and resiliency. If you choose your Jantzen in Kava-Knit you may be sure of the same permanent individual perfect fit that you've always had in the regular Jantzen fabric.

Visit your favourite store today to see the new Jantzens. Examine the Kava-Knits—notice their beautiful surface and firm even texture. Get your Jantzen early and enjoy it the whole season!

Jantzen (Aust.) Ltd., Lidcombe, N.S.W.



● The girl at the left wears the Bra-Tuck, classically simple in design, made of beautiful new Kava-Knit fabric.

● Right: The Kerchief — a smart two-piece Jantzen model, also made of Kava-Knit. Popular open back.

'IT'S ALL YOU WEAR—SO CHOOSE THE BEST



Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page. Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

# So They Say

## SAY YOUR SAY

If you have something interesting to say, try saying it to "So They Say." Every topic, so long as your letter is not too long, will be accepted. And you'll learn what other readers think about it, too.

### GIVE AND TAKE

**F**AILURE in the art of being a friend often springs not from the lack of giving, but from the inability to accept graciously. Many find pleasure in giving, but do not find the same joy in receiving. Why? Because their spirits are too independent, too proud. When forced to accept gifts they feel the necessity of returning them in some way, and in a more elaborate manner if possible. How do the givers feel? They forget the hurt unnecessarily inflicted on someone who has done a kindness for the love of them.

So much is written on the subject of "giving" and the return of kindness is naturally advocated. But why abuse it? Next time your neighbor or your workmate offers you a gift, stop to think! Do not refuse it and do not worry your head over returning tooth for tooth. It is bad taste and, even worse, it shows a lack of gentle feelings. Some day you may be able to do some service in return, but choose the right moment. In this way you will allow the original giver to have the pleasure of giving.

£1 for this letter to Miss N. C. Armstrong, Waiwera, 1 Berean St., Launceston, Tas.

### HORROR FILMS

**I** PICKED up the local newspaper the other day, and noticed a paragraph which calmly announced that "rapid medical assistance had been arranged" to attend to people affected by the filming of the latest horror picture.

Now I appeal to you! Surely there are enough interesting, humorous, and even astounding subjects to be used for films without putting the horrible creations of fiction into stark reality before the eyes of patrons!

It was also announced that "children and invalids should on no account be allowed to see the film." That was enough for me! It does not speak very highly for our modern ideas, surely, that we take pleasure in such atrocities.

Mary Merton, 108 Mundy St., Goulburn, N.S.W.



### Happy Teething Time

**T**EETHING time... and yet baby is perfectly contented and happy. That is because his mother gave him "Ovaltine" Rusks to bite and crunch as soon as the first little tooth was due.

"Ovaltine" Rusks are made from pure, unbleached wheat flour, retaining all its nutritive elements. The addition of a proportion of "Ovaltine" makes them even more nourishing and delicious.

Always remember that healthy temporary teeth are essential to ensure perfect permanent teeth later on. That is why every baby and child should have "Ovaltine" Rusks.

**OVALTINE RUSKS**  
APPEALING DELICIOUS & NOURISHING

PRICES: 2/6 and 4/6

A WANDER LIMITED  
218 KENT STREET, SYDNEY

### When People Stand and Block the Way

**I** CERTAINLY agree with Miss Knight (7/9/35) that people who meet and stand in a busy thoroughfare to exchange small talk are public nuisances. I also think that they should be asked to move on. Especially does this apply to women with perambulators. When two or three mothers with little children and a perambulator or two meet to exchange greetings, it is usually necessary to step off the footpath on to the street to get by. If people who make a practice of this realized how aggravating they are, they would certainly disperse.

Mrs. C. Kerr, Old Mill, via Glen Innes, N.S.W.

### A Trivial Reason

**I** EMPHATICALLY disagree with Miss S. Knight's statement, in which she says that people meeting and stopping to talk on the pavement are an eyesore, and give the town an appearance of untidiness.

What is our modern civilisation bringing us to, if the desire to exchange a friendly word with an acquaintance whom we unexpectedly meet must be sacrificed to ensure that the pavement

### MEN! SPARE THE MATCHES

**W**HY are husbands, brothers, and fathers all alike when it comes to a box of matches—using from the household stock instead of purchasing their own?

Recently after a tiring morning of housework, and with visions of a steaming cup of tea before me, I imagine my disappointment to find the last match-box in the house empty.

Are men just forgetful or do they think that their smoke costs enough without the added cost of matches?

I am sure most women will agree that this is a very annoying trait in our menfolk.

Mrs. G. Patterson, Greta, N.S.W.

will present a uniform appearance of machine-like people proceeding on their way?

Please don't let us sacrifice the divine privilege of humanity which permits us to greet a friend where and when we will, for such a trivial reason as "giving the town a straggly, untidy appearance."

Mrs. B. Atherton, West Overstone, Tas.

### They Gossip for Hours

**I**T certainly is most annoying when you are hurrying to do your shopping or to keep an appointment, etc., to find people grouped about chatting, and find you have to walk round them, often stepping into the gutter to avoid them and placing yourself in danger of parking cars. Some people—whether from lack of intelligence or from forgetfulness—remain gossiping for hours, suffering the buffetings of passers-by, rather than move aside. I am sure those same persons would see what a hindrance they are to others if someone mentioned it to them.

Miss E. L. Chaffer, Dangar Village, Narrabri, N.S.W.

### She Can't Explain

**I** HAVE often been an offender in Miss S. Knight's eyes, and why I just cannot quite say; but perhaps I've been so pleased to meet that old friend I've been unconscious of being an eyesore to the town. Anyhow, why worry over small things such as this?

Mrs. M. Voss, cor. Heatherton and Westall Rds., Spring Vale, Vic.

### Have No Manners

**M**OST people will agree with Miss Knight (7/9/35). Gossips who cause congestion on the footpath advertise the fact that they have left their manners at home. This is a common occurrence, and is a positive menace in a busy street.

Shopping people and others often have to step off the footpath on to the road in order to reach their destination. This has been the cause of many accidents in the past.

I was under the impression that people who block the right-of-way commit an offence against the by-laws. If so, what are the police doing in allowing it to continue?

T. Brown, G.P.O., Adelaide

### Is It Charity or Means to Cheap Publicity?

**RE** Mrs. Ballantine's paragraph (7/9/35), in which she wonders why persons will come forward with a job for a young man who has received much publicity, and offer to adopt an abandoned child, while they do not assist in similar cases that are not brought before their notice by advertisements.

Isn't it obvious that an actual instance brought before the notice of a person per the newspaper will stir him to do something definite.

As for the baby adoption, we know the orphanages are full, but quite often in the evening papers is seen the picture of a small child and the words "Who wants me?" underneath the picture. Somebody will see this and an adoption will take place, simply because the persons had brought under their notice one special case, rather than for the publicity they would receive, as suggested by Mrs. Ballantine.

Mrs. J. Dyer, 36 Windsor St., Paddington, N.S.W.

### Brought to Notice

**I** THINK Mrs. Ballantine (7/9/35) is being rather harsh. It is human nature that those things which are always around us become accepted as a matter of course, and both unemployment and orphans have become habits with us, so to speak.

When, however, any particular case comes under the public notice, people are stirred from this lethargy, and thus many offers are put forward. I do not say that it is right for people to be unthinking like this, but I am sure that in the great majority of cases this is the

### Bringing Science to Bear in Choosing Careers

**L. G. SCHMIDT** would like to know why vocational guidance is not more widely used in Australia (7/9/35). She can be answered in two words: "Economic Necessity."

When the average child leaves school, especially since the depression, he grabs the first job that he can. With father out of work or on short time, he does not consider if he is a "round peg in a square hole" or not. His eye is firmly

### NOT ENOUGH NATIONAL FEELING

**P**UBLICITY has been given in the Press recently by our Prime Minister and others to the growing jealousy between the States of Australia. Visitors from overseas must be astonished by the pettiness of our narrow-mindedness.

While naturally preferring some States to others—for various reasons—we can at least show tolerance to all.

C. L. Downton, 8 Roslyn St., Brighton Beach S5, Victoria.

glued to his pay envelope, be it ever so small.

Under these circumstances it is marvellous how well our young people settle down in the various positions so haphazardly secured, and for which they have no natural aptitude.

At the same time, all that Miss

### TEA-POT TALES By JOHN ROGERS

Smugglers brought tea to the people when heavy duties would have made its price prohibitive. Smuggled tea became the popular drink.

**Best Tea**  
Fifty Shillings per pound

In 1660 tea rose to the price of 50/- per lb.

The tea plant belongs to the same family as the Camellia.

reason, and not the desire for "cheap publicity."

Miss N. Keamy, 201 Fiddon St., North Carlton, Vic.

### It Is an Incentive

**R**EGARDING Mrs. Ballantine's remarks on misplaced generosity (7/9/35), I do not think that "cheap publicity" to quote her own expression—is the aim of people who adopt an abandoned baby or give a down-and-out a job, simply because the story is written up in the newspaper.

After all, there is a whole lot of sympathy in the world, but undoubtedly most people who are in need of assistance keep their troubles to themselves in such an extent that even their next-door neighbors do not realise their plight.

It would take a lot of publicity to make up for the trouble of adopting an abandoned baby if the benefactor in question was not truly charitable.

Miss E. Comsdine, Mundy St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

Schmidt says is very true. And we hope the day is not far distant when every youth will be able to choose the calling which he elects to follow.

Mrs. Ray Randall, The Economic Store, Bowen Hills, Brisbane.

### Would Increase Prosperity

**I** QUITE agree with L. G. Schmidt (7/9/35). Vocational guidance should be included in the school routine.

Further, present misfits should be transferred to more congenial positions. This would not only increase the individual's personal income and his desire for living, but should help a nation to prosperity through the greater amount of work done when in a congenial position. It would give a greater number of brains a chance to operate.

This would increase the prestige of a nation in a number of ways—inventions, labor-saving devices, and the like.

Irene Smith, 7 Meadow Crescent, Meadowbank, N.S.W.

### THE WAY THEY STAND

**W**HY do mannequins, displaying frocks which are works of art, adopt such unnatural postures? I mean the way they stand with the lower part of the body from the waist down thrown forward, while the shoulders are curved back. To hold this pose they appear to need some aid—either the support of a leg placed well back, or something to lean the shoulders against.

Not so have great artists depicted the beautiful women of the ages. Painters show their women standing balanced easily on their feet or in natural grace of movement. Sculptors carved their subjects in a perfectly perpendicular position; witness the statues of Britannia, Liberty, and Bodicea. Witness also the correct pose of Queen Mary, who stands with her head balanced directly above her ankles.

I think this will in time result in our young women in general adopting an ugly deportment.

Miss V. R. Travers, Yarral, Spring-sure, Qld.

### IS THIS HONESTY?

**"HONESTY in Business"** is used by the majority of shopkeepers as a slogan, but it appears to be abused in many cases.

For example, many commodities have one half-penny included in their price—you see the major amount showing in large figures, but the little half-penny is hardly visible. In many cases 3d. and even 6d. is printed in minute figures, which is most deceiving, especially to people whose eyesight is not good. If the value of the goods is there, why not have everything marked in plain figures?

Another thing that strikes me is the superior quality of the goods in the front of the show windows compared with the goods given to you when making a purchase. Green grocers appear to be the greatest offenders in both these cases.

H. Robinson, 147 Ourimbah Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

### MARRIAGE BAN

**I** WAS very interested to read in The Australian Women's Weekly of 7/9/35 that the marriage ban on women teachers and doctors has been removed by the London County Council.

This, I think, is a step in the right direction; for why should a woman who is keenly interested in her career have to give it up on her marriage; or if she chooses to follow her career, have to give up all thought of marriage?

I believe this restriction does not hold in all States of Australia. I suppose it is too much to hope that the ban will soon be completely removed?

Mrs. H. E. Marks, Whytecliffe, Alden, Brisbane.



### ANOTHER SLEEPLESS NIGHT!

**T**O enjoy good health you MUST have proper sleep and rest. If you are being kept awake by pain or nervous unrest, take NYAL ESTERIN tablets. NYAL ESTERIN contains Estelin Compound, a new sedative that acts directly on the nerve centers and brings natural sleep to the sleepless. NYAL ESTERIN contains ingredients which are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for the prompt relief of pain. Take NYAL ESTERIN for sleeplessness, rheumatic pains, neuralgia, headaches, toothache and all forms of nerve pains. Your chemist sells NYAL ESTERIN tablets of 1/3d. a tin of 24 tablets.

**NYAL ESTERIN**

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 421DD, Gloucester Pl., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



# WHEN BABY TAKES TO "BACCY" *A Day in the Life of a Smoker...*



"I think I'll have a quiet smoke."



"Confound it! Something's gone wrong."



"Seems all right."



"A bit stuffed up, perhaps."



"That'll fix it!"



"There's nothing like the old pipe."

## The New Domestic Economy.

The housewife who practices the New Domestic Economy saves many hours of her time and many pounds of her housekeeping expenses.

At the same time, by enabling her to give her children more of the foods they love and for which their bodies crave, the New Domestic Economy promotes better health in the home. Nature gives us many great gifts of delicious fruits, but, unfortunately, gives them within a few short weeks. During this brief period of maturity, fruits are most delicious, plentiful, and cheap.

### Saves Money

The New Domestic Economy gives you these fruits in their perfect state all the year round for a penny a pound and less. During the height of the season, a 40 lb. case of perfect tomatoes can be bought for 2/6, or three farthings a pound. Preserved the Vacola way, they make delicious soup and cut-up tomato dishes—tomato soufflé, tomatoes on toast, or with bacon, cheese, or sausage. When plentiful, pears, apricots, peaches, plums, etc., sell from 2/6 to 4/- a 40 lb. case—they are beautiful when bottled.

### Saves Time

Apples are ever popular, and one of the best fruits for preserving. Out of season they are as high as a kite—a pound for more quality. Perfect Jonathans and other good varieties can be purchased at 3/- a 40 lb. case in season, and preserved the Vacola way. Reach down a bottle of apples, dip into a pie dish, cover with pastry, and in 20 minutes you can draw from the oven the most beautiful Apple Pie you ever made.

Other fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, poultry, etc., can be preserved quickly by the Vacola method.

### Saves Work and Worry

The remarkable saving of time made possible by the New Domestic Economy gives the housewife more leisure by making work, while the great comfort and convenience of having meats and other courses prepared in advance saves worry over meals.

Tired of having to buy fruit for one or other meals two or three times during each week, to peel, prepare, and cook whenever a dish is required, the work for 30 or 40 different meals is concentrated into one afternoon or evening.



Pays for itself—over and over.

**Peach Pie—Out of Season ???**  
and only Twopence for the Fruit

## THE NEW DOMESTIC ECONOMY

Start the NEW Domestic Economy now. You can start saving money to-day by purchasing a Ready-filled Vacola Outfit. The bottles are filled with most delicious fruit, pears, apricots, peaches, plums, tomatoes, pineapple, etc., which is supplied to you for the bare cost of the fruit and sugar alone.

This will keep your pantry well stocked until the new fruits come in. Then by purchasing and preserving fruit in quantities, the easy, foolproof Vacola way, you will have delicious fruit for a penny a pound always in the house.

**PEARS, APRICOTS, PEACHES, or PLUMS,**  
delicious and of the finest quality  
for 6 people for twopence.  
**TOMATOES** for Soup or for Cooking  
for 6 people for one penny.

Get your ready-filled Outfit and start saving now. Then you will have the bottles in readiness for still bigger savings. Call at YOUR STORE-KEEPER'S and see the wonderful value offered—and place your order before the supply of ready-filled outfits runs out.

**Fowlers**  
**VACOLA**  
FRUIT BOTTLING OUTFIT  
Stocked by Ironmongers, Stores, and Grocers.

Manufactured by FOWLER'S VACOLA MANUFACTURING CO. LTD., Barnwood Road, Barnstaple, Ex. Victoria, and corner Durling and Crescent Streets, Waterloo, Sydney.  
Interstate Representatives: WYLLIE & CO., PTY. LTD., 32-34, Street, Brisbane.  
ROBERT BRISLEY & CO., Hindmarsh Building, Grenfell Street, Adelaide; CRICK & FRANK BROS., 11 Queen Street, Perth; E. J. SIDEBOTTOM, 54 Cameron Street, Edinborough.

**FREE!**  
Illustrated Booklet  
"Living Better on Less Money."

Please send me your booklet which tells more about the NEW Domestic Economy.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



**PROUD of HER CLEAR SKIN**



To see how you would not look at her. Pimples, blemishes and red skin are signs of a bad complexion.

Constipation is the leading cause of skin troubles and most other ailments. So rid yourself of constipation and its poisonous ways by taking a mild, gentle laxative—one that does not grip nor upset your stomach, and becomes once again a popular member of your social set.

**CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS**  
FOR THE STOMACH, LIVER

## WOMEN DOCTORS Not Wanted IN ENGLAND

"Not a Woman's Job"  
—Says Famous Surgeon

While Australia is trying to encourage young men and women to become doctors, England is encouraging the men, but discouraging the women.

According to Dr. Francis Muecke, the noted London surgeon, who is revisiting Adelaide (the town of his youth) after attending the B.M.A. congress in Melbourne, the presence of women "med" students drives the men off to other hospitals.

"THE normal athletic type of young medical student will not train where there are women students, for the simple reason that they do not like it," he declares. "As a matter of fact the matrons are even more keen to forbid women students than the doctors, for wherever men and women students have to work at close quarters, there is trouble. In new buildings, of course, it would be different, but most of the big schools are old. In Australia, too, it is different. But most of the medical schools stopped having women students after the war, these including Guy's, London, and even Charing Cross. The Royal Free is the women's training centre, while the University College has a few."

"Anyway I don't think medicine is a woman's job. Nursing, yes, but not practising as doctors. Being a doctor's wife, though, is a full-time job for women."

Mrs. Muecke, who is an expert in the art of making home-made wines, is a charming woman, with a lovely complexion, and has the knack of dressing beautifully. During the war she was private secretary to Lord Londonderry. Following that period she had bad health for some years and could not take up active interests, but now she puts a great deal of her spare time into making wines.

"My hobby began," she said, "because we had colds, and a farmer's wife sent my husband a bottle of elderberry cordial. It was very potent, but it seemed to clear our colds. Then women in the villages about sent me recipes, and I tried them. They all make their own ciders and syllabubs, cordials and

wines there, and it is a regular home industry in many parts of England. I have successfully made dandelion and cowslip wine and rhubarb wine, and we are keeping a few bottles of the rhubarb, because we have been told that it tastes like champagne after about 10 years."

Dr. and Mrs. Muecke have a farm on the borders of Sussex and Surrey, which they bought about four years ago, and to which they eventually hope to retire. Mrs. Muecke says that her husband is a connoisseur in wines. She admits that her worst failure was with the gooseberry champagne. "We had no means of corking it properly, and there were loud reports from the cellar when the corks were blown out, while the floor swam with it. I haven't tried gooseberry champagne since! We use no gin or malt, yeast or spirits, but just the fruit and sugar, for there are enough ferments in the fruit to make good wine."



**Do this to your Spare Room**  
you'll never be ashamed of it again

Your spare room is probably your guestroom. But is it fit for guests or does its drabness often embarrass you? Why not modernize it with "DULUX"? "Dulux" brushes on very easily and dries quickly. In no time you could make that old bed, dressing-table, chair, etc., really smart. And "Dulux" is wonderfully durable. Unlike enamel, it will not crack, chip or peel and retains its high lustre indefinitely. Just try it.



SUPERSEDES ENAMELS  
**BALM DULUX**

A Product of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd., makers of famous "Dulux" Lacquers and No. 1 Specialities for the Motorist.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

**There's ELASTIC STRENGTH in these Sewing Silks**



SILK is pliant and stretchy. It never loses its strength like other threads... even if you wash it a hundred times. Choose the right grade—and shade—for every sewing purpose, from the brands quoted below. They are displayed in a special cabinet at your favourite store.

Remember, there's no substitute for silk!

Remember, there's no substitute for silk!

ASK FOR THEM BY NAME WHEN YOU NEXT GO SHOPPING

- **IMPERIAL**, 50 yds., 100 yds., 150 yds., for fine fabrics. Per reel, 3d.
- **EXTRA SUPER**, 50 yds., 100 yds., 150 yds., for medium fabrics. Per reel, 3d.
- **BULL'S HEAD**, 50 yds., 100 yds., 150 yds., for medium fabrics. Per reel, 3d.
- **VERA**, 50 yds., 100 yds., 150 yds., for medium fabrics. Per reel, 3d.
- **STEAMER**, 1 oz., 2 oz., 4 oz., for heavy materials. Per reel, 11d.
- **REGINA**, 50 yds., 100 yds., 150 yds., for fine fabrics. Per reel, 2d.
- **REFORM**, 200 yds., 400 yds., 600 yds., for fine fabrics. Per reel, 10d.

2-55

SEWING SILKS LTD.  
2 Cavendish Sq., London, W1.

**KE-PEG PRESERVES EGGS PERFECTLY**



KE-PEG is easy—just just rub it on—use straight from the jar. KE-PEG is quick—it dries eggs and is treated in 2 minutes. KE-PEG is economical—costs less than 1d. a dozen. KE-PEG means only one handling of eggs—no storage in box, basket, etc. KE-PEG is non-liquid—no mess, no waste. KE-PEG is perfect—keeps eggs like new—up to 2 years later.

**Refuse Substitutes**  
Remember there is only one KE-PEG. Obtainable All Grocers and Dealers. GROCERY DISTRIBUTORS PTY. LTD., Box 331, G.P.O., Melbourne.

**BARRIER** are Australia's Best Immigrants. To many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A look at this picture indicates valuable information and advice. Copies free if you send the postage to: "Barrier," 1354, Clifford St., Melbourne. Established 21 years.

## Horoscope of Duke of Gloucester's Fiancee

Continued from Page 3

COINCIDING the evidence for marriage in the Prince's horoscope, with similar influence in the star-map of Lady Alice, the year 1935 is shown as immensely important, since no fewer than ten planetary influences affect her life at this time. Sometimes there are no such influences for a whole year, so that 1935 of them assures an eventful period.

There is every indication that the honor of being asked in marriage by the Prince really occurred early in 1935, since during the months of January and February Lady Alice was under planetary influences bringing honors, advancement, popularity, and general success, and happiness.

As the month of May came into being, a fortunate Moon-Jupiter influence came into Lady Alice's life, bringing much happiness over talk of marriage, the help of superiors, and promise of advancement. It bespeaks acceptance into the Royal household.

Meanwhile four other splendid influences, of two or three years' duration, are also working in Her Ladyship's favor. Venus harmonising with the Sun bespeaks happiness, love, esteem, promotion, and a new home. Mars and Uranus both favoring Jupiter, and Jupiter befriending Mercury, strengthen all these other good aspects, and bring beneficial activities, changes, agreements, travels, and opportunities for advancement.

Unfortunately, two more influences of a less desirable nature come into the life of Her Ladyship as 1935 ends and 1936 grows apace. There will be a tendency to worry, possibly over bad news, or the health of herself or another. Nervous strain can result.

There may be a health disorder, and enforced rest may have to be feared. In short, Lady Alice will be well advised to live the last part of 1935 and early 1936 as quietly as she will be able to live the greater part of 1936 optimistically and excitedly.

In every other matter, however, the nation may indulge in rejoicing on behalf of the prospective groom and his bride, since the planetary influences affecting their lives at this time could hardly be excelled in their promise of happiness and general good fortune in all affairs—but especially in regard to marriage and honor.

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# What Women Are Doing

## Deaconess from England

WHILE in England, Archbishop Head engaged Miss Dorothy Champion, an English deaconess, to help train deaconesses at St. Hilda's House, the training college of the Church of England in Melbourne.

Miss Champion will reach Australia in December, and will take up her duties early next year.

She has had wide experience in educational work as well as practical pastoral work, and she holds the Archbishop's Theological Diploma issued only in England, which qualifies her for both preaching and teaching.

## Has Been Active Supporter of Girl Guides

FOR nearly ten years Mrs. R. J. Rudall, of Gawler, S.A., has been active in the Girl Guide movement. She has had her own Brownie pack and Guide company, and was made District Commissioner for Gawler several years ago.

Now she has been appointed State president, and will take up her position in two months, after a holiday, for she has been ill. Last year Mrs. Rudall was deputy State Commissioner when Lady Hore-Ruthven left, but she had to resign because of ill-health. In November, however, she hopes to be quite well again, and is looking forward to Centenary year, when the S.A. movement plans to take a big part in the celebrations.



Mrs. R. J. Rudall

## Australian Known As English Soprano

WHEN Miss Muriel Wilson, a noted English soprano, was heard at the Phillip Hargreaves concert in Brisbane, it was her first appearance on the concert platform in Australia. Although Miss Wilson hails from Perth, she has been abroad so long that she is now termed English. She began her training with Miss Rosina Buckman, later proceeding to Dresden, where she studied with Paul Schöffler, and then to Milan to study under Maestro Gennari at La Scala.

On her return to London, Miss Wilson accepted broadcasting engagements, and continued her studies with Micaela Gemma, another Italian. A few days before she sailed for Australia she sang to Covent Garden people. While in England Miss Wilson had the pleasure of singing some songs composed by Sir George Tallis' son John.

Miss Wilson's father now lives at Kyogle, N.S.W., and he was at the station when the mail train passed through. He had not seen his daughter for seven years and, of course, he travelled to Brisbane to be one of the audience at the concert.

## A Poetess From The Northern State

PICTURED here is Mrs. Emily Hemana Bulcock.

A member of a talented family, she is a sister of the well-known Australian writer, Vance Palmer, and a granddaughter of the late J. H. Palmer, chief of Hansard reporting staff in the early days of Sydney.

Mrs. Bulcock is the author of "Jacaranda and other poems," a first poem being accepted when she was twelve years old. She also contributes short stories and sketches to several periodicals in the south, and has won many prizes for her short stories.

A Quaker under birth, Mrs. Bulcock did much pioneering before her marriage as a teacher in the bush. She is interested in social work and gardening, and is a member of the Lyceum Club, and a vice-president of the Authors and Artists' Society.



Mrs. Emily Bulcock

## Gifts for President's Wife

MANY gifts that she will treasure for their sentimental as well as their intrinsic value have been received by Lady Barrett as wife of the B.M.A. president.

Among them is a delightful book, "Beauty of Beauties," written and illustrated by the wife of Dr. Wu Lien Teh, who presented the book to Lady Barrett during his visit.

Another treasure is the president's lady's badge, a heavy gold pendant of a twined serpent and the names of the member countries of the B.M.A. in blue enamel, hanging on a royal-blue ribbon.

## Presenting Report On English Theatres

MRS. RUSSELL SCOTT, perhaps better known under her stage name of Miss Betty Clifford, has just come back from a trip to England during which she fulfilled a most interesting mission, even though it was not as successful as she might have hoped.

It was to study the plays showing in England and on her return to recommend any suitable for Australia to a well-known theatrical management with a view to their purchase. Mrs. Scott has a rather disappointing report to make, however, as most of the plays on in England while she was there were "character" plays written for the actor or actress who took the leading part, and unsuitable for anybody else.

There is one play, "1066," about which she will make a strong recommendation. It is the stage version of that happy little volume "1066 And All That."

Mrs. Scott also played the flippant widow in two pictures—"They Had to Get Married"—and an Edgar Wallace "thriller"—before leaving for Australia. Both were at Elstree. She is looking forward now to some film work in Australia, as her husband is directing three films for Paramount.

## Keen Worker for Feminist Causes

MRS. TOM MURDOCH, of Hobart, does not conform to a popular, but erroneous, conception of a Feminist. She has a reputation for smart frocking, and is a popular hostess, and, at the same time, is an ardent advocate for equal opportunity and responsibility for men and women.

She was a candidate for Parliament at the last elections in Tasmania, and though unsuccessful, she considers the experience gained in the campaign was most valuable.

Mrs. Murdoch is a member of the Council of the University of Tasmania. She is president of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and a keen supporter of the League of Nations. Another of her interests is the Girls' Welfare School, Murray St., of which she is chairwoman.

## Owes Much to Her Own Hard Work

MRS. FLORENCE RANSOME (Qld.) is a composer of songs and pianoforte solos. She has just had a busy time preparing her pupils for the Australian Natives' Association Bistlediff.

She was great success with her ballad, "In My Garden," which was accepted by a London publisher two years ago. Her latest publication for the piano, "Florette," has just arrived from London and already is meeting with great success.

Mrs. Ransome confesses to being almost self-taught, the comparatively few lessons she had were taken in her very early childhood days. She played at her first concert at the age of seven.



Mrs. Florence Ransome  
—Regent Studios.

## English Visitor Has Helped Many Australians

AN overseas visitor to Australia is Mrs. M. A. Lovegrove, who, as a member of the Royal Empire Society in London, knows many Australians. The object of the society, and the duty of members, is to meet and show round as many Empire visitors as possible, and to introduce them to each other. Mrs. Lovegrove has letters of introduction to the Australian branch officials, and hopes to make use of them before she returns. As she has friends in Queensland, that State is to be her headquarters.

Politics and Girl Guiding are two other of her interests, and accompanying Mrs. Lovegrove are her two daughters, the elder, Daphne, being an officer for the 5th Enfield Company, and also a Brownie officer, while the younger, Viola, is a tawny owl. The trio hope to take back some Australian ideas on Guiding with them, and also to impart some English ones to the Australians—if the latter want them.

## Formed First Chamber Music Club in Victoria

MUSIC and musicians are the main interest in Miss Ivy Ball's interesting life.

She formed the Melbourne Chamber Music Club six years ago. It was the first club of its kind in Victoria, and has the best known.

Miss Ball has introduced many interesting musicians to Melbourne, and most of the famous artists who visit that city play at one of the delightful Sunday chamber concerts at the club at some time during their stay.

The Budapest String Quartet will play at the November concert.

Apart from the enormous amount of organisation required for her club, Miss Ball is much in demand as a concert organiser.

She formed the Pro Arte Trio, and has arranged all Raymond Lambert's recitals.

Much of the success of the farewell concerts of Alan Eddy and John Dudley was due to her organising ability, and now she is working hard with the committee formed to raise further funds for Alan Eddy.

## Planned Concert for Children's Charity

MISS IDA PARK, Mrs. Bac, who planned the delightful concert to be held in the Central Hall, Melbourne, on September 25, has arranged many such affairs for charity—most of them for children's charities.

Profits from this concert will assist in rebuilding the Ministering Children's League's cottage by the sea at Queenscliffe.

Miss Park is well known as a pianist, and is a member of the council of the Musical Society of Victoria.

The Fitzroy City Centenary Choir, comprising 65 children under fourteen years of age, was formed and conducted by her, and sang on many occasions before and during the Centenary celebrations in Melbourne.

## Her Nursing Career An Interesting One

MISS I. A. McLEAN, who was recently appointed to the position of dietitian to the Wellington (N.Z.) Hospital, has had an interesting career as a nurse.

In 1903 she attended the world conference of the International Council of Nurses, held in Paris and Brussels. In the role of an official visitor from New Zealand, Miss McLean later entered the London School of Dietetics, from which she graduated with honours in 1924. In addition to this course of study, she has had experience in the largest hospitals in London and Glasgow, observing the latest methods and systems.

Private nursing in Warwickshire also occupied part of her two-and-a-half years spent abroad. Her general training was received in New Zealand.



## Serves Hundreds of Cups of Tea

MISS BRIDGET HEWITT serves out more cups of tea and more cakes, and sandwiches than perhaps any other woman in Adelaide—apart, of course, from proprietresses of tearooms. And at the moment she is looking forward to handing out quite a lot more as interesting people arrive for the Centenary.

She has been secretary to the Lady Mayors of Adelaide for nearly two years, and it is her job to see that the correspondence, catering, flowers, and other little odds and ends in connection with civic receptions in the Lady Mayors' parlor are just so. And they always are.

Miss Bridget Hewitt  
—Mayfair.

She has been secretary to the Lady Mayors of Adelaide for nearly two years, and it is her job to see that the correspondence, catering, flowers, and other little odds and ends in connection with civic receptions in the Lady Mayors' parlor are just so. And they always are.

## Massage and Physiotherapist Returns from Abroad

MISS M. G. PRICE, who has been on the staff of the Children's Hospital, Melbourne, for three years, and is a masseur and physiotherapist, is back at work after ten months abroad. Judging by the quantities of information she brought back, most of her time was spent in gaining experience in famous hospitals and inspecting others.

She was greatly impressed by the mechanical equipment in Austrian hospitals. While she was doing a post-graduate course at Dr. Bobler's hospital in Vienna there were ten child patients with fractured spines in various stages of treatment. They were making marvellous progress and doing remarkable exercises with the aid of mechanical devices.

She also spent some time at Dr. Spitz's hospital, and in England she watched cases in Guy's, St. Thomas', and Charing Cross hospitals.

Even on her outward journey she made straight for the hospital. She visited several in South Africa, and decided that the artistic Children's Hospital at Durban was the most cheerful she had seen in all her travels.

## Her Hobby is a Very Helpful One

MISS ELLIE CAMPBELL, S.A. Inspector of Domestic Arts in the S.A. Education Department, has a most interesting "hobby."

"human" hobby, for she has taken the women of the Agricultural Bureau under her wing.

During the annual congress of the bureau, held from September 16 to 18 in Adelaide, she gave an address on how to make the life of a housewife easier, and she has given other addresses at congress for several years.

This bureau has many branches in the State, 51 of them being for women, under the control of the Government Agricultural Department. The branches meet once a month to discuss papers on farming and other country and home matters.

For five years, whenever Miss Campbell is inspecting a country school she has given the women of the local bureau lectures and demonstrations on cooking, millinery, dressmaking, handicrafts, the uses of bread and wool, or on household hints.



Miss Campbell

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WANDERING in comfort in their new Australian-made caravan, Joan and Betty Rayner, who have just returned to Australia after a world tour, are setting out this week on a new tour. The Rayner sisters have a varied repertoire of songs and dances in national costumes, and use their luxurious caravan to travel.



## FORMER DRUNKARD NOW MODEL HUSBAND

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CRITIC: There was only one painting at the exhibition that I could look at—it was yours.

Artist: Thanks, old chap, for the compliment.

Critic: There were so many people round the others.

# The low cost of a Gas Copper enables all women to have happy washdays

The Australian Gas Light Company will modernise your laundry for you by removing the old-fashioned fuel copper and fitting in a smartly modern Gas Copper, for a total charge ranging from less than £6. Then... what a different day wash-day becomes! No grime, no stoking, no soot and ashes, no half-boiled clothes, but a sparkling white wash done in record time without drudgery! Phone, write, or call into our showrooms now, and make the first move towards banishing dreary wash-days.

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A deposit of ten shillings, and monthly payments of five shillings, will secure you a modern Gas Copper, installed in your laundry.

## CHIEF ELECTRICIAN to Villain-in-Chief!

Twenty Alterations in Cast of  
Amateur Theatricals

They call themselves the Pageant Players, but a series of mishaps has conferred upon them a second title—the Hoodoo Players.

Fortunately, their membership is a hundred strong, or F. Keith Manzie's clever operetta, "Lemon Time," billed to be played for charity at the Melbourne Garrick on October 10 and 11, might never reach the footlights.

SINCE rehearsals began, no fewer than 20 people have left the cast through accident, illness, or malign fate; four parts have had to be cut out altogether, and the chorus is constantly sprouting new faces. But the play goes on.

John Law, who was Mr. Victoria in Paramount's Quest for Beauty a couple of years ago, plays the juvenile lead, and Gwen Munro was to play opposite him—till she got a part in the current Rolls show.

Jack Davis and his wife both had parts, but Jack indulged in a nervous breakdown followed by a trip to America. His wife is sharing the trip, so the show lost two.

Alan Kelly had the role of Voigler, but business called him, and Frank Turner, of the Sydney Repertory, stepped into the breach.

### Special Hoodoo

THE part of the spy seems to carry a special hoodoo all its own. Ben Brenner had it, but broadcasting claimed him. Then Arthur Mitchell studied the part till one night his car was wrapped round a telegraph pole. Cuyler Lucas took on the job, but Arthur recovered quickly, so now Cuyler is understudying Stanley Hollins as the Archduke.

Women spies don't seem to have much luck, either. Annetta Farrow, who is Mimi, the French spy, has been laid low with two bouts of flu.

The same night that Arthur creased the pole, Girdle Reddan, the leading lady, sprained her ankle while tap dancing.

Then Win de Garis, the soubrette, developed appendicitis, but both girls are now back on the job.

And Len Moore has been a long time recovering from the effects of flu.

All these upsets have allowed Fred Watton to create a record. He has



WIN DE GARIS, the soubrette, whose rehearsals were interrupted by appendicitis.

already learned and digested five different parts, all of which have been taken from him. But he still has hopes of stepping into a leading part at a moment's notice, and is prepared to play any one of them, even to that of the leading lady.

And here is a gem that would make big headlines if it happened on the professional stage. When Bob Price had to stop being the Baron, Les Robertson stepped from the switch-board to the boards, and was soon transformed from chief electrician to villain-in-chief.

But the most meteoric rise was that of Bill Thomson, who had never walked a stage before. He was pulled out of the chorus to be a handsome but dumb footman. Then he graduated to a speaking part, and now he plays second juvenile role. When he accepted it, he was heard to murmur, "In this for keeps?" and the answer was "Yes, if you live long enough."

One of the very few people to stick to his part all through is the author, who plays the second-villain-cum-comedy-relief, and having one of the best voices in the show, sings the theme song.

However, he has made full provision for further accidents. Several other amateur dramatic societies have members ready to step into the breach at the last minute if necessary.

Since then there has been a suggestion that two theatres should be booked for the performances, just to be on the safe side, and that the tickets should be largely labelled—"Circumstances permit."

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Have you seen the new packet for "Mother's Choice" Self Raising Flour? Cleverly designed, it is delightfully in keeping with the traditional quality of this famous product. "Mother's Choice" is made from wheat that has been specially graded and ground. To this are added the purest ingredients, tested and mixed with scrupulous care in a spotless factory.

If you want your puddings, cakes and scones to be crisper, lighter, more tempting than ever, ask your grocer for "Mother's Choice."

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"I made my husband promise to look into it. He came home next night jubilant with a roll of 'Cyclone.' By the end of a week the house was completely screened."

"The house seemed a different place. Peaceful, cool, and quiet. Plenty of fresh air while I worked in the kitchen, but not a fly to be seen. Not a pennyworth of food spoiled. The children free from mosquito bites, and from risk of summer illness. Meal-times became once more a pleasant family gathering. And after dinner to be able to sit in peace on the cool verandah was a perfect joy."

"If Flywire cost its weight in gold I think it would be worth it. Incidentally, it pays to buy a good flywire. We bought 'Cyclone' and all our screens are just as good as the day we put them up."

"Cyclone" Flywire is made in three grades: GOLDEN BRONZE — most suitable for seaside and tropical centres. ZINCOID (Electro Galvanised) — the standard flywire of the Commonwealth, in widths from 10in. to 48in. HEAVY GALVANISED — much heavier—much stronger.

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## THE BREAKFAST Club ... Comes to SYDNEY

### 2GB's New and Novel Early Morning Session

There is a weird and wonderful animal stabled in the studio of 2GB — a beautiful blue creature with red spots, fluffy blue tail, made from a duster, a swirling blue mane, and a knowing look in his artificial eyes.

Jack Davey, who created him of wood, does not intend to attempt the conquest of a new Troy with this strange-looking creature. But Ham the Charger symbolises something entirely new in radio entertainment. He is the central figure in the 2GB Breakfast Club, which was inaugurated on Monday, September 16, and is now broadcast daily at 7.30 a.m.

WHEN Mr. A. E. Bennett, managing director of 2GB, was in America, he was entertained as guest of honor at the Los Angeles Breakfast Club. He motored to the cafe early in the morning and was entertained by prominent citizens, including Lee Forrest, who invented the radio valve, to a breakfast of ham and eggs, interspersed with singing. American business-men are like that—playboys at heart.

Why not found a Breakfast Club in Australia? thought Mr. Bennett at the

special manner. If they are in happy spirits, say "Good morning, Ham," but if they have obviously rolled out the wrong side of the bed, then say "Good morning, Eggs," and so indicate that there is room for improvement in their general outlook for the day.

The club has many symbols. First there is the Golden Rule; next the Ollie, to still the troubled waters of storm-tossed comrades; then the Golden Shovel, to uncover the jewels of virtue in each piece of human clay; and, finally, the Buried Hatchet, which symbolises the destruction of greed, envy, and bitterness.

The good charger, Ham, typifies the concentrated ups and downs of life. Every guest of honor must ride him to be initiated as a member of the Breakfast Club.

But behind all this light-hearted foolery is a constructive idea. To encourage people to start the day in the right mood. "Leave your worries with us" is, in effect, what Russell and Morgan are telling listeners each morning at 7.30.

### 2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, September 28—7.30 a.m.: 2GB Breakfast Club.

7.15 p.m.: Pinto Pete, 8.45: Krausmeyer and Cohen, 9.30: Selections from Musical Comedies.

SUNDAY, September 29—7.30: Highlights from Literature, 7.20: Margaret Steel, "The New Education," 7.40: Norman Cowper, "Is Parliament Doomed?", 8.45: George Edwards, "No More Ladies."

MONDAY, September 30—10.45: Casanova, 6.35: Whispering Silk, 9.0: Pearls of Song, 9.45: Musical Memories, 10.0: Trial of Brown and Kennedy.

TUESDAY, October 1—7.30: Dorothea Vautier, "Musical Personalities," 8.45: Romance in Retail, 7.50: The Laughing Cavalier, 9.15: Story of Your Suburb, 9.45: Cyril James, "Pages from My Song Book."

WEDNESDAY, October 2—11.45: Dorothea Vautier, "What the World is Reading," 8.0: The Kingsmen, 9.30: Travel with Music.

THURSDAY, October 3—8.20: A Garland of Flowers, 9.15: "Simon de Montfort."

FRIDAY, October 4—12.45: Irene Allen, "Contract Bridge," 9.15: Jack Lumsdaine, the Radio Rascal, 9.30: A. M. Pooley.

time, but a Breakfast Club with a difference. His idea was a radio Breakfast Club.

The result was the inauguration a week ago of the 2GB Breakfast Club, complete with the beautiful charger Ham.

The philosophy of the Breakfast Club is this: The world is divided into two types, the Hams and the Eggs. Albert Russell represents the Hams. That is to say, he is the bright and cheery one in whose pink brightness the sunlight sparkles and reflects. He waits to grasp the fork of opportunity and be on his way. Reg Morgan represents the Eggs. He is reserved, and lies dull and flat on his plate, and it takes much sunshine to gladden his heart.

Anybody can join the Breakfast Club. Everybody is already an unconscious member. But to seal the pact, write to Ham and Eggs at 2GB and receive a copy of the "Song of Good Fellowship," set by Jack Davey to that favorite old tune, "There is a Tavern in the Town."

All members are invited to show the true Breakfast Club spirit by greeting arrivals at the breakfast table in a



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### NEXT COURSE OF TREATMENT BEGINS 1st OCTOBER NEXT

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### Ingredients:

- 1 cup Butter
- 2 cups Sugar
- 4 yolks of Eggs
- 1/2 cup chopped Almonds
- 1 cup grated Chocolate
- 2 cups Flour
- 2 teaspoons Mixed Spices
- 3 teaspoons MUMS Baking Powder
- 1 cup strong cold Coffee
- 4 whites of Eggs.

### Method:

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten yolks and chocolate, add coffee alternately with half of flour sifted with baking powder and spices. Fold in well-beaten whites of eggs, add remainder of flour with nuts, and mix lightly. Pour into greased layer cake tins, and bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Spread layers and cover top with Coffee Icing.

## MUMS BAKING POWDER



## PRIVATE VIEWS

### ★★★GIRLS IN UNIFORM

Dorothea Wieck, Hertha Thiele, Emilia Unda, (U.F.A.)

THIS film is definitely one of the two finest being shown in Sydney at the present time, and one of the best that has been released in this country of recent years. Against the background of a Prussian girls' school, in which the ideals are discipline and the training of the girls to be hard, stern women, mothers of a future generation of German warriors, the story of the adoration of Manuela, a motherless pupil, for Fraulein von Bernburg, a lovable, sympathetic teacher, unfolds to its inevitable tragic conclusion.

This story, dealing as it does with delicate adolescent emotions, is one of the most remarkable the screen has presented to us; and Leontine Sagan, who directed the picture, has made a triumph of a job that only an artist could have handled.

The acting is of a quality that is all too rarely met with. In a film in which the two major roles are emotional to a high degree, any falling off from the highest standard of histrionic art would be fatal. Dorothea Wieck, as Fraulein von Bernburg, and Hertha Thiele, as Manuela, give magnificent performances. Every gesture, every movement is calculated and perfect.

"Girls in Uniform" was produced in Germany, and it has been necessary to tack on an English dialogue in place of the original sound. This is a pity, but it was unavoidable, and the job has been well done.

Written, produced, and acted entirely by women, this picture is one that must move every woman who sees it. It is a fine and unique story beautifully handled.—Variety, com. Sept. 20.

### ★★★ ESCAPE ME NEVER

(Reviewed by F.M.T.)

Elizabeth Bergner, Hugh Sinclair, (B.F.F.)

THE British film industry owes much to Hitler. But for his anti-Semitic policy Bergner might never have come to London to make music of the English tongue. Now we are privileged for the second time to enjoy the artistry of a great and versatile actress.

The vivid annals of the house of Sanger, which have already furnished a scenario for "The Constant Nymph," are here drawn upon for the story of Sebastian (Hugh Sinclair), with his inherited genius, his ruthless egoism, and his insidious charm. Over against him stands the wistful Gemma, girl-mother, girl-wife, unconquerably mistress of her soul even in complete surrender to a love without illusion. In moods ranging from impish mockery through outbursts of fury to the desolation of grief, Bergner gives to Gemma the truth of art and life.

This is an exquisite and sensitive masterpiece, well served in the matters of support and direction. That Melbourne theatre-goers crowded to see it is a heartening indication of the capacity of the Australian filmgoer to appreciate distinguished work.—Liberty, com. Sept. 21.

### ★★★ FORGOTTEN MEN

No hero; no heroine. (B.F.F.)

THE three stars attached to this review do not mean that the picture is excellent as compared with other films. It cannot be compared to any other production, since nothing like it has been screened in this country. It is as unique as it is terrible.

"Forgotten Men" is made up of films actually photographed during the Great War; it is a lasting record of horror captured by photographers on the Western Front, on the Alps where Italians and Austrians froze to death when they did not die under each other's shells or bullets, and in England where women and children victims of Zeppelin raids bore silent witness to the ghastliness of modern warfare.

It seems incredible that man should have been able to "shoot" some of the scenes presented in this picture. Yet there are two indisputable reasons for it being authentic: Sir John Hammerstein, the British historian, vouches for it, and, secondly, the more horrifying sections of the film could not have been taken. It is shockingly real; so real that nobody with an atom of humanity could sit through it unmoved.

"All Quiet on the Western Front" was a fine piece of art. "Forgotten Men" is more than this. The dead, the injured, the mutilated bodies of the mortally wounded are not actors miming under a gifted director, but some of the human millions the war claimed. Everybody should see this picture, if only to learn a little of what to expect when the next conflict breaks out.—Lyceum, com. Sept. 21.

### ★★★ NOW I'M A LADY

Mae West. (Paramount.)

MAE WEST is like caviar: you either like her or you don't; she is far too much of a personality, too distinct a type, for half-measures. Those who admire her will find her latest film well

### OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—

excellent.

★★ Two stars—

good films.

★ One star—

average films.

No stars . . . no good.

up to standard in entertainment value.

The spectacle of the flamboyant Mae, in pursuit of an elusive Englishman, crawling into the best New York society, is an amusing one. It must be said, however, that although she certainly succeeds in being accepted socially, she never becomes "a lady." This may be taken as a triumph of art over film convention; on the other hand, it may be just natural.

The dialogue (said to be by Miss West herself) is good; plenty of snappy Western wise-cracks that can't fail to get a laugh. The story moves rapidly and should not overtax the credulity of the hardened film fan. To those who may question the likelihood of a woman of Mae's antecedents and personality wedding an earl as the crowning achievement of a successful career, it should be pointed out that no small number of countesses (even duchesses) have been recruited from the music-hall stage. So why not a rich American ex-dance-hall favorite? The only risk she took was in trying to sing grand opera, but even that provides a laugh, looked at in the right way.—Prince Edward, com. Sept. 21.

### ★★★ DANTE'S INFERNO

Spencer Tracy, Claire Trevor, Henry B. Walthall, (Fox.)

THE title of this film is open to misapprehension; it is not a pictorialisation of the Italian poet's work, but a modern story built on "The Inferno," and using the moral of the latter as a theme, together with scenes from it to heighten the dramatic interest.

Although pictures, before this, have shown the overtaking by Nemesis of a man who has risen to wealth by ruthless and unscrupulous means, the treatment of the idea, in this film, is original and well-handled. The story is interesting from start to finish.

As regards the actual "Inferno" scenes, Dante himself, could he see them, would be satisfied. Coming a few generations earlier, when people believed in an actual fire and brimstone Hell, they would have stampeded thousands into a prompt and terrified repentance.

Without being brilliant, the acting, taken right through to satisfying. The main thing calling for adverse criticism is the over-enthusiasm, apparent in so many productions, for incidental noise. In two scenes, the sound reaches such a pitch and is continued so long, that one sits with gritted teeth waiting for an otherwise good sequence to end.

(Note: Intending residents in Hell will be interested to learn that the properties are preserved. Mr. Spooner's influence has penetrated even to this tropical resort; gentlemen, residents, when taking a bath in liquid fire or molten pitch, wear a decorous minimum of bathing attire).—Regent, com. Sept. 28.

### ★★★ THE GLASS KEY

George Raft, Claire Dodd, Edward Arnold, (Paramount.)

A GANGSTER-POLITICAL film of no small merit. Story, good; acting to equal it; and a murder mystery that will keep you guessing right up to the last few hundred feet.

Paramount have shown in this film that it is possible to produce a good thriller without including wholesale shootings. There is only one killing, and that . . . But why give it away? Acting honors go to George Raft and Edward Arnold, the latter as Paul Madvig, political boss, Raft as Ed Beaumont, his lieutenant. Both make an excellent job of their parts. Humor is supplied by Tammany Young as Clarke.—Prince Edward, com. Sept. 31.

### ★★ HOORAY FOR LOVE

Gene Raymond, Anne Southern, (R.K.O.)

A MUSICAL film that isn't all gush and impossible situations. Good comedy, bright dialogue and competent acting from the two principals down to the minor players. The staging of a revue as the main staple of the plot gives an opportunity for the introduction of Bill Robinson, who gives the best negro song and dance act we have seen on or off the screen for many moons. The picture, in fact, is worth seeing for this turn alone. Also—there are worse crooners in the world than Anne Southern and Gene Raymond. You won't be bored.—Embassy.



THE LATEST charming study of Joan Crawford as she appears wearing a new coiffure in her new picture, "No More Ladies," which has just arrived in Australia.

## ACTRESS and HOUSEWIFE

### Joan Crawford in Dual Role

From Our Hollywood Correspondent

AN famous screen star maintain her position in the film world and, at the same time, give time to the management of her home? Many doubt it, but Joan Crawford ranges herself definitely against those who claim that a career and home-building do not mix.

"CAREER and home-management can be made a happy blend," declared this famous Hollywood personality. "My own point of view is that they belong together. One is the natural complement of the other."

The star was in the thick of work when she made this statement, and, coming at such a time, and from one who is the film colony's most outstanding example of successful actress and successful householder, the declaration carries a great deal of weight.

In Joan Crawford's opinion, a woman can only savor the richest qualities of living when she is exercising all her faculties and instincts. A profession—that is something in which a woman as well as a man can develop her talents; feel the thrill of victory when she succeeds. Her home—well, there is the other side of the picture, the field for the exercise of those inherent, domestic impulses which every woman has however much she may deny them.

The day of even the busiest star is not too short for her to deal capably with these two complementary sides of her existence. A woman in pictures has just as much time to manage a home as a woman in any other profession. Her time is limited, and she must be proficient, but her work teaches her that.

To quote Joan again: "There is nothing greater than having each day filled to the brim; nothing more stimulating than to lose for time



AN INTERESTING GROUP: Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford, and Franchot Tone, who appear together in "No More Ladies." There seems to be a slight resemblance between Montgomery and Tone in this photograph.

off and then to find that so many things have piled up that this time off becomes simply another day of work."

The secret of doing both jobs, and doing each efficiently and gracefully, is organization. A screen favorite's time is limited, but by proper management of it everything can be fitted in.

On Sunday, Joan plans the menus for the week. She does her own accounting and budgeting. She assumes all her obligations herself, finding it simpler in the long run.

Children? Of course, they are possible without an actress having to abandon her career! Not only are they possible, but, in Joan Crawford's estimation, necessary. Any woman, she says, actress or not, needs children to round out her life.

### Work and Youth

TO this glamorous personality her career is the major thing in life. Home is the place for rest and recreation. But since, to get the best out of home, personal supervision and care are needed, she does not shrink from the work involved.

Work! That seems to be the panacea

for most of the evils that women are heir to.

"What happens to women who take it easy, women who 'sit around'?" Joan asks. "They take on weight, and grow lethargic. Lines creep into their faces. Their cheeks become flabby. But this doesn't happen to active women, women who work energetically."

Women who combine home and a career, according to the star, show the passing of the years much less than those who lead a comparatively easy life. If they do change, it is usually for the better. Most actresses, she says, with the exception of those who are really old, seem to retain the looks and bearing of youth, and even the old are young in spirit.

So there you are! Joan Crawford's recommendation to women who want to retain their youth is: Work, always have something that interests you and need being done well.

The hint comes from a sound source. Few stars have a greater following than Joan Crawford, and, in Hollywood, no actress can compete with her as a successful home-manager. Home, children, and a career! It sounds a lot, but a brainy woman can handle all three—and enjoy it.





CAN MUSSOLINI conquer them? Latest picture of the Emperor Haile Selassie of Abyssinia and his Empress. The picture was taken when the German Ambassador recently called at the Abyssinian Court.

## VIENNESE Boys' CHOIR

SO enthusiastic was the reception given to the Viennese Boys' Choir by Sydney audiences that the management (Messrs. J. and K. Tait) has decided to extend the Sydney season by a further series of concerts this week.

Crowded houses have greeted the appearance of this historic choir at each concert, and it is safe to say that not since the visit of the Sistine Choir many years ago has Sydney had such a vocal treat.

The visit of the Viennese Boys' Choir marks an important event in the history of Australia. The Viennese Choir has been in existence for over 500 years, and since 1498 has been the choir of the Imperial Chapel at Vienna.

The ages of the wonder boys range from 10 to 13 years, yet they have travelled almost every country in the world, and have appeared by Royal Command before many of the crowned heads of Europe.

Their clear voices, their unaffected naturalness, their unerring musical feeling and nonchalance, unblemished by any shadow of arrogance, have astounded Australian audiences, and no one should miss this opportunity of hearing musical art which has 500 years of tradition behind it. The booking is at Nicholson's.

## DON'T... FORGET

THAT the card party at the Arts Club on October 9, at 2 p.m., arranged by Messrs. H. W. Freeman and T. P. Marsh, will assist the proceeds of the garden fête at Quambi, Edgell, on October 20 in aid of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association of N.S.W. The card party organised by Mrs. J. McMurtrie and Miss Laura Wilson, at the Carlton Hotel on October 18 at 2 p.m., will also aid funds.

The calendar dinner and card party arranged by the Sydney Quaker Club, at the Arts Club on October 1 at 8 p.m., is to raise funds to establish a holiday home in the Blue Mountains for children from poorer parts of the city.

That the Hector Fleming Studio Choir will give a recital at the Assembly Hall, Margaret St., on October 9, in aid of the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf, Dumb and Blind Children. Mr. George Sinclair is honorary concert manager (53088), and the pianist is at Palling's.

That pupils from the Patricia Page Studio will give a performance at the Conservatorium on September 28 in aid of the Red Cross Society.

The appeal organised by the 208 Happiness Club at St. Matthew's Hall, The Corso, Manly, on September 28, to raise funds to build a public maternity hospital for Manly and district. For further particulars ring YU1784.

That the triennial dinner of the Norman-bart Old Girls' Union will be held at Rock and Kirby's Pump Room Ballroom on October 3. Tickets obtainable from the honorary secretary, Miss Barbara Bain, 44, Charlotte St., Ashfield. Tel. 12204.

The presentation of "Bazaar on Horseback" at the Savoy Theatre on October 2, 3, and 4. Proceeds will benefit St. Margaret's Hospital. Many well-known 208 artists are assisting with the production, and will make personal appearances.

## If She knew to-day what She MUST know a year from now

These Dizzy Spells, constant Back and Side Pains—days of pain following nights without sleep—she doesn't realise these mean dire Kidney Trouble! Next year she'll pay a heavier penalty still—UNTIL she ends the trouble NOW!

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# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

Mrs. John McPhillamy, whose talents as an architect have received recognition abroad, designed the music-room, which is one of the wonders of the beautiful new Darling Point home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Kelly?

## From the Jubilee

ARRIVING in London during the Jubilee celebrations Mrs. Fawcett Mills and her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Ison, of Victoria, had a wonderful time. . . . As overseas visitors they received invitations to many interesting functions. . . . Two of the most enjoyable were the splendid afternoon parties given by Lady Weigall at Ascot and Lady Cunliffe Lister at Lygon Place. . . . Mrs. Fawcett Mills, who returned by the Orana, welcomed by large number of friends at delightful party given for her by Mrs. Turner-Mead at her home, Dorrington Hall, Darling Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Crossing have just taken No. 12 Carlotta Rd., Double Bay, and are busy settling household gods in attractive surroundings of new home. Marie Bremner is near neighbor.

## Engagement Party

DINNER at the Australia, seats at "Miss Hook of Holland," followed by dancing at Romano's. . . . This was the attractive programme arranged by Dr. H. C. Maldon for his party on Saturday to celebrate the engagement of his sister, Babe Moses, and Roy Kaiser. . . . Babe very happy and charming in tailored dusty-pink satin and huge cluster of green orchids. . . . Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Moses, and sister Nan shared in excitement. . . . Dr. Maldon made special trip from Seone for occasion.

## Squash Racketeers

ROYAL Sydney Golf Club hive of activity all last week. . . . British women golfers and N.S.W. squash racquets championship attracted record gallery. . . . Mrs. Langford Gibson, not long back from gaieties of Bragg-Whitehead wedding in Melbourne, squash racquets competitor. . . . Unfortunately eliminated in first round. . . . Mrs. Ron Traill, winner of recent Victorian championship, Mrs. D'Arcy-Irvine and Joan Long Innes also competed. . . . Everyone very dashing and businesslike in perfectly tailored shorts.

Mrs. Frank Hyland is recovering from bout of flu. Her husband is on business bent in South Australia.

## From the West

A WIDE circle of friends will be interested to hear that after many years' absence Mr. and Mrs. H. Gritton are to visit Sydney again very shortly. . . . England has been home for past nine years. . . . At the end of last year Mr. Gritton, who was on the staff of the Sydney Mint, was appointed Master of the Mint in Perth, W.A. . . . Fifty-two Macleay St. will be pied-a-terre while in Sydney.

## Chearing Sydney Again

AFTER absence of several weeks in Melbourne, Carleton Kelly reappeared on favorite dance floor at Romano's on Saturday. . . . His guests included Katherine Garvin, very charming in black net; Ann Bevan, a contrast in white satin; and Ron Mackellar. . . . Cold night brought out many smart velvet gowns. . . . Mrs. Bill Crossing, who was in a party with the Noel Heaths, wore black velvet. . . . Same rich fabric in lovely dark blue shade chosen by Mrs. Tom Vincent.

## Coincidental!

A ROMANTIC history attaches to the wonderful gold-mounted tortoiseshell walking-stick, favorite companion of Mr. Leo Cherniavsky. . . . Some years ago the famous violinist admired it in a pawnshop window in Mexico City. . . . When purchasing it he was told that its former owner had pawned it so that he could buy a ticket for Mr. Cherniavsky's concert. . . . "What," shrugs Mr. Cherniavsky, "would artists do without pawnshops? I myself, when I was poor, have pawned things so as to hear famous artists!" . . . That the initials engraved on the stick should be the same as those of Mr. Cherniavsky is only another curious coincidence. . . . Tortoiseshell so beautifully put on over inner stick of wood that experts unable to say how it is done. . . . No visible joins.

## Romantic News

NEWS of Peggy Ross Nott's engagement to Eric D'Arcy Smith came by air mail from London. . . . Romance began when pair met for the first time on board the Orford during voyage to England at end of February. . . . Continued at many meetings in London. . . . No plans as yet discussed for wedding. . . . Peggy having marvelous time visiting English and Continental beauty spots. . . . Does not contemplate returning to Sydney for some time. . . . Her sister, Mrs. H. Farncombe, also travelled to England by Orford to join Commander Farncombe, who is at the Admiralty. . . . She has taken a house in Sloane Square.

Miss J. King has returned to her home at Barwon after a most enjoyable holiday spent in a motor tour of northern New South Wales and Queensland.

ney's finer furs, whose would you souvenir? What a heart-burn to have to decide between Mary Hordern's broadtail coat, Mrs. John Fairfax's silver fox cape, Mrs. Lloyd Jones's ermine cloak and the arctic-fox-colored orchid to the pretty oval of Mona Godhard's face. . . . Well, you and I should worry.

## Yacht-Racing

OPENING of racing season on Saturday marked by great doings at Royal Sydney Motor Yacht Club, Rose Bay. . . . Spectacular parade of craft and speed boat racing provided plenty of thrills in the afternoon. . . . Gay parties entertained on luxury yachts. . . . Commodore and Mrs. White had number of guests aboard the flagship, Zelma. . . . At night clubhouse ablaze with lights for brilliant ball. . . . Illuminated boats moored off jetty added to dazzling effect. . . . Dancing kept up till late hour.



## Magnetic Holiday

MAGNETIC ISLAND extolled as holiday resort by Miss G. Bayley, of Melbourne. . . . Accompanied on recent visit there by Mrs. C. B. Collins, of New Zealand. . . . Brisbane and other places of interest in Queensland included in tour. . . . Mrs. Collins has gone to Melbourne, but Miss Bayley is seeing something of Sydney friends before following her. . . . Is staying at the Ritz, Cremorne. . . . Later will be guest of Mrs. Henry Pitts at lovely home at Leura.

Lady Ryrie returned during the week to her home at Michelago. Miss Fairfax's musicale at Cinahgulla chief object of visit to town.

## Race-Week Gaieties

SO many gaieties materialising for race week that not what to do but which to choose will be vexed question. . . . Yielding to importunities of many country folk wishing to attend both the Extra Chukka ball and the Munro-Mack wedding on October 8, ball committee has altered date of ball to October 10. . . . Town and country hostesses for Matron's Ball at Royal Sydney Golf Club on October 9 number forty-three. . . . Guest list to date added up to three hundred and fifty. . . . Mrs. John Arnott, Mrs. Ron Traill, and Mrs. Langford Gibson making all arrangements for marvellous party. . . . Something special in floral decorations being planned.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Walker flew in friend's plane from station home in south for hurried visit to Sydney. Mrs. Walker was formerly Bea Hussey Cooper.

## World Tour Highlight

CLIMBING Fujiyama, Japan's famous volcano, one of the highlights of world tour enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. John Boyce, who returned by Tandra on Thursday. . . . Mrs. Boyce believed to be first Australian woman to accomplish feat. . . . Most of journey made per pack-horse. . . . Travellers welcomed home at cheery party given at Forum Club by Mr. Boyce's parents, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Boyce. . . . Mrs. Boyce, senior, accompanied by daughter Norah, motoring up this week to stay with son Dick on his station property near Dubbo.

## Happy Reunion

MISS MARJORIE LITTLE has as her guest at Darnley Hall, Elizabeth Bay, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Little, of Barenys Station, Hughenden, Queensland. . . . Visitor has not been in Sydney for some considerable time and friends delighted to greet her.

## Have You Noticed—

The rogue for wearing flowers on trains of evening-gowns? At recent fashionable London wedding, two hundred and fifty real gardenias edged train of bride's silver lame gown. Fashion sponsored here by Goldie Grey, who adorns train of black net frock with huge white chrysanthemums.



AN ATTRACTIVE study of Mrs. D. W. H. Arnott, wife of Dr. Arnott, of Rose Bay. Mrs. Arnott is a member of the committee for the Elizabeth Bay House Ball on October 4, in aid of the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children. The Governor and Lady Hore-Ruthven will attend the ball.

—Montgomery Dunn photo.

Jane Anne



## FLU & COLDS

Are  
about  
again



Fight  
them  
with

### DOUBLE "D" Eucalyptus Extract

Flu and Colds are again prevalent, and should be smashed before they get a firm hold. The Double "D" Eucalyptus way of smothering Flu Colds is quick and certain, and will break up an attack in record time.

- 1 TAKE three drops of Double "D" on a lump of sugar.
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Act at once, and be sure you use the genuine Double "D" Eucalyptus, which is the highest grade, purest and strongest Eucalyptus sold in Australia.

9d. — ENORMOUS SALES — 1/3.

**MAHOGANY POLISH:** A useful polish for mahogany is made of olive oil and vinegar; two tablespoons of oil to a dessertspoon of vinegar. Mix well, apply with an old flannel, and polish.

**PORCELAIN BATHS:** To clean porcelain baths, rub once a week with common salt and turpentine. This will remove stains and make the baths beautifully white.



"He loves me" . . . of course he does! How could he help it, when Cashmere Bouquet has given her a face as fair as a flower?

"It makes me think  
of Springtime!"

"The fresh fragrance of Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet is like flowers in Spring. That's why I love Cashmere Bouquet—just as my grandmother did, when she was a girl."



Colgate's  
**Cashmere Bouquet**  
Cleansing Cream Tissue Cream Foundation Cream

CBM:11

## GAY Adventure

HE reached the King's Head considerably in advance of her, and by the time she had pulled up before it he was standing on the ground awaiting her, and a couple of others, shrilly instructed by Henry, were leading off his horses.

"Blow up for the change, Judeon!" said Miss Taverner sharply.

The groom, however, was looking at Worth, and did not obey her. The Earl laid his hand on the curriole, and said curtly: "You will be pleased to alight, Miss Taverner."

She glanced down into his face, and experienced a sensation of shock. She had seen the Earl supercilious, she had seen him scornful, but never had she encountered in him a look so blazingly angry. The breath caught in her throat, but she said with tolerable composure: "By no means, Lord Worth. You were averse, I believe, from my driving to Brighton in Peregrine's curriole. You must know that I have submitted to your decree, and have engaged to race him there in my own curriole instead."

"Miss Taverner, must I request you again to get down?"

"I shall not get down, sir. Time is precious. I wait only for the change." His eyes held hers. He said with a menace she could not mistake in his voice: "Your race is run. I have a good deal to say to you. If you choose it shall be said here in the open street, but I think you will prefer to hear it alone!"

A flush of mortification at being thus addressed before the groom and the waiting ostlers spread over her cheeks. She could not doubt that the Earl would be as good as his word, and with one furious look shot at him from under her brows she gave the reins to Judeon, and allowed the Earl to assist her to alight. His fingers grasped her wrist urgently, and released it the instant her feet were upon the ground. He said: "Go into the inn!" and turned to give instructions to the ostlers.

There was nothing for it but to obey him.

She declined the landlord's offer of tea, coffee, or lemonade, and stripping off her gloves stood by the table in the centre of the parlor, jerking them between her hands. In the space of a few minutes the door opened to admit the Earl. He came in with a firm stride, and said without preamble: "You will finish your journey by post-chaise, Miss Taverner. I have hired one for you, and it should be ready in a very few minutes."

Her eyes flashed. She exclaimed: "How dare you? How dare you? I shall finish as I began. This interference in the way I choose to travel passes all bounds!"

"Miss Taverner," said the Earl, "I shall not remind you that you are my ward, for it is a fact you must be well aware of, but I shall give you a warning that may not come amiss. While I hold the reins you will run as I choose, and, by God, ma'am, if you try to take the bit between your teeth it will be very much the worse for you!"

This way of putting the matter was scarcely calculated to mollify Miss Taverner, nor did the consciousness of being in the wrong act on her temper as it should. She was white with anger, her lips tightly compressed. She heard the Earl in quick-breathing silence, and when he had done said in a low trembling voice: "I admit no right in you to order my movements. My fortune is in your hands, and I have been content to have it so, but at the outset I told you that your authority extended no further than to the management of my affairs. Upon every occasion you have intervened where you had neither cause nor right. I have hitherto submitted because I do not choose to be for ever at loggerheads with one to whom, to my misfortune, I am in some sort tied. But this goes beyond what my patience can suffer. You are not to be the proprietor of my actions. If it pleases me to drive a curriole to Brighton it is no business of yours!"

"Do you think I will permit my ward to make herself the talk of the town? Do you think it suits my pride to have my ward drive down to Brighton wind-blown, dishevelled, a butt for every kind of coarse wit, an object of disgust to any person of taste and refinement? Take a look at yourself, my good girl!"

HE seized her by the shoulders as he spoke, and twisted her round to face the mirror that hung over the mantelpiece. She saw to her annoyance that her hair, escaping from under the close hat she wore, was whipped into a tangle, and her habit powdered with dust. It made her more angry than ever. She wrenched herself free and cried: "Yes, an object of disgust for you and any other dandy, I daresay. Do you think I care for your good opinion? It is a matter of the supremest indifference to me. From the moment when I first set eyes on you I have disliked you—yes, and mistrusted you, too! I do not know what your motive has been in trying to overcome my dislike, but you have not succeeded!"

"Evidently not!" he said, a grim smile curling the corners of his mouth. "I can readily believe that, but I shall be obliged to you if you will tell me what I have done to earn your mistrust."

Having no very clear idea, but, womanlike, having merely used the most wounding phrases she could think of, she ignored this home question and said: "Do not imagine that I am not well aware of the reason for this unmannerly outburst in you. You are less concerned with the appearance I may present than with having had your own commands set aside. You must always be the master. You cannot bear to have your will gainsaid."

"Very true, I cannot," he replied. "I might say the same of you, Miss Taverner. A strong desire of having your own way has led you into a scrape which might, were I not here to enforce your obedience to my commands, have damaged your reputation more seriously than you know. These hoyden tricks may do very well in the village of Yorkshire. I am happy to say that I know nothing of the manners obtaining there; but they will not serve here. You have been grossly at fault. Your own principles should tell you so. It should not be necessary for me to inform you of it. As for your obliging description of my character, I shall take leave to tell you that this guardianship which was foisted on to my shoulders, and which has been from the outset a source of trouble and annoyance to me, comprises more than the mere management of your fortune. You had the goodness once, Miss Taverner, to inform me that you were glad you were not my daughter. So am I glad, but however little I may relish the post, I stand to you in the place of a father, and if you do not obey me I shall be strongly tempted to use you as I have very little doubt your father would if he could see you at this moment."

"I have only one thing to be thankful for!" cried Judith. "It is that in a very short time now it will be out."

Continued from Page 16

of your power to threaten me, or to interfere in my concerns. You may be certain of this at least, Lord Worth. Once your guardianship of me ends I shall not willingly see you again!"

"Thank you! You have now given full rein to your temper, and can have no more to say," he replied, and turned and held open the door. "Your chaise should be ready by this time, ma'am."

Please turn to Page 34



### "Am I losing his love?"

If you were frankly told that nerves—caused by over-work, sleeplessness, under-nourishment—were widening the gap between your husband and you, would you not do everything in your power to get better and thus safeguard his love?

Yes, nerves can be banished, pleasantly and effectively. Wincarnis, the fine old tonic-wine, can do just this for you.

From the very first glass it will give you renewed energy, vivacity and vitality and thus ensure for you a cheery disposition which will attract all people to you.

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# Mandrake the Magician

IN THIS FINE SERIAL YOU WILL MEET

**MANDRAKE:** The Master Magician, who, on a holiday with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, has encountered

**PROFESSOR SORCIN:** An eccentric scientist, who lives in a lonely part of the country with

**MARINA:** His niece and sundry servants. Sorcin has evolved a monster,

**KLAGE:** A gorilla to whom the scientist has given the brain of a human criminal. Klage terrorises the countryside, destroying and killing, but Mandrake and Lothar have recaptured him, and, to Sorcin's horror, have threatened to kill him. Marina is with a detective friend of Mandrake's,

**DANNY:** Who has just turned up, and Mandrake is amusing the cook's little girl, when—





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36 INCHES WIDE  
**1/9**  
PER YARD

**BRITISH CHIEF**  
THE ALL-PURPOSE SUMMER FABRIC

# GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 32

SHE moved towards the door, but before she could reach it Peregrine had come hastily into the room, looking hot, and rather more dusty and dishevelled than she was herself.

"What the devil's amiss?" demanded Peregrine. "I thought you had been half-way to Brighton by now. I have had the wretchedest luck, I can tell you!"

"Lord Worth," said Judith, controlling her voice with an effort, "has been proper to declare our race at an end. It does not suit his dignity to have his ward drive herself into Brighton."

"Much we care for that!" said Peregrine. "Damn it, Worth, this is a wager. You can't stop my sister now!"

"I will say what I have to say to you later," replied Worth, unpleasantly. "Miss Taverner, I am waiting to hand you into your chair!"

"You may continue your journey," she said. "When my brother is with me I need no protection but his."

"As we have seen," he remarked sardonically. "Well, I warned you, Miss Taverner, that I should compel your obedience."

He came forward, but Peregrine stopped quickly between them with his fists up and said sharply: "And I will warn you, sir, to leave my sister alone."

"I am afraid that noble gesture is wasted on me," said Worth. "Console yourself with the reflection that if I did hit you you would be more than sorry to have provoked me to it."

Miss Taverner pushed by her brother. "Do not make a scene, Perry. I beg of you. I am ready to go with you, Lord Worth."

He bowed. She went past him out of the room, and a couple of minutes later was being handed up into the waiting chaise. The door was shut on her. She heard her guardian give an order to the post boys, and sank into a corner of the chaise as the horses moved forward.

She found that she was trembling, her thoughts in confusion, and a lump in her throat. All her pleasure in going to Brighton was at an end. She knew herself to be the wretchedest creature alive. There could be no defending her conduct. She had realised at Horley how indecorous it was. And had now the mortification of having earned Worth's condemnation. He thought of her with disgust. He had not scrupled to humiliate her, nor to address her in terms of the most palling contempt. It was small wonder that she should have lost her temper with him. He had been unpardonable. The better understanding which had seemed to be growing up between them was quite at an end. She did not care. Unless he begged her pardon she could not bring herself to meet him again without feelings of the strongest revulsion, and she was pretty sure that he never would beg her pardon. Her credit with him was utterly destroyed. He was odious, insolent, overbearing, and she herself little better than vulgar Lady Lade.

These agitating reflections produced their natural result. Tears poured silently down Miss Taverner's cheeks, and picturesque villages, turnpikes, and views passed unnoticed. When she was at last set down at the house on the Marine Parade not even the sight of the sea had the power to elevate her spirits. She hurried into the house, with her veil pulled down, and almost ran up the stairs to indulge her misery in the seclusion of her own bedchamber.

## CHAPTER II

IT was many days before Miss Taverner could be restored to the enjoyment of composure and long before the evils of her journey ceased to be felt. She struggled to support her spirits, but they were quite worn down, and although she might assume an air of calm cheerfulness her reflections were all mortifying, and her heart very heavy.

Peregrine's arrival in Brighton, half an hour later than her own, brought her no comfort. What had passed between him and Worth she did not ask, nor he divulge. He came to her sulky, half-defiant, half-shamefaced, ready to abuse Worth, but reluctant to discuss the cause of their disagreement. It was evident that Worth had not spared him. Judith's spirits sank still lower. She felt herself to have been deceived between the two men, and no acknowledgment now (which would indeed have been hard to make) of having deserved Worth's censure would avail to soften Peregrine's indignation. No good could come of talking over the affair; it must be left to time to remedy the harm that had been done. Nor could she expect Peregrine to see it all as she did. He was conscious of having done wrong, perhaps secretly sorry for it, but it was, after all, no great matter; he could forget everything but Worth's part in it in a very short while, and rally forth with tolerable light-heartedness to take a look at Brighton.

When Mrs. Scattergood was set down at the house it was some hours later, and Judith was able to meet her with the appearance, at least, of composure. But it was a hard case to be obliged to listen to her reproaches, and to give her home account of what had passed at Cuckfield. But even Mrs. Scattergood could not talk for ever, and by the time they sat down to dinner she was ready to forget it all, and turn her thoughts to what Brighton offered in the way of entertainment.

The first evening passed quietly. In making themselves at home, both ladies went early to bed, the elder to place a slice of raw veal on her face to prevent wrinkles, and the younger to lie awake half the night in fruitless reflection.

This wretchedness could not long endure. In the morning the sight of the sun sparkling on the sea produced an alleviation; and the air, which was fresh and salt-lunged, invigorated the spirits. Some feeling of lowliness must still remain, but misery could not persist. It was in anticipation of a day of interest and pleasure that Judith joined her brother and Mrs. Scattergood in the breakfast-parlor.

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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## THERE'S NO SAFER WAY NO QUICKER WAY NO BETTER WAY

SINCE the advent of 'ASPRO' eighteen years ago, there have been hundreds of imitations claiming similar virtues. They have come and gone by the dozen, and now the civilized world accepts 'ASPRO' as the unsurpassed home medicine to ward off attacks of pain and numerous conditions of ill-health. The reason is simply the fact that 'ASPRO' fulfils all claims made for it. 'ASPRO' not only gives quick relief—it gives safe relief, because it does not harm the heart or stomach or have any injurious after effects. Don't accept anything assumed to be just as good. Play safe! Ask for 'ASPRO' and see that you get it.

## To Combat COLDS 'FLU & RHEUMATISM THAN 'ASPRO'

### 'ASPRO' ENDS HEADACHES COLDS and 'FLU

"Somerset," 12 John Street,  
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Dear Sirs,

Like many others, I suffered from Headaches which were rather severe until I found how good 'ASPRO' tablets really were.

As for Colds or Flu, I never suffer from them at all now, as when I feel feverish—aching in the limbs—weak and sniffling, I take 3 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink on retiring at night and seldom have to take the second dose which speaks well for the beneficial properties of 'ASPRO'.

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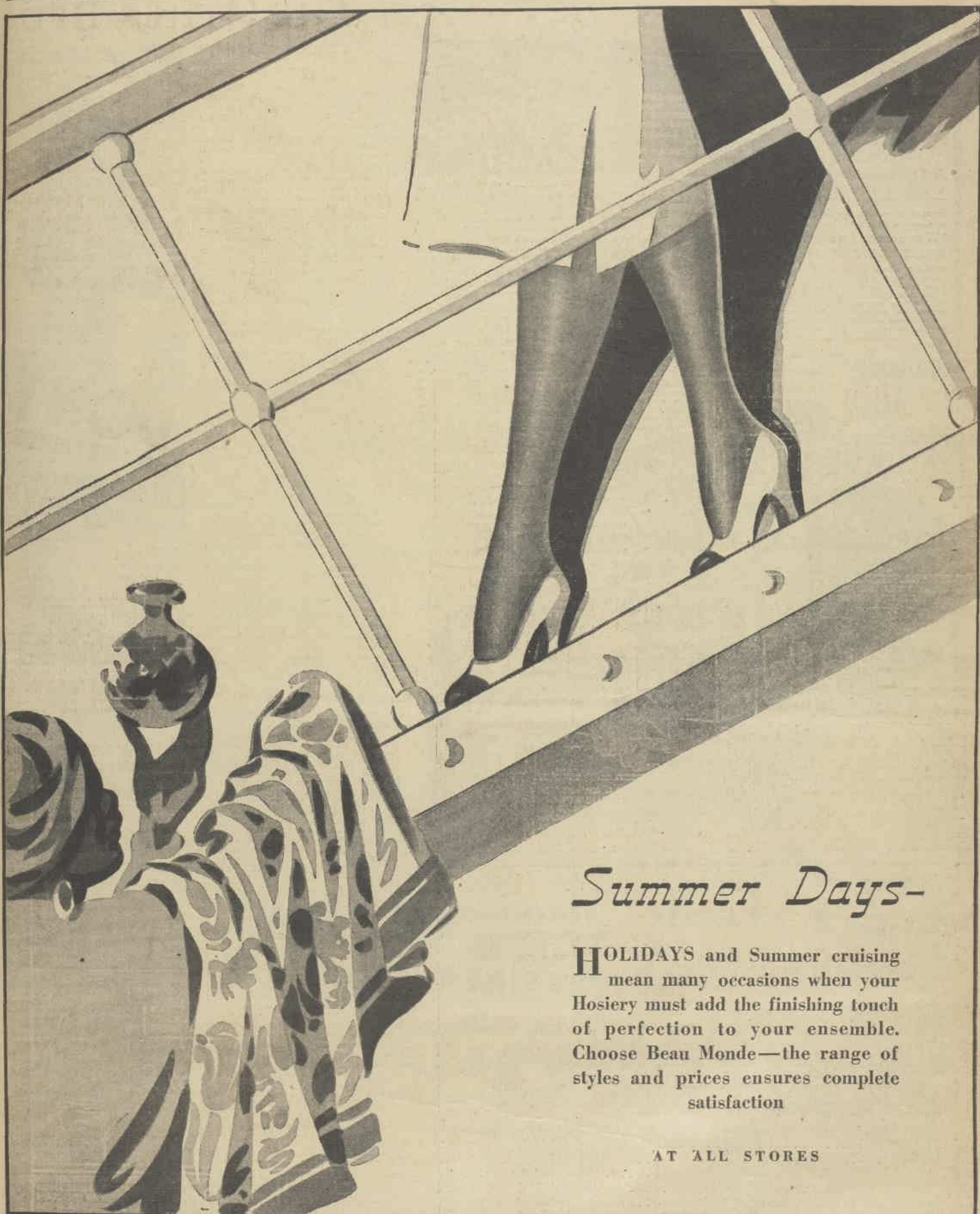
Not all food is digested in the stomach. Many foods, like Potatoes and Bread, are dealt with in the bowels. Ordinary medicines and cathartics may have no real effect on the cause of your pain. That's why the famous Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder is so real a success. It ends pain at once, by killing the deadly stomach acid. It protects the delicate stomach lining from ulceration, absorbing any irritating or poisonous mucus that may be present. It then proceeds to give proper treatment to the bowels, conquering that dreadful grinding and spasms in the intestinal tract. Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder has very little laxative action—its effect is to neutralise the excess acid, to end fermentation and gas, to prevent or remedy ulceration, to protect the bowels, and to strengthen the whole digestive apparatus as virtually to ensure a quick, real return to normal, healthy powers of digestion. Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder is 2/6d. at any good Chemist—millions have found the Harrison-Maclean Formula free them at once and for all from the misery and danger of stomach trouble—why not let us help you too? N.B. Be very sure you get genuine HARRISON-MACLEAN Stomach Powder or you may get an ineffective or worthless substitute.

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● If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting up Nights, Nervousness, Headaches, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching or Acidity, try the new discovery, GYLIS, a Glass-Lens.

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# UGLY FAT Gone AT LAST!

**A Serious Message to Women who Want a GENUINE Fat Reducer...**

So reads a letter to the Enjola Company. The answer is definitely—"Yes." Where reducing is possible by any safe means, Enjola will reduce faster, better and more beneficially than other preparations.

**"Women say Enjola slims WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS!"**

ENJOLA is no fraud. It does not claim to reduce any and every sufferer from overweight. But it does claim that YOU CAN LOSE 1-12. A DAY unless you are one of those exceptional cases that defy even Medical men of long experience—or one of those cases where serious Glandular Disorder renders Enjola's task hopeless.

**REDUCE**  
Waist, Bust, Hips  
3 ins. IN 12 Days

**Lose Weight**  
OR PAY NOTHING

No more ugly, bulky, and uncomfortable corseting! Take in your dresses—wear the new becoming styles. Enjola makes it EASY to Reduce. Just a little liquid medicine before meals. No starvation. No trouble. No risk! Why delay?

**Fast Sure ENJOLA**  
has NO THYROID NO HARMFUL DRUGS

Buy from Chemist, or Post the Coupon TO-DAY! Either way safe Fatness.

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W.W. 38.9.35

**How Much Do You Want To Reduce? HOW SOON?**

If you want to lose 10 pounds in a week, don't bother with Enjola. In our opinion it can't safely be done. But if you are one of those amiable women who desire a neat, slender figure and will be satisfied with a steady, beneficial, yet substantial reduction—if you will follow the Enjola directions (easy as A B C—no special Diet or Regimen)—then Enjola will definitely give you real, worth-while results. Better, faster results than with any other safe Treatment.

**You Can Control Enjola.** As Enjola takes off the ugly unwanted fat, it rejuvenates, tones up the system to youthful energy—in itself a boon to fat women. You avoid excessive reduction, because

"I have been using '—' for 3 months now, and have not lost a pound—do you think Enjola will be any different to the others?"

Enjola stops acting when you stop taking it. But you hold the new slimmest you've so pleasantly won.

**"Good-Bye Bulky Garments"**  
Enjola takes off fat where it shows, giving balanced slimmest. Heavy, "double" chin goes; unsightly bust, waist, thighs, hips, arms, shoulders and ankles become attractively slim.

**If It Acts, It's Cheap—If It Fails, It's Free!** Enjola is 1/6 a bottle from the Chemist or 7/- by post. If Enjola takes off your fat, as it has for others, you will not begrudge the necessary cost. If the first bottle fails to prove its genuine worth to you—money back! No argument. You are the judge. We have no fear. We know ENJOLA succeeds eight times out of ten! And never harmful!

**Enjola makes rapid slimming SAFE AND EASY!**



**ENJOLA KILLS FAT**

## THE OTHER BED

Continued from Page 13

FULLERTON spoke from the shadows. "So you put her in the bath," he drawled.

All eyes fixed on his dark, sardonic visage.

"What—what do you mean?" Denver blurted out.

"I suggested that one of us might be able to solve the mystery for you," Fullerton went on deliberately, as if he were enjoying the situation. "It seems that I'm in that ex-happy position. You occupied Room 59, I think, Denver?"

"Am I likely to forget it? But—" "Come on, cut the cackle—" "All right, Hubby. All right," Fullerton chuckled. "I'm coming to them now."

"As it happened, I was staying at the hotel that night. Coincidence, eh? But, then, coincidence is about the commonest phenomenon there is. You encounter it every day."

"I didn't know friend Denver in those times. Our paths did not cross till four or five years later."

"Well, I'm an early riser. Even when I'm in town I like a walk before breakfast. That morning was no exception to my rule. My travelling alarm-clock aroused me at quarter to six, and I sprang straight out of bed like the Spartan I am."

"I went to the bathroom. I latched the door, dropped my gear on a chair and crossed to the taps. Lying in the bath was a girl in a black evening frock."

"You could've knocked me down with the proverbial feather. All that I could do for a while was to stare and gape."

"She was a lovely creature, Denver, but I suppose you weren't in a state to admire. Suddenly she moved."

"Good Lord!" Denver ejaculated.

"Yes, she was alive, but moribund. I bent and lifted her out and laid her on a heap of towels. I realised that it was not a case for ringing bells and raising merry hell."

"I slipped back to my room, dug out a flask of brandy, and made her sip some of the spirit. Then I rubbed her wrists and ankles till presently she was able to sit up and show some interest in life."

"She was scared and dismayed, of course, at finding herself in such circumstances. She was horrified and bewildered when I explained how I had come to discover her."

"I gave her another draught of brandy and she began to tell me about herself. She had come up to London on the previous day on a shopping expedition, intending to spend the night in town and return home on the following evening. She booked a room at the hotel."

"That night she joined a party of friends. A rather bohemian crowd."

"She and a man she had never met before became separated from the others."

"This chap took her to some dubious



WHAT about blue velvet for this evening party ensemble, as Jean Paton designs it herewith.

—Photo by Air Mail.

resort off the Tottenham Court Road, and there, I take it, he slipped some kind of dope into her wine."

"She was still in sufficient possession of her senses, however, to become suspicious of his intentions. She walked till his back was turned and stole out of the place. She found a taxi and was driven to the hotel."

"She was feeling pretty groggy by then—no doubt the drug whatever it was, was beginning to work—but she managed to enter the hotel without drawing attention to her condition and hurried up the stairs."

"Losing count of the landings, I suppose, instead of continuing to the third floor, where her room was, she turned off at the second."

"She made her way to another in the identical position. To 59, as I worked out afterwards. To your room, Denver."

"It was not till she reached the door that she remembered that she had forgotten to collect her key. She was still fumbling in her bag when a servant happened along and, realising what was wrong, admitted her with a house-key."

"THE drug was exerting its full effect by then. She dimly remembered shutting the door, kicking off her shoes, crawling into bed, and pulling the coverlet over her."

"After that there was a blank till she opened her eyes and found me looking down at her."

"What then?" inquired Denver hoarsely.

"Oh, I found a dressing-gown and smuggled her up to her room exactly over yours. I never saw her again. I suppose she was so ashamed of herself that she beat it back to the long grass by the first train."

"Thank the Lord!" murmured Denver. "You've taken a load off my mind."

(Copyright)

HOT Holbrook says: Vinegar should have a mellow, fragrant flavor, and Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar will please you.\*\*\*

## £25 Cash Must Be Won

### "Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 5

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WITH THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES CORRECT IN THE EVENT OF TIES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY

This list below, 20 names, is made up of 20 names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example No. 1, MARIE DRESSLER, the extra unnecessary letter being "X." Include this name in your solution as Number 1. You are required to give the names of the remaining 19 film players. NOTE: (1) Additional entries must be written out separately. (2) Alterations cannot be accepted. (3) MISSELT NAMES COUNT AS ERRORS.

IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution, and, when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 6d. each—(stamps will not be accepted) and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4th, 1935. "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, Box 3834T, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

|              |                    |           |               |
|--------------|--------------------|-----------|---------------|
| No. 1. MARIE | REDSSLERY DRESSLER | No. 11. H | STREETTWELVE  |
| 2. P         | MORCNA             | 12. J     | DONBALDMAC    |
| 3. J         | AFORDCREW          | 13. J     | OKYAE         |
| 4. R         | AMTES              | 14. E     | SANDIL        |
| 5. R         | MANCOLD            | 15. M     | ARICHDIT      |
| 6. R         | MESSYBATHLER       | 16. G     | RENTBY        |
| 7. W         | LANDHO             | 17. J     | UCHBANANA     |
| 8. E         | STORCAN            | 18. C     | EDGEACOURTING |
| 9. R         | TOWNCHATTER        | 19. V     | ICEBRU        |
| 10. G        | EGLE               | 20. M     | LIARCHEVEL    |

Prize money and sealed solution are deposited with "Truth and Sportsman" Ltd.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 19th, 1935.

### "Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 3: Results

Only one entrant submitting an all-correct solution, and the prize-money of £25 is therefore awarded to him.

R. L. NATHAN, 11 Queen's Avenue, Rushcutters Bay, Sydney.

SOLUTION  
No. 1. Grace Moore; No. 2. Maurice Evans; No. 3. Shirley Dull; No. 4. Charles Laughton; No. 5. Basil Lorr; No. 6. Rex Francis; No. 7. Oreta Garbo; No. 8. Spencer Tracy; No. 9. Miriam Lyle; No. 10. Miss West; No. 11. Richard Dix; No. 12. Mary Pickford; No. 13. Joan Blondell; No. 14. Frank Bux; No. 15. Edmund Brent; No. 16. Bert Wheeler; No. 17. Robert Hood; No. 18. Ralph Lynn; No. 19. George Arliss; No. 20. Margaret Rutavan.



# BARBARIAN MAID

Continued from Page 7

"No, silly. The frog, of course!" She went into her cool break of laughter. "Oh, you really are priceless, Horace. I'm so glad. But I was sure you would be. You see, my dear, I took my trip to Latin. I had only second honors in zoology. That's why I couldn't exactly remember the difference between the snail and the octopus when I operated on you, dear. Though I'm fairly sure I did get you galvanized, didn't I? And you aren't too angry and slowly about it are you?"

Whether he was angry or not, the galvanised young man squinted a look at her. He had to squint, because he had only one good eye left. "I did that," she nodded brightly. "That bandage—I tore up my underwear to make it! You see, we had a first-aid course. I always did love that first-aid course! Don't you think I did a good job? And, after all, Horace, aren't you glad you're here?"

Whether he was glad or not, he could hardly have kept from continuing to look. He might modestly have blushed to see her, for she had cast off all such trappings as skirt and jacket, and wore nothing much now except a pair of brief shorts and a sort of breast-band of carmine silk that fitted perfectly with the golden-tinted perfection of her skin. Meanwhile she was certainly not blushing for herself; only continuing to smile down at him through the drift of her cigarette, provocative and possessive.

"Yes, miss," he admitted. "Of course. But where are we?"

He gave her pleasure to tell him: "We are wrecked, my dear. We are rather desperately wrecked somewhere off the wild and stormy coast of North Queensland. Probably the wildest and stormiest part of it. We'll have all of two miles, I imagine, to swim to Dunkirk. . . . And by the way, Horace, can you swim?"

"No, miss," he answered promptly. "Splendid!"

"For what?" he rather more than gasped.

"Why, for our escape; our survival, you dear, dumb thing! So much more amusing, so much more definite, if you get my meaning. Nobody would ever think to trace you over there, you see. And I won all the athletic and swimming events at the college, you see!"

## W

HATEVER he saw, the young man was fain to sink back on the cushion she had packed behind him.

"And who are you, miss?"

It must have been a cue she awaited, for again she gave forth a cadenced cry:

"Quae tibi, virginum, Sponsa necato barbara serviet."

"That means, my dear," she kindly explained, "What barbarian maid, her lover slain by thee, shall become thy slave? Of course, I've never had a lover. And I'm nobody's slave—yet!" she added, with a droop of her lashes and a lift of her chin at once incredibly wise and incredibly innocent to behold. "And, of course, you don't understand—and how should you? But anyway, I am the Barbarian Maid!"

"I'll try to tell you all about it, Horace, just as simply as I can. You see, this ship was named after me. At least, I had the choosing of a name for her. Because poppa is quite one of the richest and most important men in Sydney, you see. I ran away from him about three months ago. He must be having a fit!"

The probable fit of poppa gave her a pensive smile. "Maybe you've seen our big house in Lansdowne Gardens. It's one of the show places of the town, I believe; and do you know," she went on, with a superb self-consciousness, "I've often thought it the most horrible bore—always being in show places. My dear, you've no notion of the way I've been dragged round—the schools and the special courses I've had to take! In Switzerland and America, and finishing up at my English college. Cum laude, of course. That means not louder, but better, darling," she sweetly condescended.

"And then being presented at Court. And being proposed to by a White Russian and a promising diplomat and a slightly damaged duke, and—oh, yes!—a finely-talored young millionaire in the tin trade or something like that. All together, I suppose I must have had my choice of everything a girl is supposed to want. Except"—she lighted another cigarette and flicked the match from her, and slowly let her insolent glance flicker off with it—"except what I did want."

"Isn't it curious," she observed, with a profundity not entirely as naive as it sounded, "the things we don't want, and have to do 'em. And the other things we want so much to do, and we don't? But when I came home to poppa this time, and he cut off my

allowance because I wouldn't do what he wanted, and when he locked me up in my room for not doing it—why, then . . . " she stretched her long, silken legs cutlike along the rail and glowered down at him. "Then I remembered my Horace."

And she gave it to him in Latin and then in English:

"Reap the harvest of to-day, putting as little trust as possible in to-morrow."

"THAT'S what I remembered, Horace, dear. Although you're not that kind of a Horace. But wasn't it the funniest thing—trying to shut me in? Imagine! . . . How easy it was to pack up my scout bag and my spirit-lamp, and all such, and then to pick the locks and smash-off right through the front door into Lansdowne Gardens. Eh?"

"Eh, lad?" she drooped, with the touch of Yorkshire that makes the whole world kin. "And then where? Wherever dost thou say a poor lass might go, runnin' away from her feyther's house in the midst an' middle of the night like you?"

The young man had sense enough to say nothing; the young woman was so obviously enjoying herself.

She took a puff at her cigarette. "I'll tell you where I did go," she confided. "Into the Domain. Yes, into the public park, and slept under a bush that night! And it was beastly cold, but that didn't matter to me while I had my Canadian blanket. And next day I went out to dig up a job. Which kind of a job? Why, any kind between a plumber and a professor, of course. But I said to myself, 'No! No! I said, 'If that potty old poppa of mine wants me back, I'll give him a chase of So I marched straight into the Pheip Lane at the back end where they ship their crews, and I put in for this very boat!" She gave her tinkling laugh.

"You see, I knew they always need a stewardess on this silly, small-town run-around. And I had my nurse's uniform to bung 'em with. And I never do get seasick. So, naturally, I copped the billet! So here I am. So here we are together. And wasn't that all rather clever done, eh, lad?"

Please turn to Page 38

## Like Magic this Creme removes Unwanted Hair

UNWANTED hair, on neck or legs or arms, or under the arms, has always been a toilet bugbear to smart women. Shaving only makes the hair grow again, thicker and coarser, and leaves a nasty, prickly stubble. What could you do?

Science has come to your aid. Skilled English chemists have developed Creme La-ne-ta. Non-poisonous, it cannot roughen or injure the most delicate skin. Pleasant, and no one can detect its use. Quick, it dissolves away the hair like magic, leaving the skin smooth and soft. Buy a tube to-day and solve this toilet worry.



Extra Large Tube 2/9  
Trial Size also stocked by Chemists and Hairdressers.  
Insist on this genuine English Creme.

Creme La-ne-ta

## Should Brunettes use Brunette Powder?

OPTICAL MACHINE GIVES SURPRISING ANSWER



Optical machine reveals skin tones

Exhaustive tests proved that certain colors give lovely skins their youthful, vibrant glow. Pond's blended these colors in their exquisite flattering new Powder.

NOTHING could be more foolish than for a girl to choose her face powder by the color of her hair! Some of the blackest hair is found with very white skin—commonly known as the Irish type. Some women with brown-black hair have a sallow skin which needs to be brightened. Others are pale. Their skin needs warmth.

With a delicate optical machine, Pond's "Color-tested" the skins of over two hundred girls. They found the secret of a beautiful complexion is in certain hidden tints in the skin itself. Blonde skin, for instance,

owes its transparent beauty to hidden notes of brilliant blue—brunette skin is alluring because of hidden tints of green! Pond's blended these colors invisibly in their exquisite new powder, so that it provides life, glamour and vibrancy to all complexions.

If you are a brunette and are dissatisfied with your skin, try one of these new scientifically blended shades of Pond's Powder:

Rose Cream—lovely on brunettes with clear, fair skins.

Brunette—a new brunette shade which gives a velvety look.

Rose Brunette—gives a warm glow to dull skins.

Dark Brunette—gives depth and brilliance to dark olive complexions.

If you are a blonde there are perfect shades for you too.

As you smooth on Pond's Powder, you'll find that it brings life to your skin. Coarse pores and blemishes are concealed, complexions look smooth as satin. Pond's Powder clings for hours too, and has a delicately alluring scent. American women loved it at once—you will, too!

Fill in the coupon below and send for a sample of Pond's Powder in your shade. Test the three points important in a face powder—smoothness, staying quality, and color.



**Special Offer!** Mail this coupon with 4d. in penny stamps to cover postage, package, etc., for free sample of Pond's new Face Powder and Pond's two Creams. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Richel) [ ] Light Cream [ ] Rose Cream (Natural) [ ] Naturally (Light Natural) [ ] Rose Brunette [ ] Dark Brunette (Suntan) [ ]

THE POND'S CO., Dept. A.J., Box 11111, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_



## Secrets of Youthful Charm & Loveliness!

by Kathleen Court

A famous writer once said that if you had charm it didn't matter what else you lacked; and if you hadn't charm, nothing else you had mattered! Without facial loveliness in some degree it is difficult for a woman to be charming. It is easy to be charming if one's appearance does not make one feel self-conscious. Poise comes from knowing one looks attractive. The process gains force with its success, for beauty develops as one makes the most of oneself... people soon exclaim when they see you—"Lovely!"

At any good chemist, and large Stores you will be able to examine the famous range of Kathleen Court Aids to Loveliness. You will find the prices remarkably moderate. You have my definite assurance, supported by independent Analytical Reports, that no better quality is available. If I may make a suggestion, the following is an unusually good, yet simple and inexpensive Home Beauty Treatment.

### ★ A Simple Formula for Increasing Charm...

At night, cleanse the pores with my Liquefying Cleansing Cream. This dissolves blackheads, floating them right out of the skin. Follow by washing with Paris Facial Treatment Soap and warm water. If the face and throat tissues are beginning to sag or droop, follow by the use of my Special Night Cream, leaving on during sleep. In the morning, wash with my Soap, dry gently, then pat the face with either my Astringent Skin Tonic, or my Golden Youth Beauty Lotion. Put vigorously for a minute, then apply a fine film of Facial Youth Cream. Follow with Golden Youth, "Rhapsody" or "Serenade" Face Powder, and add a touch of really thrilling colour with one of my modern Rouge and Lipsticks. Get by the way, if your eyebrows are uneven, or too light, touch them up with one of my English Eye-Brow Pencils. And you can make your hair unobtrusive by using Henna-cream Shampoo and Henna-cream Wave-Set. Start today. Tomorrow you will have your reward.

kathleen court

324-326 Regent-st., London, Australia House, Sydney; A.M.P. Building, Wellington, N.Z.; Clarendon Chambers, Elbfest, Johannesburg.



## STOMACH DISTRESS and ACIDITY VANQUISHED...

This New Way  
"Entirely due to self-poisoning,"  
says the eminent Berlin physician,  
Dr. C. Oppenheimer



### AUTOXIMA

#### ... Its Cause and Effects

Civilised life guards against many dangers. But it exposes us to hidden ones such as autoxima. Modern food gives insufficient exercise to the walls of the intestines. These intestines lose their power of normal movement and are unable to get rid of the waste matter which settles in the folds. Minerals essential to health are not extracted from your food by the lifeless walls, and your vitality is lowered by their absence. Meanwhile, rotting food-waste lies stagnant and fermenting in the colon, giving rise to gases which are forced back into the stomach, thus souring the food. Other acids and impurities are created; they enter the blood stream and thus attack and weaken every vital part of your body.

#### READ THIS

"ILLNESS VANISHED IMMEDIATELY"

Tewinbury, Tasmania.

"I have to tell you that I felt great benefit from COLOSEPTIC. I was suffering from flu. I was ill for a month. After taking but a few doses I felt much better. The dry cough left me entirely. Am telling my neighbour about it now."

A.E.T.

(The original of this letter may be seen at Head Office.)



#### DRINK

**Coloseptic**  
(WAYNE'S IMPROVED FORMULA)  
FOR INTERNAL CLEANNES

At all CHEMISTS. If unavailable locally write to COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) LTD., Box 3418 R, G.P.O., Sydney.

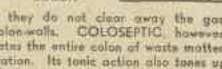
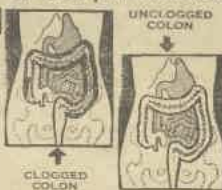
Stomach distress and acidity do not, as is popularly supposed, result from just indigestion, for this, too, is only a condition arising from the real cause. As Dr. Oppenheimer, the celebrated Berlin physician, points out, these complaints are entirely due to self-poisoning (autoxima). That is why preparations which act only on the stomach can give no permanent relief. The clogged colon, where the cause of autoxima begins, must be cleared of fermenting debris before real relief from stomach distress, indigestion, gastritis, belching, bloatedness, gas pains, sourness and ulcers can be effected. So clear your colon now.

#### ENJOY REAL HEALTH

The left illustration shows your colon clogged by fermenting food waste. Your partial bowel movements may be regular, but modern food has clogged your colon and autoxima is poisoning your system. You feel depressed, bloated. You are troubled with gas pains, sourness, constipation. You cannot avoid it. Laxatives are useless—they only act on the lower part of the bowels; they do not clear away the gas-generating poisons from the colon-walls. COLOSEPTIC, however, activates and cleans and evacuates the entire colon of waste matter, as shown in the right hand illustration. Its tonic action also tones up and activates the three other eliminative organs—the pores of the skin, the respiratory system, and the kidneys. Clear your colon with COLOSEPTIC now, and you'll know what it is to be really free from many forms of stomach distress and, indeed, most forms of sickness. You'll know what it is to be vigorous and vital as in healthy youth.

#### IMPORTANT BOOK ON AUTOXIMA—FREE

An intimate and important booklet, giving all the facts about autoxima, will be sent FREE if you complete and mail the coupon for a demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC. Learn how you are unwittingly poisoning yourself and paving the way for disease. Don't delay, mail the coupon now!



#### CLIP OUT

COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) LTD., Box 3418 R, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me your FREE book on Autoxima in plain envelope. Also send me my demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC, for which I enclose 1/- in penny stamp.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

THE young man took another good look and answered submissively:

"Yes, miss. Of course. And what next?"

"Next?" She swung herself from the rail. "Why, next, all the rest of it, my dear fellow. All I've ever truly wanted! I always knew I should find someone like you at the right time. Someone really nice and helpless to bring along with me in some place like this!"

She reached her hands towards the shimmering shoreline.

"Far and free, as it used to be," she chanted. "And don't you worry. I'll teach you, Horace. We've all we need to start with in my waterproof bag. And I know how to make palm wine, too," she added valiantly. "Never fear: Now is the time to drain the bowl, and let our feet be dancing." Oh, she cried, "and isn't that really priceless? Don't you think it's just too wonderful?"

There fell a pause, ecstatic, into which there dropped two voices, rude and raucous:

"I think it's—awful!"

She swirled round to discover a monstrous, black-faced giant of a man who was standing up in a native canoe which he had brought silently against the ship's side.

"I think it's—terrible!"

She whirled the other way to find a smudge-faced Cap'n Denny, who had just straddled out of the cross-companion door. Never in her lovely life had she ever confronted two such hideous and menacing figures. She started back from them.

Fortunately, there was a bollard on

the deck close behind her. So that was the way the Barbarian Maid got down.

CAP'N DENNY stood chewing a peach in the one grimy bit and regarding her severely. "You," he declared, "are a' be ashamed of y'rself! ... Did you hear what she was sayin', George?" he inquired. "The black-faced man tied his canoe and climbed aboard. He was huge and hairy, clad simply in a loin cloth and a complete suit of engine slush, with which he had enhanced his natural charms to those of a Papuan cannibal, and might readily have passed for one until he spoke."

"I heard her," he answered, then, in Australian almost as pure as Cap'n Denny's own. "Ain't I been squatin' alongside waitin' for yer signal?"

"Ah," said Cap'n Denny. "But I been crawlin' round in the bilge, waitin' for you, you top-eared louse!"

"Well, y' got y'rself something to eat," reminded George practically. Whereupon Cap'n Denny tossed him a peach for himself. Whereupon they both stood grimly munching and considering the nymph on the bollard.

"What I've 'ad to stand from that gal's gabble the last hour, George, y'd scarcely believe it!"

"Such language!" George concurred. "A lot of them old vather swear words. But did y' catch the rest of it? She was making love to that steward. Bold as brass, she was!"

"She ain't a bad-looking gal," observed George, judiciously, letting his eye run over the striking female form. "Wot would she want with a ship-jack steward? And wot's become of 'im, by the way?"

As a matter of fact, there was no present sign of the landlubber who had lately occupied a place on the planks near by. He had somehow disappeared.

"Likely rolled up in some cabin or frightened 'self overboard," snorted Cap'n Denny.

"Best place for 'im," opined George. "Ain't called 'self 'Horace'!"

They both snorted, and took to biting their peaches and confirming their critical survey of the maritime nymph on the bollard. It was not only that she had never been surveyed in such a fashion before. It was not only that these two members of the deep were standing over her. If she could trust her stricken senses, they were standing in high moral judgment over her.

"George, I'll tell you what narks me," Cap'n Denny began, "is a gal like this. All I did, I tred her on for a stewardess. And now bedamned if she don't turn up on us for a Queen of Sheba, or such!"

"That's right," nodded George.

"For a young gal to talk so," concluded Cap'n Denny sadly. "By her account, she's done everything and she knows everything. Now, George, what do she know?"

"Nothin'," agreed George succinctly. "Ain't but she satisfied? No. She thinks this 'ole round world was invented for her to play around with. I tell you it's the curse of this 'ere generation. Give 'em an inch and they'll take an ell."

"That's right," George approved. "The last time I was in Durbanst Jan, our chaplain preached us a sermon all about it. 'Ell is wot they're raisin', and 'ell is wot they're goin' to get!'"

But Cap'n Denny was keyed to a loftier line of comment. "It's the wickedness of 'em, George. This gal, just because she's got some blighted family and she's been to school a bit, why, she thinks she's a qualified piouser, and a picklock, and a general praiser-winner! And yet here we find 'er on the make again like any common hussy!"

"It's a fact," George concurred, aroused to virtuous heights of his own. "Didn't I 'ear her callin' for a bowl of rum, no less?"

"And tryin' to kidnap the steward!"

"Meanin' to camp out with 'im."

"Ain't. Meanin' to live in sin with him, George!"

"And damnin', too. I 'ard her."

"No respect for nothin', George?"

"Look at the clothes on 'er."

"Ain't that ... disgraceful?"

"It's ... terrible!"

Not that she was frightened, really. Not that she begged or whimpered. But it was a dreadfully mortal moment for a classical nymph. These horrid low creatures—she could not conceive how they came to be here, or what they meant to do. But they had taken all her gusto, all the magic and the mockery of her high adventure, and had turned everything to a loathsome, cryptic insolence of their own. It was something worse than fear she felt—sheer humiliation. She was utterly humiliated, and at a loss. For with all her experience, all her prided knowledge and achievement, there seemed nothing that she could do about it. Nothing she could even find to say about it. Not even when Cap'n Denny shook a fat finger under her pretty proud nose.

## BARBARIAN MAID

Continued from Page 37

"You! Callin' y'rself a 'barbarian.' Ah! Good jakes! If I 'ad the time I'd like to take and civilise you a bit. ... What you want, my lass," he rumbled, "is a ... good spankin'!" "That's right," voiced George, with equal virtue, and a lifted grin on the last of his peach. "For a gal like that! A special—good spankin'!"

AND how far their Olympian judgment might have run there is no telling, because suddenly came another of those changes that elick so suddenly across any drama of the Southern Sea, when Cap'n Denny happened to glance off to S.E.

"Hold up, George," he warned curtly. "There's smoke down behind Hicely Island!"

George snapped out of his virtues with the same readiness. "Might be them boat parties startin' a fire."

"No. It's a steamer smoke. More likely the Greelan Maid comin' up from Sydney. Jest because I figgered 'er for a whole day later ..."

"Well, I 'ope you figgered the rest of it better," offered George. "Else why 'ell are we 'ere?"

"You stow y'r jaw!" snarled Cap'n Denny. "I figgered it right enough. Didn't I land the ship on this reef precisely where I promised? With six thousand pounds' worth of pearls in the safe?"

"And y' got the combination?"

"No, I ain't got the combination. Like I tipped you last trip, that blasted purser went and changed it on me—blast 'im! But you bring the gadget, didn't you?"

"Wot if I didn't?"

"If you didn't, I'll take an' kick the ribs out of you!" stated Cap'n Denny.

Please turn to Page 48



## How to keep free from colds

One 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powder, followed by a glass of hot milk or lemon drink will make short work of a cold and will arrest influenza in its early stage. It clears the head and bronchial tubes of catarrh, brings down the temperature, stops headache and body pains, and induces sound restful sleep.

It is the exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients which accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders in banishing colds and warding off influenza.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6.  
Box of 24 powders, 2/6.  
All Chemists.

IMPORTANT—'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders are free from artificial colouring and are, therefore, white.

**'BAYER' A.P.C.**  
**QUICK-SURE-SAFE**

**WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—**

**WITHOUT CALOMEL**  
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of Bile into your bowels daily. If this bile does not flow freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. It and blocks up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned, and you feel sore, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A sure bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harshness, gentleness, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/2, household size 1/4. Repeat a substitute.

**BECOME AN EXPERT JAZZ PIANIST**

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# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

September 28, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

39

## COLOR AND CHARM OF SWEET-PEAS

**BERTHA MAXWELL** gives delightful suggestions for making them "ever-lasting" in gaily-effective and quickly-wrought embroideries about your home

ONE of the sweetest flowers that blow, sweet-peas are with us winter and summer. In their colors, they offer us every shade we care to use in our rooms, light or dark, bright or pastel-pale; so that we can use them in rooms which are no longer new, where their fresh delicate tints tone softly with older furnishings. More vivid tints can be used in newly-decorated rooms, for these heavenly flowers grow in the richest scarlets, purples, pinks, and blues imaginable, as well as in the gentle shades of old-world samplers.

**SPRING** is here in all its beauty and freshness. Our rooms are not so bright as they might be, perhaps, even after their thorough spring-cleaning, and there is probably nothing much to spend on new hangings. The friend in need at this time is a new piece of linen or so, in a fresh, bright color, with a little needlework to attract the eye and to add grace to the room.

A tablecloth-runner with worked ends, a table-centre—these are the two standard pieces in the dining-room, especially the busy room which is always in use, and so we have designed these two simple pieces specially for this purpose.

And if you are lucky enough to be furnishing a house for the first time, these two pieces are just as suitable for your requirements. Add a cushion if you can, for the round design shown here is supplied also on a cushion cover to match.

These are the prices and materials:

Round table-centre, with spoke-stitched edge for crochet. Size 17 x 17 inches. In best quality cream or white linen. Price, 2/6.

Round table-centre, 17 x 17 inches, similarly spoke-stitched, in pale almond-green, pink, blue or pale buttercup. Price, 2/6.

Table-runner, spoke-stitched, measuring 11 x 36 inches, best white or cream linen, price 2/6; 11 x 45 inches, price 3/-.

Table-runner in Cesarine in any one of the four colors mentioned above, 11 x 36, price 2/-; 11 x 45, price 2/3.

Cushion-cover, measures 13 x 18 inches. There is enough material for both back and front, with the design stamped, of course, on the front only. In white or cream linen, price 3/2; in Cesarine, price 2/6.

### Colors of the Flowers

IT would be quite safe to say "every color." So look in your workboxes and take out all the skeins of silk or cotton that you have had on hand for years, and use them up if possible. Sort them into blues, pinks, and the like, then make your selection; or work in quite a haphazard way and you will still be right.

If peas have any preference in their own colors, it would seem that all the pinks and mauves are their own favorites, for these are the most usual. Vivid reds, purples, blues, yellows, and creams are all there, too, with a soft light green on the leaves, stems, and little pointed calyx bits at the backs of the flowers.

Work either in a color group of all pinks, all mauves, etc., or mix the colors among the flowers. Notice the design—it repeats five times in the circle, each repetition being a group of blossoms. Good balance will be obtained if the full-faced flower at the stem end of the group is made the deepest color, working through lightening shades to the lightest color for the flower which has a little spiral tendril set against it.



Two colors can be used on one flower if liked, for peas are often two-shaded. It is helpful to study a bunch of the flowers before beginning the work.

### The Stitches

DEVOTEES of satin-stitch and long-and-short stitch will welcome this design.

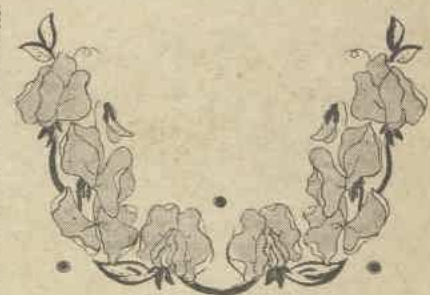
It gives ample scope for these rich old stitches, which allow color to be applied in a more satisfying manner than paint. Deep buttonholing is also excellent, worked round the edges of the flowers and leaves.

This stitch covers quickly, and gives enough surface for color effect. The folded edges of the petals should be stitched very deeply and smoothly in this method.

### Threads To Use

LUSTROUS effects are gained by stranded cotton or the stranded silk called filocelle; soft, pastel effects result from the use of the cotton called soft embroidery, a stranded cotton with a fascinating dull finish. But if you are unfamiliar with this cotton, try it first, as it is different from our old favorites with a charm of its own.

MORE EVIDENCE of the ingenuity of Bertha Maxwell! Here you glimpse her charming new design. What could be nicer than this for your home? On the right you see one end of the runner, which is obtainable in white or cream, linen, also in pale almond-green, pink, blue, or pale buttercup Cesarine. Make your choice and send to any one of our offices for the set.



A CLOSE-UP in miniature of the sweet-pea design which decorates the centre-piece. A cushion-cover may also be had carrying this pattern—all in readiness for swift, colorful embroidery.

## CLEVER IDEAS

**RUBBER MACKINTOSH:** To clean a rubber mackintosh, carefully scrub it all over with a small clean nailbrush and warm (not hot) water and soap. Rinse off every trace of soap with warm water or the mackintosh may dry patchy. Place on a hanger in a current of air, but not near a fire, or in the sun.

**LEMONADE:** When making lemonade, do not pour boiling water on to the juice and sugar. This destroys some of the vitamin content of the lemon. Add the sugar to the lemon and boiled water when it is cooled.

**RUSTY NEEDLES:** Needles have a very unpleasant habit of rusting. Soak a piece of flannel in paraffin and allow it to dry. Then keep your needles in this and you will find they will not rust.

**KEEPING SAUCEPANS BRIGHT:** An occasional cleaning of the outside of your aluminium pans with a cloth dipped in methylated spirits and whitening will help to keep them bright.

**SERGE SUITS:** Salt heated in the oven will remove stains and grease spots from serge.

**MIXED MUSTARD:** Mix mustard with milk, adding a little salt. It will keep much longer.

**TO WASH FEATHERS:** First a strong soapy lather should be made, and a little ammonia added to this. Empty the feathers into an old pillowcase, press down well in a bath or copper, and leave for half an hour, pressing them now and again. Afterwards, rinse in several waters. The pillowcase should hang in the sun for several days, the feathers being shaken occasionally to make them fluffy. When placing the feathers in pillows add a small block of camphor to preserve them.

**TO BRIGHTEN TABLE GLASS:** If a little powdered borax is added to the water in which you wash your table glass, you will be surprised at the difference in its appearance. Rinse glasses in clean, cold water, drain them before drying, and, after rubbing with a glass-cloth, finish them off with a chamois leather.

**WHITENESS ON WINDOWS:** If the house has been decorated and there is whitewash on your windows, the best thing to remove it is hot vinegar. Afterwards rub the glass over with diluted ammonia and it will soon be bright again.

**WARMING A JOINT OF MEAT:** If you wish to re-heat a joint, let it stand in cold water for about three minutes before putting it in the oven. The meat will then taste almost exactly like freshly-cooked meat.



## SUCCESS! SUCCESS!

The Public's right to a genuine, effective treatment for

# LUNG TROUBLE

IN ITS WORST FORMS

MEMBROSUS, a Dry Inhalation Treatment, leads the world in healing science for these Chronic Lung complaints. It has been positively proved to have gradually cleared up those DREADED COUGHING, SPASMS, HAEMORRHOIDS and NIGHT SWEATS, and has given PEACEFUL NIGHT SLEEP, MOUTH LOOSERED and EASILY BROUGHT AWAY, SPLENDID APPETITE and STRENGTH REGAINED—and COMPLETE RECOVERY WITHOUT RECURRENCE of complaints is frequently reported. MEMBROSUS—this different, dry inhalation treatment—has brought blessed relief to many people. You, too, with its safe change your outlook from despair to radiant hope. Give MEMBROSUS the chance to do for YOU what it has done for so many others.

## ASTHMA BRONCHITIS CHRONIC COUGHS, etc.

"MEMBROSUS," a wonderful DRY INHALATION TREATMENT, has definitely cured many sufferers during the past years, and, what is so important, the results have been POSITIVE and LASTING. A great victory has been won for the public of this country suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Coughs, and other ailments. Sufferers can now obtain relief in Sydney, MEMBROSUS. This remarkable dry inhalation treatment which gives prompt, lasting, and safe relief, even though patients may have been suffering for years, and previously tried many other forms of treatment. MEMBROSUS most often gives definite results almost from the first inhalation. Succeeding attacks become less frequent and less severe. In this way, MEMBROSUS acts in a progressively curative way, ultimately clearing up all traces of infection. This happens even in severe, chronic, and up-to-now "unscurable" cases with hard breathing as well as with young children. It is a dry inhalant, and is just as effective in the treatment of

## CATARRH HAY FEVER ANTRUM Trouble AND NO OPERATION NECESSARY

I have definite proof that this dry inhalation treatment has given immediate ease and permanent relief in many, many cases. In some of these cases hope of recovery has been given up previous to inhaling MEMBROSUS DRY Inhalation Treatment. Since then the patients have written to say that there has been no recurrence of the trouble. Here is genuine hope for complete recovery if you are a victim of any of these troubles. Here are two TYPICAL reports received from previous sufferers:—  
"I am feeling ever so much better; I am not spitting up any mucus now. I seem to have improved very rapidly, and am thankful to say I am feeling better than I have done for years."  
"I feel so proud and happy to know what relief your wonderful treatment has given me, and I will recommend MEMBROSUS to any sufferers of chest complaints." Every day brings reports similar to the above.

## MEMBROSUS (Regd.) DRY INHALATION TREATMENT

For particulars, call or send a stamped, addressed envelope mentioning your complaint to "MEMBROSUS," care IRVINE'S PHARMACY (estd. 25 years), Room 31, Gowing's Building, Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

# BUSH HOUSE SANCTUARY

For Lovely Temperamental Blossoms!

What to Grow in It and How to Tend the Plants...

By THE OLD GARDENER

NOTHING more romantic, more stimulating to have than a bush-house. Regard it as a place where you may grow otherwise "ungrowable," flowers, as a hospital in which to place sick plants, or just a specialised cool corner in your garden, appreciable for its own beauty... in each case you will find the bush-house, or its substitute, invaluable.

EVERY garden should have its little corner for a bush-house, glass-house, or even glass frame. As September passes, so do the majority of spring-flowering annuals, especially in warmer climes, and we look to the bush-house to fill the gap between spring and summer displays.

Moreover, very interesting plant and flower specimens can be grown there—palms, ferns, foliage plants—particularly plants for indoor decoration.

You will find begonias beautiful flowers for the bush-house. Put up a selection of both fibrous and tuberous-rooted varieties, and be sure to add a few of the fine ornamental-leaved kinds, such as the Rex begonias.

Among the tuberous begonias there are several trailing varieties known as the basket begonias, for they are usually grown in baskets in the bush-house. They are really very attractive for decorative purposes.

When growing begonias of any variety,



THIS LOVELY place, beautiful in its quiet retirement, set at the back of the home of James Cagney, Warner Bros. player, provides a cloistered spot for bush-house plants and flowers to steal a breath of unconfined air, away from the bush-house. Note around the central pond the potted plants of delicate growth. This is surely an ideal subsidiary to any bush-house!

do not use soil that is on the heavy side. They thrive best in soil on the light side. They require good drainage. Tuberous begonias are best potted up into 6-inch pots in a compost soil, mixed with a little well-rotted manure. Liquid manure, made to the color of weak tea, at flowering time, will work wonders, producing flowers of a splendid quality. Seeds can be sown now, and bulbs can also go in.

Gloxinias are another excellent flower for the bush-house. They may, of course, be grown to perfection out in the open. In warm climates, similar to the Queensland climate, they will have to be grown in the bush-house, and the

further south one goes glass-house culture is the best, but in temperate areas such as in and around Sydney they can be grown in the open, in semi-shaded positions.

They can be potted up into 6-inch pots for indoor work, in compost on the light side, and avoid using manure. See that the drainage is perfect.

My next suggestion for your bush-house this month is the coleus. In this splendid flower, many and varied colors may be had. Last season I had 75 distinct colors. They are easy to grow and never fail to attract.

### Watch Your Ferns!

IN your bush-house, attend to the ferns, which should be showing plenty of new growth; watch out for insects on them, such as aphids, red spider, etc. An occasional spraying with nicotine (black leaf 40) is an excellent preparation, one teaspoon to every gallon of water, using also one teaspoon of kerosene to make the solution more adhesive.

All palms need attention. Wash them with soap and water to remove any likely scale—many palms have suffered this year from scale trouble. I have noticed them in various gardens, struggling along, trying to live through it all. How sorry I feel for them, and those suffering is just through ignorance on the part of the gardener! If a palm loses its healthy green color and commences to droop you should look for the trouble immediately. Just turn the leaf up and look on the underneath part. Spray them with Glahurst Compound or Volck.

### Sow Cyclamen

THIS is the month for sowing cyclamen seed. Remember last season I explained fully how to grow them. I have seen many beautiful specimens lately, flowering, and they are a fine plant for your bush-house. Get the seed in at once, then you will have a display for next spring.

All fine seeds like begonia and gloxinia need careful sowing. Mix the seed with fine sand, place in a pepper-shaker. Thus the sowing can be done more evenly, and is much easier to handle. Press the seed firmly into the soil with a flat board. Very little covering is needed. Place over the seed a piece of brown paper, then a sheet of glass. The darker the seed is kept the quicker the germination. When the plants are through, remove the covering carefully a little each day.

"MY DEAR—  
JUST  
*look*  
WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE!"

THAT'S A LOVELY LADDER—JUST BEFORE THE PARTY TOO!

WELL, YOU SAW WHAT I DID... BENT MY KNEE... THAT'S ALL!

I NEVER THOUGHT MY WASHING WAS TO BLAME!

OF COURSE IT IS, THAT'S WHY I USE NOTHING BUT LUX... IT PRESERVES THE ELASTICITY OF SILK—PREVENTS LOTS OF LADDERS!

OH, I'VE READ ABOUT LUX. IT MAKES YOUR ANKLES LOOK SUMMER BY KEEPING STOCKINGS FITTING TOO DOESN'T IT?

SURE THING! THAT'S WORTH REMEMBERING ISN'T IT?

YOU CERTAINLY SHOULDN'T HAVE SPRUNG A RUN FOR THAT—TEACH YOU A LESSON MY GIRL!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

WHY—YOU SHOULD TAKE MORE CARE WASHING YOUR STOCKINGS DON'T YOU KNOW WRONG WASHING WEAKENS THREADS... YOU CAN'T BE SURPRISED THEY SNAP EASILY....

YOU can prevent many ladders—the sort that start when you put the least strain on stockings—if you take care to use Lux always. No need to rub with Lux. So the elasticity which makes silk and artificial silk "live" and stretchable when new, is preserved, experts say. There's no soda in Lux. Colours remain pretty as new. See how Lux will save money all the time.

A LEVER PRODUCT

LUX PRESERVES THE E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y THAT MAKES STOCKINGS FIT AND LAST

### Women's Weekly Readers Profit Again!

Gardeners who read this paper may buy these three packets of seeds for 4/- Post Free.  
"AUSTRAL" PETUNIA: Immense, beautifully-rufted, and magnificent flowers, in splendid colors. 2/6 pkt.  
"LIVINGSTONE" DAISY: Heavy plants, easy to grow, comprising an extensive range of colors. 1/2 pkt.  
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# WHAT WELCOME They'll GET

From your family when you serve them . . . these tempting, wholesome delicacies made from dried fruits!

JUST now fresh fruit, though seemingly plentiful enough, is rather high-priced—almost exorbitantly priced in many districts far removed from populous centres. My readers will, therefore, welcome these suggestions for using dried fruits, which are, happily, plentiful and reasonably priced.

**DRIED** fruits, such as peaches, plums, apricots, apples, pears, can be used extensively in the making of puddings, pies, jams, cakes, when fresh fruit is not available.

It must be remembered however that, in the drying of the fruit, a large proportion of the water has been extracted from it. So, in order to restore it to its natural condition, it is necessary to soak the fruit in cold water from 24 to 48 hours—according to the fruit. Cold water is best to use, as hot water is likely to remove the flavor and color, and also helps to break it up.

One pound dried fruit is equal to 4 lb. of fresh fruit.

Pies, open or covered tarts may be made from dried fruits.

Dried pears,ectarines and prunes can be made into jam. Follow exactly the same recipe as that given for apricots and peaches.

## Make delicious Fruit Junkets this easy way



No mixing of flavours and several ingredients—no mess—no failures! Just add the required amount of Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junkets to lukewarm, sweetened milk, pour out, let set and chill! Fragrant, delicious, healthful fresh fruit Junkets are ready to eat—sweets that are light, easy to digest and tempting to jaded appetites. Good for the children—popular with guests—easy to make—economical!

Order some Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junkets today and surprise the family with a new sweet to-night!

• If you prefer plain junket you can get Hansen's well-known Junket Tablets at all grocers.

**HANSEN'S**  
Essence for making  
**FRUIT JUNKETS**  
ORANGE—LEMON  
RASPBERRY—VANILLA

### SWEET POACHED EGGS

Two cups milk, 2 tablespoons corn-flour, 2 dessertspoons sugar, stewed dried apricots.

Blend the cornflour with a little of the milk, put the remainder on to boil with the sugar, then pour on to the cornflour. Return to the saucepan and stir till it boils. Cook for two minutes. Place one piece of apricot, the rounded side down, in wetted cups. Pour in a little blancmange to form the appearance of the white of egg. Allow to set. Turn out carefully on to flat dish. Serve with custard.

### SWEET POACHED EGGS No. 2

Cooked dried apricots, sponge cake, muck cream or whipped cream.

Cut the sponge cake into rounds with a 2-inch plain cutter. Spread thickly and evenly with cream. Lay a well-drained

in water. Drain. Boil the liquid with sugar to taste for 2 minutes. Pour on to the apricots and allow to stand till cold. Put into a well-greased pie-dish. Cream the butter and sugar. Add the egg, then milk, lastly sifted flour. Pour over the apricots. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve at once with custard or apricot sauce.

### PEACH DUMPLINGS

Dried peaches, sugar, lemon juice, short crust, icing sugar.

Soak the peaches for 36 hours. Then remove the skin. Sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice. Make the short crust, cut into equal pieces. Roll each portion into a round. Lay a peach in the centre, damp edge with water, and draw up pastry to completely cover the fruit. Glaze with water and sprinkle thickly with sugar. Place on greased tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Sprinkle with icing sugar and serve either hot or cold.

All these Recipes have been tested in our own kitchens



SWEET POACHED EGGS and peach dumplings. Serve with cream or custard. Delicious. See recipes.

apricot, round side up, in the centre to form the yolk of egg, or the apricot can be placed on the sponge cake first; then pipe the cream round to form the white of egg.

### APRICOT CHARLOTTE

Half pound dried apricots, 1 cup water, 5 tablespoons sugar, butter, breadcrumbs.

Wash the fruit. Soak in water for 24 hours. Drain off the liquid, put it into a saucepan, add sugar, and bring to the boil. Add fruit. Cook slowly for 5 minutes and allow to cool. Grease a fireproof dish, sprinkle thickly with crumbs, add a layer of fruit, then crumbs, and so on till dish is full, ending with thick layer of crumbs. Dot with butter. Bake in hot oven till top is brown. Serve hot with custard.

### APRICOT BUTTER

Quarter pound dried apricots, 5oz. sugar, 2 eggs, yolk and juice 1 lemon, 3oz. butter.

Wash the fruit. Soak in water for 24 hours; then drain. Keep 1 cup liquid. Beat eggs well, add the sugar, liquid, butter, lemon, and the soaked apricots. Stand the basin over a saucepan of boiling water and cook till thick like honey, stirring occasionally. Pour into wide-necked jars. Seal down. Use as filling for tarts and cakes.

### BAKED APRICOT RATTER

Four ounces dried apricots, sugar, water, 1oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-raising flour.

Wash the fruit and soak for 24 hours.

### PEACH PUFFS

Half pound flaky pastry, dried peaches, sugar, lemon juice.

Soak peaches for 24 hours. Remove the skin and drain well without breaking. Sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice. Make the pastry. Cut into rounds. Lay dried peach on a round, wet round edge, cover with another round, lightly pressing the edge. Glaze with water. Sprinkle with sugar. Place on greased tin. Bake in hot oven till pale brown.

### BAKED PEACH ROLL

Short crust, 1lb. dried peaches, water, sugar, lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Wash fruit. Completely cover with water, and soak 36 hours. Remove skins and drain. Make pastry. Roll out into oblong sheet, and lay the peaches on the pastry. Sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice. Roll up, and lay in a fireproof dish. Boil 1 cup of the liquid from peaches with sugar and butter for 1 minute. Pour over the peach roll. Bake in a moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Serve hot with custard.

### BOILED APRICOT ROLL

Half pound short crust, 1lb. dried apricots, water, sugar.

Wash the fruit. Completely cover with water and soak for 24 hours. Drain well. Make the short crust. Roll out into oblong sheet. Spread thickly with the soaked apricots. Sprinkle well with sugar. Roll up. Tie firmly in floured pudding cloth. Plunge into boiling water. Boil from 1½ to 2 hours. Turn on to hot dish. Use liquid from the apricots to make a sauce, thickened with arrowroot.

### PEACH FRITTERS

Dried peaches, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 egg, 8 tablespoons milk, frying fat, lemon juice, sugar.

Soak the peaches for 36 hours. Remove

HOET Holbrook says: My Anchovy Paste makes most tasty sandwiches. They're a treat for the "Buddy Party" also.

By RUTH FURST  
Cookery Expert to The  
Australian Women's  
Weekly



skins, and add the water. Allow to stand 36 hours, then skin the peaches. Put into a saucepan with water. Boil about 20 minutes, and add the sugar. Stir till sugar is well dissolved. Boil quickly till it "sets," when a small quantity is tested on a cold saucer. Bottle and seal down. Store in cool, dry place.

### STEAMED PEACH PUFF

Four ounces dried peaches, sugar and lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons milk, 4 tablespoons self-raising flour.

Wash the fruit, and soak in water for 36 hours. Remove the skin and drain well. Put the fruit in the bottom of a well-greased mould. Sprinkle well with sugar and lemon juice. Cream the butter and two tablespoons sugar. Add egg, then milk, lastly sifted flour. Pour this batter over the peaches, three-quarters filling the mould. Cover with greased paper. Steam about 1½ hours. Turn out and serve with custard or sauce.

### DRIED APRICOT JAM

One pound apricots, 3 pints of water, 1lb. sugar.

Wash apricots thoroughly to remove the grit, place in a preserving-pan with the water, and let stand 24 hours; then boil for 20 minutes. Add sugar and boil quickly until a good consistency is obtained. Bottle, and store.



The Oatine Cream at night to feed and cleanse the skin. Tube, 1/2; Jar, 2/6 and 4/6.

Dear Marge,  
I can't tell you how grateful I am to you. So few women would give away a beauty secret like that. Of course I went straight to the chemist and bought a tube of Oatine Powder Base and used it that evening. The Powder Base was quite sufficient without any powder. Everyone said how nice I looked and I don't have to touch my face at all. It stayed fresh and unshiny all the time. Then when I got home I cleaned my face with Oatine Cream. I'll never use any other beauty treatment. The Oatine preparations are wonderful—and so economical.

Obtainable at all Chemists or from Oatine (Aust.) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2458 M.M. Sydney.



In Two shades: Face & Body. A Jar, 2/6 and 4/6. A Tube, 1/2.



### "THE SECRETS OF SYNCOPATION"

is the title of a handsome new illustrated 44-page booklet describing the wonderful new Vocal course in Modern Music Syncopation! It is accompanied by a gramophone record containing a practical, personal demonstration of how you will play after completing the tuition. No matter where you live, I can teach you equally suited to Absolute Beginners, Medium or Advanced Standard (Classical) Pianists.



**YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED!**  
12 big Lessons, 40,000 Words of Text, 100 of Music Examples, Illustrations, Diagrams, etc., also a Book of over 100 "Jazz Breaks," a Syncopated Transcription and 3 Music Supplements. Write now for the booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and Gramophone Disc, enclosing 2/6 (Stamps or Postal Note).

**Teddie Garratt**

Studio W, Box 3848T, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Listen-in to 2SM every Monday evening at 9.30.

## A COOKING Competition That YOU'LL ENJOY

### Prizes for New Recipe Ideas

For many reasons you will enjoy this competition and find it worth while. Not only is it easy and interesting, but it is helping to circulate all the very best recipes round Australia. Recipes, little-known, unusual, and very good, thus come to every housewife reader.

If you have a good recipe, therefore, enter it in this competition. Just write it out clearly, and, marking the envelope "Best Recipes," send it to our offices. Just note prize-winning recipes for this week:

#### FRANGIPANNI PIE.

Chop quarter cup blanched almonds very fine, add 1 cup sugar and yolk of egg. Scald 1 1/2 cups milk, add to it 2 tablespoons cornflour, blended with 1

cup cold milk, and cook in a double boiler until slightly thickened. Then add mixture of almonds, sugar, and egg, together with four tablespoonsfuls of chopped preserved peaches, cherries, or strawberries, and four tablespoonsfuls of stale cake or macaroon crumbs. Cook over hot water for fifteen minutes. Cool and pour into pastry-lined pie pans and bake in hot oven for ten to fifteen minutes to set the pastry rims, then reduce the heat, and bake until done. Remove from the oven, top with a meringue made from the egg white, beaten very stiff with four tablespoons of granulated sugar. Brown delicately in a slow oven. Whipped cream served with this makes it a royal treat.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Fleming, Esq., Brisbane Valley Line, Qld.

#### DORSET APPLE CAKE.

Eight ounces plain flour, 4oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 gill of milk, 4oz. butter, 2 eggs, 4 apples.

Rub butter into flour and baking powder, and add sugar, peel and core apples, cut them into cubes, and add to flour mixture. Beat eggs, add milk, and add to dry ingredients to make a paste; spread this in a well-buttered, shallow cake tin in a moderate oven for an hour. Cut into squares. This cake can be used as pudding as well. Serve hot with boiled custard.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. L. Bale, 26 Belmore Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

#### CHOKO AND ORANGE HONEY.

One and a half dozen chokos, 9 oranges, 3lb. sugar, 3oz. preserved ginger, 1 1/2 cups water.

Peel the chokos under water to prevent the disagreeable stickiness usually associated with preparing them and drop into cold water when peeled. Cut into dice. Place in an earthenware dish and cover with one and a half cups



WHEN baking potatoes, grease them first with a little butter. When cooked they will be beautifully brown and crisp, with that glazed appearance which makes them so appetizing.

water and the same of sugar. Add the juice of nine oranges, then allow to stand overnight. The following day pour into a preserving pan, bring to boiling point, and allow to boil slowly for one hour. Then add grated rind of three oranges, the ginger and remaining sugar. Boil till honey stiffens, when a little is poured on a plate and has reached a bristly honey color. When cool, pour into jars and seal.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Evelyn Stone, Elgin St., Gordon, N.S.W.

#### RAINBOW DELIGHT.

Rinse individual jelly moulds with cold water. Arrange on the bottom halved crystallised cherries and angelica to form a floral decoration. Pour in partially set green jelly to fill the moulds to a depth of 1 inch. Allow to set. Fill the moulds with pieces of sponge cake, allowing spaces between the cake. Pour the following mixture over the cake pieces and allow to set:

Soak 4 sheets gelatine in cold water. When soft, put 1 pint milk, beaten yolks of 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, and gelatine in a saucepan. Stir over the fire until the gelatine dissolves, but do not allow to boil. Fold in beaten whites of the 2 eggs and add sufficient coloring to tint a delicate pink. When set, turn out on to sweet dishes. Surround with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. M. Jackson, Middleton St., Highbury, Vic.

#### MYSTERY CAKE.

Half cup butter, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 1/2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 2 eggs, 4 teaspoons baking powder.

Cream butter, add sugar and beaten eggs. Mix well, and add (sifted together) half the flour, baking powder, salt and spices. Add milk and remainder of dry ingredients. Bake two-thirds of this mixture in two greased layer tins, and to the remaining third add one tablespoon cocoa, which has been mixed with tablespoon boiling water. Use this for middle layer. Bake layers in hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Use following mixture as filling and lying between layers and on top of cake:

Two tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon good strong vanilla essence, 2 cups icing sugar, 3 tablespoons strong coffee (liquid).

Cream butter. Add sugar and cocoa very slowly, beating until light and fluffy. Add vanilla and coffee slowly, a few drops at a time, making soft enough to spread.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss C. Whitley, 32 Lorton St., Devonport, Tas.

#### EMPIRE TRIFLE

Made with Australian dried fruits. Soak 2oz. dried peaches, 2oz. dried apricots, and 2oz. dried pears in enough boiled cold water to cover them well. Next day drain off the water and boil it with 1oz. loaf sugar, and the juice of half a lemon, for five minutes; put in the soaked fruits and simmer until they are tender. Then strain off the syrup and boil it quickly until it is reduced to a teaspoonful. Leave to cool. Line a glass dish with split sponge fingers, cover with a layer of the fruit, then more sponge and more fruit. Pour the syrup over and leave to soak; then cover with a thick boiled custard and serve cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. R. Coates, Richmond Rd., Richmond, S.A.

#### Four "VAREX"

##### Applications . . .

##### Heal Bad Leg

W.D.R. states that an ulcer which had given him pain for five years was completely healed after four applications of Varex. A simple, soothing, home treatment for various ulcers at any stage of development. No rest is required. Permanent results. Write to-day for free booklet and all information to Ernest Hawley, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymally's Building, 424 George Street, Sydney, 927 Collins Street, Melbourne. S.S. 23

### DEAF

The New "AUDI-EAR"

NO BATTERIES  
NO CORDS  
NO NOISE  
WORN WITH LIGHT  
HEAD BAND  
Absolutely New  
Acoustical Principle.  
Write for Particulars.



E. ESDALE & SONS  
Scientific Instrument Makers and Opticians,  
42 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY

EMPIRE PRODUCT  
Australia's favourite  
salmon. In two grades.  
Red and Gold Labels.

**ALLY SALMON**  
1/4, 1/2 & 1 lb. tins

You want  
CHARM?  
PUT ON

**KAYSER**

Lingerie



• Kaiser makes this Pyjama in "Dullette" and trims it on the front with Alencon lace. Short sleeves trimmed the same way too. And a tie at the waist, as you see. Tea, Rose, Blue, Apple. Your Draper has it - It's Style Number 8638.

9/11



• It's smart! It's snug! It's slimming! It's a dashing Pyjama in Kaiser's "Dullette" fabric, with short sleeves and tie at waist. Two-tone effects of Blue/Pink, Esterelle Blue/Tea Rose, Spray Green/Pink. Style Number 8642 at your Draper.

9/11

## PERSONAL TREATMENT BY MAIL!

For years this remarkable young man, CHEMIST ROUSH, has been healing by means of the RADIO, his wonderful lectures being appreciated all over Australia. He now offers his services FREE to you.

If your health is troubling you . . . no matter how hopeless your case may seem, WRITE TO-DAY.

No charge is made for advice, and if he can do nothing for you he will tell you in a straightforward manner. Hundreds of grateful letters testifying to the wonderful results of his personal treatment may be seen at his rooms.

Read what Mrs. D. G. F. (Woombye) writes:—"After having been given up by three doctors and spent hundreds of pounds, I sent for your treatment. After 2 months I am completely cured, much to the astonishment of my friends. My previous doctor says it is marvellous, and I cannot thank you enough. Your personal treatment is a miracle."

Treatments are specialised for in the following complaints: Asthma and hayfever, Dyspepsia and ulceration of the stomach, Kidney trouble, Rheuma, neuritis, dermatitis, and all skin complaints, Nerves, headaches, and loss of vitality, Catarrh, Antrum trouble without operations, Sinus affections, Ulcerated legs, Varicose veins, Blood pressure, Rheumatism, Rheumatoid-Arthritis, Dandruff.

Readers suffering from any of the above complaints are invited to write (enclosing stamped envelope) or call on CHEMIST ROUSH, the RADIO chemist, 4th Floor, Colonial Mutual Building, Queen St., Brisbane, Q. Phone, B 4234. Hours: Monday to Friday, 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.; Saturday, 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

SEND FOR FREE DIAGNOSIS CHART



CHEMIST ROUSH,  
The holder of 9 Gold Medals

**ANCHOVY**

HOST, HOLBROOK says:

"For the picnic or the party my Anchovy Paste makes delicious sandwiches."

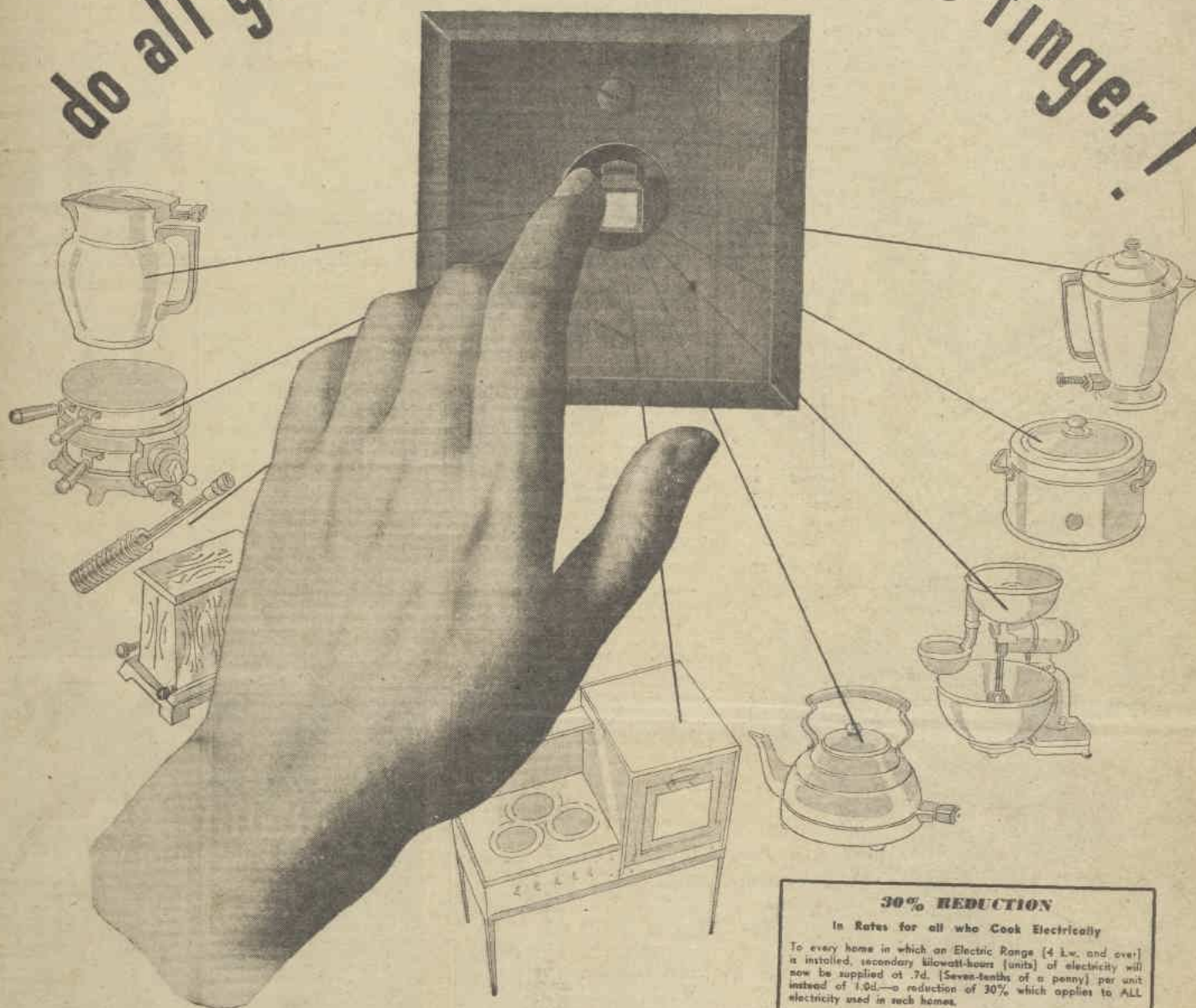
I have other varieties of Fish and Meat Pastes: BLOATER, Salmon, Salmon & Shrimp, Chicken & Ham, Ham & Tongue, Veal & Tongue, Turkey & Tongue."

**HOLBROOKS**

**ANCHOVY PASTE**



do all your cooking with *one* finger!



### 30% REDUCTION

In Rates for all who Cook Electrically

To every home in which an Electric Range (4 l.w. and over) is installed, secondary kilowatt-hours (units) of electricity will now be supplied at .7d. (Seven-tenths of a penny) per unit instead of 1.0d.—a reduction of 30% which applies to ALL electricity used in such homes.

**T**HE woman who owns an electric range can cook a meal with one finger... she has only to press a switch! She has no toil or fatigue, no discomfort from fumes, smoke or kitchen heat, no worry, no uncertainty. By electricity she does better cooking at lower cost—a cost of less than a penny a person per day!

And, in addition to the electric range, there are other cooking appliances... wonderfully inexpensive... some of them costing no more than a few shillings, and all available from your electrical retailer on the easiest of terms.

Electric toasters which will toast 30 slices of bread at a cost of 1d. Electric waffle irons which, for a penny-

worth of electricity, will make 30 waffles for you! Coffee percolators, producing 25 cups of perfect coffee for the same tiny sum! Electric grillers, egg boilers, jugs and kettles... all ready to cook for you quickly, faithfully and economically at the simple touch of a switch.

#### ELECTRIC RANGES ON EASY TERMS

DEPOSIT: 20 per cent. of purchase price.

TERMS: 2 years to pay the balance.

INSTALLATION: FREE—up to cost of 20.

REDUCED RATES for all household electricity.

Consult your Electrical Retailer about this offer.

#### Ask the Nearest Electrical Retailer About These Inexpensive Appliances

Close to your home is a friendly and expert electrical retailer ready and anxious to help, qualified and willing to advise; fully prepared to supply modern, approved electrical appliances on the easiest of terms. Why not let this expert help you—to-day?

# DO IT WITH ELECTRICITY

THE ELECTRICITY DEPARTMENT

The Municipal Council of Sydney

Town Hall, Sydney EP-12



# HORDERN BROTHERS 1935

## Beachwear



One of our distinctive types—designed for a slimming effect. Seams to fit like your skin . . . actually, moulds your figure. Illustration is in red with white and black insets. Sizes 34, 36, 38, At **21/-**

**21/-**

**11/9**

Plain Brasiers, Top Ribbed Knit Surf Suit . . . firm and clinging. Black, cardinal or royal, S.W., W. and royal and black in O.S. PRICE **11/9**

**12/11**

Closely fitting Ribbed Knit Surf Suit with striped inset. Backless with white contrast stappings to waist. Black, green, royal, S.W., W., O.S. **12/11**

**2/11**

**7/11**

### MANNEQUIN PARADE All This Week

An intensely interesting parade of new Beachwear and "Lustre" Lingerie will take place at 3 p.m. daily in our 3rd floor showroom—Monday 23rd to Friday 27th September.

Well-cut Beach Shirt of linen finished lawn, S.W., W. fittings. PRICE **2/11**

Beach Shorts freely pleated so that they fall like a skirt. White only. S.W. and W. PRICE **7/11**

# HORDERN BROTHERS

## EATING OFF PICTURES! Famous Artists Design Table Service



DINNER PLATE and dish, part of the spirited "Circus" set, by Dame Laura Knight, showing at the modern pottery exhibition. On the plate note the ring of spectators, the dividing aisle, the gaudy circus decoration represented, and, particularly, the humorous backs of the clowns. A clown forms the handle to the dish.

A unique display, illustrating a revolutionary development in pottery, was seen at an exhibition of modern china opened by Lady Hore-Ruthven last week. World-famous artists have designed for dinner, coffee, teaset — pieces so lovely, so individual, that diners will truly be able to say they are dining off pictures.

FOR the first time, it is now possible to have signed work of famous artists right at the dinner table.

Twenty-five living artists—renowned for textile designs, for painting ships, or for painting circuses—have tried their hands at pottery designing. Each artist, to fit the rooms and tables of this generation, has designed pieces vivid, fresh, and imbued with the modern spirit of home decoration. New blood has introduced a spirit of gay adventure, with the result that pieces are amazing and revolutionary, but quite delightful.

The idea first started when Clarice Cliff copied Frank Brangwyn's House of Lords murals. These were exquisitely and faithfully reproduced as plaques, considerably reduced in size.

In pottery, with the wonderful colors of the flora and fauna of the British Empire, an amazing jewelled effect has been attained. Frank Brangwyn used real-life models for his people, and these have all been beautifully and realistically reproduced on pottery.

When this was so successful, reproductions from works by Dame Laura Knight were made in pottery, and then famous artists, quite apart from professionals, were asked to design.

Dame Laura Knight has designed a circus dinner service, part of which is shown on this page. Here are seen scenes from the sawdust ring—40 pieces of a dinner service showing ballet dancers, clowns throwing somersaults, horses prancing to the crack of a whip—all studies from real life. She has also designed a teaset in soft browns and black china, with plum lustre border, which she calls "The Flood." The wide border is bespattered with white raindrops, and the centre shows various scenes from Biblical history.

Mr. John Everett, veteran painter of sailing ships, designed tiny little pictures of the ship Cutty Sark, in black upon blue and sea-green. Then there

is Ernest Proctor with his Courtship and Marriage morning set—on the plate courtship, round the leaping marriage, and storms are not lacking. He has also designed a colorful "Fairings" design for a tea service. Then Paul Nash has several modern designs—One teaset in ivory and tea-leaf brown, flecked with greyish blue, is delightful.

Clarice Cliff, for the first time, has been able to reproduce in pottery a crayon effect in a dinner service with charming outdoor scenes.

## Make Your Hair Glorious



## Gro-Grow

is the marvellous new scientific discovery for toning up your hair.

Rub it well into the roots with finger-tips and brush hair thoroughly to be rid of dandruff. Its continual use will make your hair healthy, fluffy, lustrous, and increase growth amazingly. 2/- a jar everywhere, or post free on receipt of the price by MARNE & CO., LTD., Wholesale Chemists, SYDNEY.

"Miles Better than Brilliantine."

★—ASTROLOGY—★

Will I always be unlucky?  
When will my conditions improve?  
Will I realise my ambitions?  
What are my future prospects?  
An answer to all your questions and Full Astrological Reading for 2/6. Send P.N. 24 stamp. Birth-date to A. MOORE, Box 3157R, G.P.O., Sydney.

## The RURAL BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

\* Fixed deposits accepted at the following rates:

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| 1 per cent per annum for 3 months | 11/- |
| 11/-                              | 6    |
| 21/-                              | 12   |
| 24/-                              | 24   |

Interest paid half yearly

## Metals and Fabrics too.

best cleaned with

# SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

That's where Scrubb's scores—it's as ready to help you wash clothes snow-white as to bring back the lost brilliancy of jewellery—as willing to clean silver to mirror-brightness as to polish the porcelain of bathroom or kitchen a dazzling white. Indispensable, too, for washing dishes, freshening carpets and curtains, whitening linens and laces. Keep Scrubb's handy!

Have you tried Scrubb's Ammoniated LIQUID BATH SALTS? Delightfully refreshing, and far superior to bath crystals for water-softening, cleansing and perfuming! In five captivating perfumes.

## SMART WEAR for Race Week.

IN readiness for race week, Grace Bros. are making a special showing of imported race wear, all during this week and next. The exclusive collection covers gowns for all occasions during the race week festivities, race ensembles, cocktail, dinner, and evening frocks.

Included are many striking imported American models, also some exclusive creations by Diana Stuart. Much navy for afternoon wear is in evidence throughout the collection. Navy is often combined with white or red, and sometimes with both.

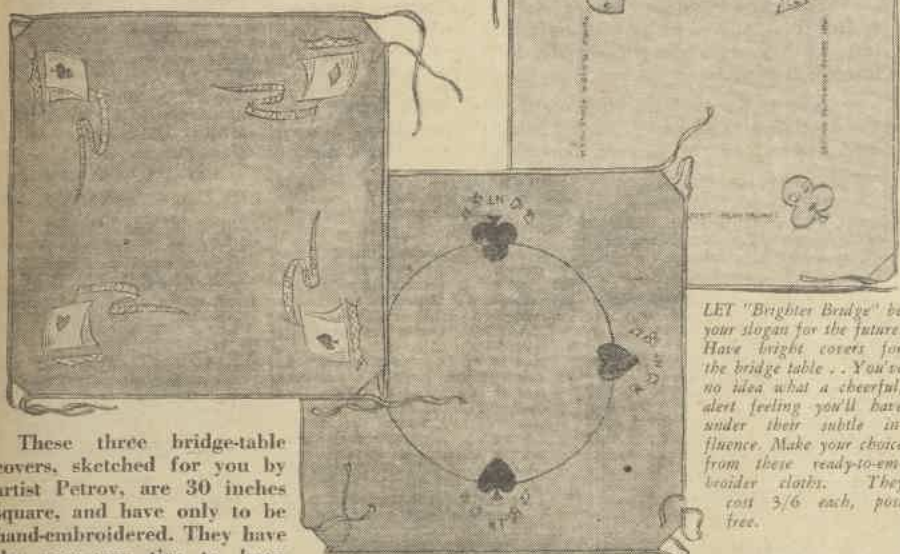
Florals predominate for evening wear, mostly in large all-over patterns offset by dark sashes. For instance, a dusty pink floral chiffon shows a multi-colored pattern and is finished with a wide sash of plain navy taffeta. Grace Bros. are also showing new groups of accessories specially selected for this interesting collection.



# NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

## DESIGNED for BRIGHTER BRIDGE

Cute Card Table Covers  
... And They're Available at  
Our Office!



These three bridge-table covers, sketched for you by artist Petrov, are 30 inches square, and have only to be hand-embroidered. They have the necessary ties to keep them secure upon the table. An ordinary cloth is inclined to slip about.

THE cover, top right, has certain well-known bridge conventions—almost the basic rules of bridge—to be worked along the sides. When you're sitting, wondering what on earth to lead, receive inspiration here. It's made of durable hollyhock.

The central cover is pretty ornamental, in fine linen crash. An attractive design features the four card suits at each side. The four cards are applied on and, to make a really successful cover, it would be best—from the point of view of appearance and wear—to buttonhole over the stitching by hand. It won't take long. The third cover quite uniquely combines a sailing-ship motif. See four sailing ships, a-sailing with cards held upon their sails. Banners gaily fly—clubs, diamonds, spades, and hearts. It's made in hollyhock, too. These three designs may be obtained in brown, blue, or green. They're all the same price, 3/6, which includes postage. Send in to our office for them!

LET "Brighter Bridge" be your slogan for the future. Have bright covers for the bridge table. You're no idea what a cheerful, alert feeling you'll have under their subtle influence. Make your choice from these ready-to-embroider cloths. They cost 3/6 each, post free.

## A Bow that is DIFFERENT ... Crochet It and Wear It!

Costs a Few Pence and Can Be Worked in a Few Hours.

Those of you who like to display individuality will hasten to make this dainty bow. Needless to say how smartly it will launder, nor how fashionable it will be throughout spring and summer.

ALL you need is one ball of mercer cotton, a No. 1 steel crochet hook, two No. 14 steel needles, and a clip.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.e., double crochet; st., stitch; tr., treble. Begin with 100 ch., turn with 1 d.e. in 3rd ch. from hook, then 1 d.e. in each ch. Next Row: 7 ch. 1 d.e. in 4th ch. from hook, 4 ch. 1 tr. in 5th foundation ch. XX 4 ch. 1 d.e. in 1st ch. 4 ch. 1 tr. in every 5th ch. (Pivot stitch.)

Repeat from XX across row. Next Row: XX 7 ch. 1 d.e. in 4th ch. from hook, 4 ch. 1 tr. in 2nd pivot. Work picots across row.

Repeat from XX to make 10 rows. Now increase by working 2 picots in end loops on next 4 rows. Work 6 more rows. Break off. This is one side. Repeat for second side, join and gather up.

Cast on 20 sts. on No. 14 needles, and work 3 inches. Join over gathering. Add clip.



A BALL of mercer cotton and a crochet-hook—and off you go on the road to individual smartness!

## A Pocket for Your Papers —Your Knitting or Your Needlework. Attach It to an Armchair!

An armchair pocket, made of cretonne or any other serviceable material, tied on to the back of a chair, is a very useful thing. You will be able to store the current papers, your knitting or needlework, and know just where to put your hand on them when wanted.

THIS pocket is very simple to make. You will need only 4 yards of material (linen, crash, or gingham would serve just as well as cretonne) and sufficient tape to tie the bag to the chair and fasten the flap.

Here are directions for making: Open the material and turn a narrow hem at each end; turn up one end for 14 inches on the wrong side, and machine down both sides. Now turn a narrow hem on each side of flap, turn down, and fasten with tape 2 inches in from each edge.

Sew a short length of tape each side at the back of the bag where the flap folds over, then sew two pieces corresponding in width to the back of the chair, and tie the bag on. It can then be easily removed for laundering.



## Reduce and HIPS 10 DAYS WITH the SLIMFORM PERFORATED GIRDLE

WEAR IT FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE



"I read an ad. of the Slimform Co. and sent for their FREE folder!"

"They actually allowed me to wear the Slimform for 10 days on trial..."

"The massage-like action did it... the fat seemed to have melted away!"

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds!"

## You can TEST the SLIMFORM GIRDLE and BRASSIERE For 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE want you to try the Slimform Perforated Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself—in your Own Home—for 10 Days at Our Expense. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around WAIST and HIPS, they will cost you nothing!

### NO DIET, DRUGS, OR EXERCISES!

The wonderful part of the Slimform Girdle method of reducing, is its absolute Safety and Comfort. You take No Drugs—No Exercise—You Eat Normal Meals—and yet we Guarantee you will Reduce at least 3 inches in 10 days or it will Cost You Nothing!

### THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY, and SAFELY

The massage-like action of these astounding Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

### KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. There is no irritation, chafing or discomfort, it keeps the body cool and fresh at all times. It gives perfect freedom of action whilst walking, dancing, golfing, swimming, surfing and at all sports.

### SEND FOR 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL OFFER

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this efficient Slimform Girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny, try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the results.

Do not wait any longer as the offer is limited. Send 2d. stamp for Leaflet Illustrating and Describing the Slimform Girdle and Brassiere and particulars of the 10 Days Free Trial Offer.

SLIMFORM GIRDLE CO.  
No. 20 National Buildings,  
250 Pitt Street, Sydney.

## SONG MEMORIES REVIVED BY THE 'BISTO KIDS'



Sing, to the tune of—

## Two lovely black eyes

(With acknowledgments to Messrs. Francis, Day & Hunter)

Two lovely meat pies,  
Oh! what a surprise,  
Flavoured with Bisto,  
So we can be sure,  
Of two lovely meat pies.

# BISTO

for meat pies that appetite



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SUPPLIED IN 5 ODOURS SOLD EVERYWHERE

Sent 6d. in Stamps to G.P.O., Box 1639 JJ, Sydney, for sample of Face Powder, small tube of Face Cream, and Sachet.

(Mention this Paper)





# INFLUENZA

## COUGHS & COLDS

READ THIS LETTER FROM  
Rev. F. H. RAYWARD

Supt., Central Methodist  
Mission, Newcastle.

The Manager,  
"HEENZO."

Dear Sir,

For several years the Newcastle Central Methodist Mission has been conducting a Hostel and also a Night Shelter for destitute men. Being frequently ill-clad and undernourished, these men are particularly susceptible to all manner of throat and chest troubles. For the last three winters I have arranged for a supply of "Heenzo" which has been taken with most beneficial effect. As a matter of fact, I would not care to face a winter without a supply of this remarkably effective remedy for the men. The economy of "Heenzo" is a wonderful recommendation from my standpoint, and when this cheapness is matched by effectiveness, one has an ideal medicine for throat and chest troubles.

Yours faithfully, F. H. RAYWARD.

Influenza is again prevalent in Australia. Sufferers are advised to take all precautions, as neglect of this ailment generally leads to pneumonia. It's a sure sign you're getting influenza if your head aches, your eyes run and your back pains you, or your throat is sore. The first thing to do is to go straight to bed, and keep warm—it's sheer madness to try and fight it off. You might win, but the chances are you will finish up with something more serious. Be sensible and go to bed, keep the bowels open (preferably with castor oil). Then every three hours take half a teaspoonful of concentrated Heenzo (straight from the original bottle) in half a wineglass of hot water. The medicinal properties of Heenzo will keep the influenza germ in check and open the pores of the skin, causing the patient to perspire freely. To guard against a relapse DON'T leave bed until 24 hours after the temperature has abated. To soothe the throat and ease the chest, in cases where the coughing is troublesome, take Heenzo made up as a family cough syrup (instructions on the bottle). As well as being a wonderfully efficient remedy for chest and throat ailments Heenzo is a great money-saver. A two-shilling bottle of concentrated Heenzo, when added to sweetened water, makes a family supply equal in quantity and superior in quality to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the usual made-up cough remedies that would cost up to £1. You will be delighted with the speedy way Heenzo soothes sore throats, eases the chest, and banishes coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, influenza, and whooping-cough. Order a bottle of Heenzo from your chemist or store to-day, and keep it handy for use at the first sign of chest and throat ailments. An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure.

# HEENZO

should be used in every home.

## MODERNISE....

### YOUR BATHROOM AND KITCHEN

With  
**TILUX**  
MARBLE-FINISHED WALL PANELS

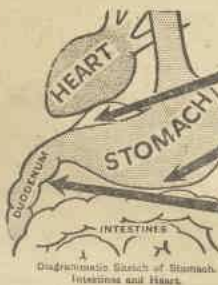
GIVE Added Charm and Luxury to your home by using these beautiful marble-finished wall panels for covering your Bathroom and Kitchen Walls. "TILUX" is always Artistic and Immaculate... Fire Retardant and Waterproof... Hygienic and Easy to Clean.

Only a fraction of the cost of tiles fixed! Easily and quickly erected. Eight beautiful colours. Write for sample and illustrated pamphlet—FREE AND POST FREE!

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### Is your trouble

**HERE** Painful distension of the stomach by gases from fermenting food. Excess acidity is the trouble. Flatulence, heartburn and palpitation are the symptoms.

**HERE** Inflamed or ulcerated stomach. The continual action of hot stomach acids on the lining of a weak stomach eventually causes painful inflammation (gastritis or dyspepsia), and in extreme cases, stomach ulcers.

**or HERE** Duodenal ulcers. Excess outpouring of stomach acids attack the lining of the duodenum. Agonying gnawing pain is the symptom. This pain often disappears directly after a meal, only to recur with agonising intensity shortly after.

## FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

### Our Friends—The Vitamin Family

No. 1

By MARY TRUBY KING

The nursing mother has special need of vitamin content in her food, and in order to supply this need a great proportion of her nourishment should be taken in its natural uncooked form.

Just as the vitamin content of cow's milk depends on the food fed to the cow, so the vitamin content of human milk depends on the vitamin-richness of the mother's diet.

THE nursing mother's chief articles of diet should be milk, fruit, cereals, eggs, and raw and green vegetables. Butter, cream and cheese are all very valuable. A little meat may be taken, but is not necessary. Wholemeal bread should replace the devitalised white bread. Dates, figs, and honey should take the place of chocolates and jams.

It seems a pity that we should spend thousands of pounds yearly in building hospitals in which mankind is cured of illnesses arising from faulty feeding habits, rather than spend that money on instructing the public as to the right types of food to take, and making provision for it to procure such foods at a moderate cost.

In general, we eat far too much cooked, dried, tinned, condensed, boiled, baked

Tomatoes are an excellent source of this vitamin, but must be carefully chosen and seeds removed before giving the correct amount to a baby.

THEN there is another vitamin, vitamin B, or the anti-neuritic vitamin, which prevents us from getting general neuritis. When you go into a milk bar and order a milk shake with yeast, you obtain in the yeast an abundance of vitamin B.

Those of us who (unfortunately) do not frequent milk bars may obtain their vitamin B from using the brown, unpolished rice instead of white rice, and semolina instead of ground rice. Wholemeal bread and potatoes are also good sources of vitamin B, as are bran, asparagus, beans, cabbage, spinach and tomatoes.

A Japanese training ship once set out on a long voyage with a cargo of poi-

### What a Baby Can do

It can be a charming  
and model infant when  
no one is about, but  
when visitors are present  
it can exhibit more bad  
temper than both its  
parents put together.



and fried foods, neglecting the fact that the living matter in such foods is partially or wholly destroyed by these processes.

Let me give you an instance of this. Spinach and cabbage have long been known to be preventives of the disease called scurvy, in which the body grows thin, becomes anaemic, and is subject to internal haemorrhages. In 1775 the British Admiralty had a quantity of spinach dried and put aboard ships which were undertaking long voyages. It was found, however, that, unlike fresh spinach, dried spinach had no power to prevent scurvy, and that the saving of space by drying the vegetables meant great loss of life.

Breast-fed babies rarely develop scurvy, and when they do it is because of a lack of vitamin C in the mother's diet. Artificially-fed babies are attacked by scurvy when fed on dried and condensed milks or patent foods, without the necessary addition of orange or other fresh fruit or vegetable juice.

ished rice as its food supply. On reaching home, 169 men out of the crew of 276 were laid low with beri-beri (general neuritis). On the next voyage, the captain issued additional foods to his crew. Fourteen decided not to take the milk and meat, and sticking to their polished rice, were the only members of the crew to be ill with beri-beri at the end of the voyage!

THERE are two more important vitamins to be considered—vitamins A and D. Vitamin A prevents a serious eye disease called xerophthalmia. It is found in the green leaves of vegetables, and in carrots, eggs, milk, cream, butter, ice cream, wheat kernel and cod liver oil.

Vitamin D, known as the anti-rachitic vitamin, is found chiefly in halibut liver oil and cod liver oil. Expectant and nursing mothers would do well to take a small quantity of cod liver oil emulsion daily.

(To be Continued.)

## NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of  
Skin Preparation.



From Actual Photo  
(Untouched)  
Mrs. Helen Bagmore,  
Bundaberg, aged 57.  
Taken on July 1934,  
1934.



From Actual Photo  
(Untouched)  
Mrs. Helen Bagmore,  
Bundaberg, aged 57.  
Taken on July 22nd, 1934,  
after 4 applications  
of New Plasmic.

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the Skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG.  
YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG.  
BLEMISHED SKINS MADE PERFECT.

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE  
DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL  
BE AMAZED.

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION or Large Tube, sufficient for twelve treatments, posted free to any address for 5/-.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full directions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamps.

JOHN AFRIAT, Radio House,  
296 Pitt Street, Sydney.

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By EUCRASY with 40 Years' Success.

"20 years ago you cured my husband from I want it for a man." writes a grateful woman. "You can bring happiness to YOUR home by using Eucrasy."

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Persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder regulates the system so that you can digest your food, excess acidity is avoided and your pains vanish for good.

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## DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all Chemists  
and Stores,  
in sky-blue  
Canister — 2/6



## PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

# OUR FASHION SERVICE and Free Pattern!



**GRACEFUL DINNER GOWN.**  
WW506A.—An informal evening gown is one of your wardrobe's essentials—suitable for dinner and evening wear. In this model, shirring uniquely introduces fullness into bodice and prettily puffed sleeves. Material for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**SHE WILL LOVE IT.**  
WW507A.—Can you imagine anything more suitable, and sweetly becoming, for a young girl? Note soft frill round the pockets to match the pretty collar. Pattern for 12 and 14 years. Material for 14 years: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

**FOR TWO AND FOUR YEARS.**  
WW508A.—This style lends itself admirably to smocking and embroidery, and you will be able to make your wee girl a really lovely frock. Pattern is for 2 and 4 years. Material for 4 years: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

**DOUBLE-BREASTED STYLE.**  
WW509A.—Your little boy will look spruce and trim in a summer suit made in this design. Shirt is double-breasted, pants button on. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material for 4 years: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

**POPULAR ENSEMBLE.**  
WW510A.—This is a very finished, elegant example of the ever-popular ensemble. Coat is worn loose and open, and sleeves are short and full. Material for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**FOR SPORTS WEAR.**  
WW511A.—Not only for sports, but for everyday wear, you will love this natty

design. Note square tabbed front, matching pockets, and raglan sleeves. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**VERY APPEALING.**  
WW512A.—Cascaded flares on sleeves and bodice, caught up by flowers, make lovely trimming for this dressy model. Belt is of contrast. Delightful for hot days. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**NOTE NEW NECKLINE.**  
WW513A.—The round, buttoned neckline, finished with contrast, will particularly appeal to you, as will the whole simple, modern style. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches

wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**DAINTY BOUDOIR JACKET.**  
WW514A.—For many occasions you

will feel the need of a boudoir jacket. Trimmed with lace, and threaded with ribbon, this is a very dainty design. Material for 36-inch bust: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

## Send For This FREE Three-in-One PATTERN

Providing  
for Three  
Delightful  
Blouse  
Styles . . .

Pattern is for  
36-inch bust.  
Material: 2½  
yards, 36 inches  
wide.  
Blouse with  
short sleeves: 1½  
yards, 36 inches  
wide.  
No. 1 collar: 1  
yard, 36 inches  
wide

Whoever saw smarter, more becoming blouses than these—all made from the one pattern! Sleeves are varied and new, and the neckline may be made business-like, dressy, or sporty.



## FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1s. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PINKY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of 1s. per coupon will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

ADelaide.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 389A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 165, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 413X, G.P.O., Sydney.  
TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mathers and Co. Pty. Ltd., 100-115 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please send addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

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## 70 minutes SUN-BAKING can poison your blood!



### FIERY BURNS CAN SCAR FOR LIFE!

Sunshine is mysterious! It can be highly beneficial to the skin under control, but haphazard sunbaking is always fraught with the gravest danger.

#### SUN-TAN Benefits— SUNBURN Destroys!

Suntan looks gorgeous on women and children, and harmless on men. But sunburn not only causes sickness, pain and, possibly, scars; but it gives rise to poisons that enter the bloodstream and sometimes endanger life. Avoiding how quickly this poison can develop, in hot sunshine. Yet so simple to prevent it!

#### Protect Yourself— Protect the Children . . .

Sunburn is avoidable—easily, and at trifling cost! By using 'COOLTAN', a marvellous, scientific, grassless cream, you get a rich, tropical copper-tinted tan in 2 hours, or less, and you definitely safeguard yourself against the possibility of dangerous burning. Children, too, are given full and proper protection. If already burnt through neglecting to use Cooltan, this Cream takes out the pain like magic.

#### Melts Like Snow— Acts Like Magic!

The medically-approved constituents of Cooltan develop the tanning rays of the sun, while absorbing and neutralising the harmful burning rays. Nothing else as good as Cooltan—safest for children, and best for adults. Don't waste your money on messy glorified coconut oil creams that merely tan you—get a much better tan and positive, reliable protection against deadly, ugly sunburn—at the same time—by using COOLTAN. All Chemists and Stores sell Cooltan in large tubes at 2/-, each—money back if not delighted with results.

\* Note: 'Cooltan' is the popular Suntan and anti-sunburn cream in England. English Chemists recommend it in preference to all other preparations. Reject false substitutes.

### 'COOLTAN'

Changes a SunBURN that Smarts into a Sun TAN that's Smart! Nothing like Cooltan!





"I feel a different person"

"I am writing to tell you the effect your Clements Tonic had on me."

"I suffered with muscular Rheumatism in both arms for nearly twelve months. Some days I could not lift a cup of tea across the table, and to write a letter was a real effort, having to rest between the pages for my arms ached so."

"Have tried all sorts of Lotions and Salts, which seemed to have no effect. I have taken two bottles only of your tonic and feel a different person, and I am entirely free of pain."

"Am keeping a third bottle in the house and will recommend the tonic to my friends. It is a splendid thing for nerves."

(Mrs.) H.M.R.

(Original letter on file for inspection)

Prices in all Capital Cities in the Commonwealth 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all Chemists and Stores.

**CLEMENTS TONIC**

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

Even one bottle of Clements Tonic can make a really amazing change. However tired, run-down and 'sorey' you may be, you too will feel a different person after taking Clements Tonic—the natural nerve-food.



## TRAVEL MADE HIM CONSTIPATED

Salesman Says Kruschen the Only Thing

To Keep Him "On His Toes"

"I am a commercial traveller," writes a correspondent, "and due to endless travelling by train, I find that I become constipated if I do not keep myself well purged. Kruschen Salts is the only thing that will do this effectively, and not interfere with my work. I take a large dose of Kruschen every Saturday night, and on Sunday, when I have no work to do, the Salts act on me. On week days I take a small dose the first thing on rising. It is necessary that I be 'on my toes' all through the day, and this is the only way that it possibly can be done. I have tried other laxatives, and they have proven to be either unreliable or harsh in their action."

—V. L.

Half the ills which afflict humanity can be traced to one root cause. That cause is internal sluggishness: failure to keep the system free from poisonous waste matter. Auto-toxicosis, or self-poisoning, is the inevitable penalty. Kruschen Salts is Nature's recipe for maintaining a condition of internal cleanliness. The six salts in Kruschen stimulate your internal organs to smooth, regular action. Your system is thus kept clear of those impurities which, if allowed to accumulate, lower the whole tone of the system.



The action of Kruschen is a combined action. Each of its six salts supports the others in stimulating the bodily functions from a number of different angles. Thus the exact proportion of the six salts is of supreme importance. That is why every batch of Kruschen Salts is tested and standardised by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling. Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 per bottle.

## BARBARIAN MAID

Continued from Page 38

"YOU try, and I'll stoush the face off y'r bones!" returned George.

It might have been difficult for an outsider to determine the exact degree of hostility between these two. As a matter of fact it was no more than classical badinage in the best fashion. For presently George reached down into his canoe and plucked up a netted bundle of bright steel bars and beautiful ratcheted gears, which he proceeded to set together like a jeweller with a watch.

The result was a device rather resembling a gigantic tin opener—which, in fact, it was—and Cap'n Denny himself felt moved to approve the handicraft of his coadjutor and late graduate from Darlinghurst Gaol.

"That's dinkum, b'y! Now we got two hours, anyway, before anybody can catch up on us. Two good hours for a getaway. Can y' make it?"

George had already padded his burden into the cross-companion, where he looked the job over.

"Fifteen minutes on this," he judged curtly.

Actually, it took him rather less. And the young lady nymph seated on the bollard was then and there privileged to observe such a demonstration of skill and cleverness as was undreamed even in her philosophy.

The way the ship lay canted, her after companion still lay partly out of water. The purser's little wicket desk occupied a space beside the safe. The safe itself presented a bulging nose of blued chrome steel of the very latest burglar-proof pattern, solidly set into the bulkhead. On to this, with the centre of the knob as his target, George started the diamond bur of his gadget. Then, while he ran the gears, a chilled knife blade harder than any blued chrome began slipping sweetly round the entire lock. And the rest was no more than taking the top off a tin of tomatoes.

It was Cap'n Denny who swung the door open and grabbed the swag from inside—a charnois-skin pouch which he jingled jovially against his ear. It was Cap'n Denny who also fated out the purser's cashbox. "Scotch'n' more for that measure, eh? And the pick-o' the pantry to carry along with, ah? And what d'y' say for a neat little champagne shipwreck, George?" he triumphed.

It was George, however, who retained a rather more practical view. "That's right." Wiping away the sweat of honest toil, he had already packed the parts of his gadget neatly and methodically in the netted bag of his profession.

"That's right," he admitted, laconic. "But wot are we goin' to do abaht this?"

"Abaht what?" said George, and thrust a sudden thumb towards the young lady nymph. "She's seen us, ain't she? She knows us, don't she? And she'll 'ave us on the pat if it ever comes for identifying us, won't she? You got a neat idea for disappearin' all right. But I learned at Darlin'urst. 'Never leave a witness be'ind you!'

"Good jakes!" exclaimed Cap'n Denny. "Because he saw the implication for the first time, his fat jaw went white. Because it was something he had completely overlooked, it made him swear more unquietly."

My oath! If I didn't clean forgot her! It's a fact, George," he gasped. "I thought I 'ad everything tried up all so dinky-dinky! And now we got this gal. What t' hell can we do with her?"

"Well," replied George, on a lifted fang of his own judicial humor, "with a gal like that, I wouldn't mind takin' 'er along with us!"

They looked to forward and to shoreward. They looked to seaward and to leeward, where the steamer smoke kept building up between Dunko Point and Elnohy Island. They looked at the nymph on the bollard. And goodness knows how far their decision might have run; until something else happened in the abrupt manner of all these dramas in these far Southern Seas.

Out from the side of the wicket desk in the cross-companionway crept a figure, lean and lithe, clad in the mislabeled ducks of a steward and a lowly land-lubber.

Swift as a darting snake it shot out a hand and, taking grip on one naked ankle of black-faced George, tripped him headlong. At the same instant sounded the click of a single handcuff ring, sharp set.

George yelled and turned to grapple. Then Cap'n Denny became aware of the unimagined attack and fell roaring upon it. And the rest was a tangle of furious bodies interlaced like so many eels in a basket.

Either of the two, of course, might readily have slain the steward by mere weight and impact. Cap'n Denny tried it by the mere use of his big, fat fists, with the rage of his thunderous lungs to smite the ears of men.

Black George had another technique learned in a different school. He said nothing; only took a full hold for a body slam and strove to snap a forearm while he rolled over on it towards his net bag. Any piece in the bag would have served him.

But the steward must have had some curious schooling of his own, for he slipped out of that grip like a pip squeezed from its husk and clamped a toothhold. All to the good for the steward thus far, he was keeping George like a bent hoop; all it gave Cap'n Denny a chance to rise and to drop on him again like so much elephant, and then to tug away the gun from his fat hip.

That noble mariner was bawling blue murder for that shot. Three times he fired blindly, and squatted back to wipe away his fog of fighting and to plant the next one sure. But in the same flash of time the steward caught his wrist in mid-air against George's agonized leg and snapped it with the other ring of the handcuff. Click!

Few things in this world are more helpless than two active men suddenly linked together, hand to foot, by bracelets of steel, which are most unsympathetically manufactured for criminal wear with cutting edges on the inner rims. Few, indeed, unless it be the same two men doubly linked—both hands and both feet. The steward accomplished that with a second pair of bracelets, stood up, kicked the gun into the scuppers, and, allowing patiently for the remarks of his late playmates to subside somewhat, turned to look at the lovely young witness on the bollard.

Please turn to Page 50



Charm AND Chic CAN BE YOURS TOO IF YOU DRESS IN SUMMER-BREEZE New Corded Cotton Fabric 250 Fashion Patterns 36 wide 1 1/2 a yard

## A NURSE CAME TO THE RESCUE



Give your hair the same medicated care you give your skin. Rexona Soap, with its new ingredient Cadyl, is an ideal shampoo. Its fragrant lather cleanses and stimulates the scalp—then your hair can keep the gleam of perfect health. And you'll be thrilled at the difference Rexona makes to your skin! Cleaner, fresher, smoother every day.

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**The New Rexona Soap**

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CONTAINING CADYL, THE NEW COMPOUND OF MEDICATIONS



# PAINT-POT MAGIC in the HOME

Transform old colorless pieces of inexpensive unfinished furniture into things of real beauty!

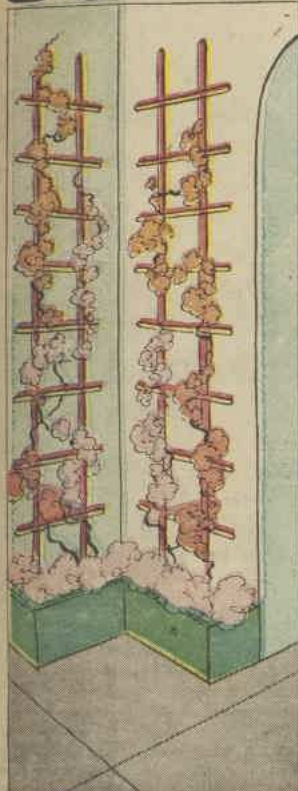
**E**VEN a pot of paint, a brush, and plenty of enthusiasm, one has an open sesame to many happy hours of creative work. As many home-lovers have found for themselves, wonders can be done in transforming unattractive, dull, old furniture, or unpainted pieces purchased from the furnishing-houses — even those made by the handy-man at home — and painted according to your cherished ideas.

**U**NDoubtedly, there is a fascination about painting. It might mean an effort to get going, choosing the colors, selecting the brushes, and making ready the articles, but once we get going it is difficult sometimes to know where to pull up!

To see a shabby old chair or table, for instance, leap from insignificance into charm under your capable hands gives that infinite pleasure of achievement—something attempted and something done to make our surroundings more colorful.

Now that the winter is over and the variety of spring is with us many no doubt feel that their homes are hungering for color. And age seems to film over a home with drabness. Everything is clean, of course, but there's no sparkle—no life. But in nine cases out of ten all it really needs is color.

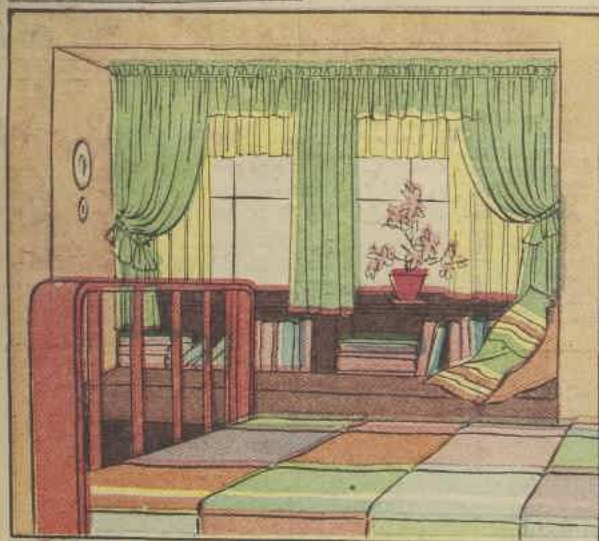
This page carries several colorful suggestions for your observation. Whether you copy them or not is quite another matter, but I am sure that you will be inspired to try your hand, say on a book-



THE MAGIC of brush and colorful paint. So easy when you tire of one color to change to another. So swiftly, too, can shabby chairs or other pieces be transformed.



P E T R O V



**MORE COLOR** from the paint pot! You glimpse a bright idea (top left) for sun-porch or verandah. Ivy could effectively trail over the lattice work on your verandah.

**ABOVE YOU HAVE** another bright suggestion for built-in bookshelves. Paint these in harmony with walls.

**FEATURED AT LEFT** is an old-fashioned bedstead which has been transformed by color—now so happy in its surroundings.



case, a little table, a chair or two, or a bed—even to the extent of attacking a suite in the spare bedroom or children's room.

## Preparation

IT must be remembered that articles which have been stained and polished need to be thoroughly soaked in kerosene to remove the polish and wax. They should then be dried and rubbed over with coarse sandpaper. I have known enthusiasts, however, to ignore all these rules by giving articles a couple of coats of thin, flat paint (of the quick-drying variety), follow up with only one coat of lacquer, and get most satisfactory results.

Make sure, however, that the surface is properly smoothed. If the surface is rough when the priming coat is applied, no amount of time and care spent on the finishing coat will give a good result.

A fine grade sandpaper is always necessary for smoothing off furniture. A careful dusting should follow this procedure.

The paint, lacquer, or enamel used should be applied with smooth, even strokes; lacquer should be put on with a full brush, and should not be gone over at all. The brush or brushes used should be selected with care. They should be cleaned with turpentine between each color job and afterwards.

## Cheery Spots

**SPOTS** of color distributed throughout the home can be most effective. For instance, a small tea-table or gate-leg

table painted a jade-green or Chinese-red could give a sombre living-room the color note it has so long wanted. Again, cheery color might be introduced by a built-in bookshelf (note illustration on this page) painted in happy harmony with the walls. Then, again, a bookcase, stand, or cabinet might do the trick.

The bedroom, too, offers an excellent field. A shabby, old-fashioned bed, by the way, could take on new life with color. A darkish passage might be brightened with a spot of color in the form of a gay chair, small table, or both.

## Verandah or Sun-porch

THE verandah or sun-porch might be gladdened considerably by spots of color. Observe the gay idea for verandah or sun-porch illustrated (top left). This will, I am sure, appeal to everyone. Lattice strips, colorfully painted, carrying artificial or real climbing plants—Isn't it jolly?

Holes have been drilled in the flooring in order to allow free drainage from these painted clay boxes. Short bits of piping serve the purpose admirably.

Long ivy trails, threaded artistically in and out lattice work, could be used with great effect for indoor decoration. Imagine its deep green beauty against the red of the lattice! Incidentally, ivy will keep for a long time if the ends are placed in wet sand.—R.E.G.

**WHAT GORGEOUS WHITE TEETH YOU HAVE!**

Remarkable Cleansing Technique Speedily Obtains Results Impossible Before.

Why are your teeth stained and tarnished? Why do they decay? Science has discovered the reason and developed a technique that cleans teeth shades whiter in a few days and keeps them sound.

Millions of germs attack your teeth—some cause stain and tartar—others lead to decay—others are the source of gum diseases. The only way you can clean teeth and keep them sound and white is to use a dental cream that kills germs as it polishes teeth white.

KOLYNOS does that. This double-strength dental cream is unique in action. Its foam gets into and cleans every tiny crevice—kills millions of germs and washes them away—erases stain and tarnish—polishes teeth as they have never been polished before, right down to the beautiful natural white enamel without injury.

Start using Kolynos to-day and in a few days your teeth will be lustrous and shades whiter.

Sold by all chemists and stores.

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM**  
The Antiseptic, Germicidal and Cleansing TOOTH PASTE

**KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE THE USUAL TIME—BECAUSE YOU USE HALF AS MUCH**

WITH A WIDE range of quick-drying paints and lacquers available there is no reason why the breakfast-room should not be as gay as your boudoir.



"WHAT . . . WASHING DISHES  
RIGHT AFTER A MANICURE?"



"I'M USING LUX,  
DEAR, IT'S GOOD  
FOR MY HANDS"

Lux in the washing-up bowl has banished rough, red "wash-up" hands. Its suds, so rich and gentle, are an absolute beauty treatment for your hands, yet so efficient that washing-up is twice as easy.

**LUX**  
for dishwashing

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Hostess...

Always the cheese  
is **KRAFT**

Successful women realise that KRAFT Cheese is 'the correct thing'—even though it is INEXPENSIVE. Wise wives have proved also that KRAFT Cheese is the family favourite for all occasions. Thousands of thrifty women buy KRAFT every week because THERE IS NO WASTE.

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of rich milk to make a  
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The uses of KRAFT Cheese are endless. Send for the FREE KRAFT RECIPES BOOK—"Cheese & Ways to Serve It."



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ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO KRAFT WALKER CHEESE CO. PTY. LTD., RIVERSIDE AVENUE, MELBOURNE

## BARBARIAN MAID

Continued from Page 48

It was still a beautiful morning in the tropics of the Queensland littoral. Lament line of gentle color went shimmering over sea with every cat's-paw. No birds were flying overhead: there were no birds to fly.

Lamp and exhausted lay the two captives—they had sworn themselves out. Slim but somehow efficient stood the steward, and he looked down at the stewardess—there is a lot of looking in this story.

And she looked up at him—dumb. Never in all her prized experience had she ever seen or dreamed of such an image of a man, transformed by war. To be sure, he was only the same steward she had patronised, so meek and mild. To be sure, he had not much more clothing left upon him than she had herself, ripped to tatters on his battered body. A magnificent body, muscular as any classic statue. Perhaps with a black eye coming on.

Nevertheless, he was not scowling. No. Only regarding her steadfastly while he thrust the knuckles of one fist beneath her chin and lifted it in the manner of a man who has a duty to perform.

"You," he said, and gave magic accents:

"Morus doceri gaudet Iovisus. Matura virgo et fingitur arbutus. 'You know that,' he said. 'The maiden takes delight in learning Greekian dances and training herself for unholy excitements.'

"Yes, you know that well enough, miss. But what you don't know—or maybe you have forgotten: 'For out alas, we may seek to escape dove's bolts of wrath.' . . . And it can't be done, my dear young lady. Nobody escapes the wrath!"

So saying, and rather sadly, he

picked her up. Neither meek nor mild, neither cruel nor savage, but in the manner of a man still steadily going on about his duty. Gallantly and politely, he picked her up resistlessly in an embrace like that of any god, Greek or Roman. Then, seating himself on the bollard in his turn, he laid her gently but grimly across his knees. "Nunc decet," he said. "And now is the fitting time."

Whereafter, between sea and sky, there was no sound except a certain rhythm, like the slap of a paddle-wheel on a smooth surface. Pat-a-pat, pat-a-pot. Gentle, yet persistent. And quite irresistible.

When next there came a sort of modulation across this classical theme, it announced the arrival of a smart little motor launch drawing up alongside. This was still one of those gorgeous mornings on the south side of the world, where anything can happen under a blistering sun and a very tropical climate.

Nothing quite so blistered and tropical, however, as a tubby little man in important white uniform and blazoned yachting cap who presently scrambled up the wreck as if he owned it—which indeed he did. With a boatman boosting from the rear and the young man hauling from the front, he finally landed on deck.

"My goodness!" he wheezed. "If I'd ever knew what temperatures I was sendin' me ships throughout, be damned but I'd 'a' bought a fleet of Antarctic whalers! . . . Did you ketch thim raskils, left-nant?"

"I caught them, Sir Joe," said the young man quickly. He showed the two reprobates lying shackled, helpless and speechless, in the cross companionway. "Th' damned raskils!" pointed Sir Joe, glaring in at them, with a special eye of indignation on Cap'n Denny. "And y' saved the pearls?"

"All safe, Sir Joe. The cashbox, too." "Now God be thankit! After robbin' me for a year! If I don't git thim a good stretch at Darlinghurst Gaol, me name ain't Joey Phelps! . . . But what's this?"

He had just become aware of the nymph hovering around him. "My goodness, and is it you, Joanna?"

"Poppa!" She flung herself about his neck.

"Joanna! So here y' are. My goodness! On me own ship, after all!"

She clung to him. "Poppa! Who is that?" She pointed waveringly towards the slim young steward in his ripped-up jacket. "What is he here for?"

"Him?" asked Sir Joe, bewildered. "Why, ain't he told you?"

"He's a brute and monster!" she declared passionately. "The things he's done—the things I've seen him do! . . . Poppa, who is he, anyway?"

"Him?" repeated Sir Joe, more and more bewildered. "Why he's the smartest detective on the Sydney police! Didn't he tell you? How we been missing pearls, and all on this run, for full a year? How we never could find the raskils? However they got rid of their swag betwixt port and port? Until we had this big shipment of pearls coming down from Thursday Island. So we planted the left-nant on board for a steward. Left-nant Forsythe—that's him!"

"A common policeman?"

"Common nothing!" piped Sir Joe indignantly. "The Hon. Horace Forythe, if you please! D.S.O. Army Intelligence. Rhodes Scholar at Oxford! Greek and Latin by the bucket and the coming-on head of the force!"

Then, while she collapsed on his shoulder, he looked over helplessly at the young man. "What can y' do wid thim, left-nant?" he appealed. "I ask you, what can y' do wid these gur-rls?"

"They think they know everything. But what do they know? Like this gur-rl of mine, My goodness, what she don't know, and what she needs, and what I should 'a' done for her long ago," he added, in the key of exasperation, "is to give her, once for all, the father an' the mother of one almighty good spanking!"

"That's all right, Sir Joe," the young man replied equably. "I don't think she needs it now. And what I was just going to ask her"—he checked himself. "What I was just going to ask Miss Joanna. Would she be so very kind as to permit me to call upon her at Sydney? And what is the number of the house in Lanadowne Gardens?"

There fell another silence in this part of the far South Seas, where life is just as classical or just as primitive as you care to make it. Until she cocked one eye at him over her father's shoulder—an eye unprideful and bright with a new, unutterable knowledge.

"No, 14," she said shyly.

So that was the way the Barbarian Maid was saved.

(Copyright)

HOST HAWKES says: Cocktail parties are the vogue just now. Hawkes' Manhattan Olives are correct for the cocktail party.

## NATURAL LIPS

WIN WITH

**Dick Powell**

IN LIPSTICK TEST



HERE ARE THE LIPS DICK POWELL SAW



Natural  
—for  
day use  
Theatrical  
—for  
evening



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R. G. TURNLEY AND SON, Melbourne.

## Nervy, Jumpy Children

"Some time ago, my little daughter, aged 11 years, started to have movements in hands and fingers, which gradually became worse," states Mrs. E.P. of Kingsway (Q.). "Then her arms, legs and body muscles began to twitch. She was most awkward in holding things and had great difficulty in speaking. I read about the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for growing girls and decided to give these pills to my little girl. I was relieved to notice the improvement that came after she took the first bottle. The movements and twitchings gradually disappeared, and, after six weeks' treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills there are now no signs of nerve trouble. My daughter is in splendid health thanks to these pills." For jumpy, nervous children, and pale, anaemic girls, there is nothing so beneficial and strengthening as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills contain the vital elements that enrich and increase the blood, which has a powerful restorative action on the nerves. Nervousness, twitchings and delayed growth are thus quickly and surely remedied. Give your child the great benefit of these pills to-day. Sold by chemists and stores. 3/- bottle. Say "Dr. Williams'—and take no other."\*\*\*

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The winning quality of middle age is enhanced by beautiful hair. Unusually threads of grey should be treated with Allen's Medicinal Walnut Stain. No easy, no private, no indestructible, and always so beautiful, women seek marvel at its perfection. No expensive equipment required, no ornaments of doubt. Ask your Chemist for Allen's Medicinal Walnut Stain. Brown or Black shades. 4/- per bottle. Made by Pelton, Greenwood & Co., Chemists, Ltd. Melbourne, U.S.A.



# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By EVELYN

## FEAR No More the Heat o' the SUN

... Follow these Golden  
Rules for Sunbaking!

**A**FTER six months of hibernating, who can resist the joy of basking for hours on the sands? Who does not now covet a golden coat of tan for limbs pallid from a winter's want of sunbaking?

Well, my advice to you is, gather ye sunshine while ye may—but have a care how you go about it in these early weeks of summer.

**R**EMEMBER that while the sun is life-giving, it is also death-dealing when taken in excess—death-dealing to delicate skin and feminine beauty. People recklessly bathe themselves in sunshine, and only when too late—when faces are red and sore and stiff, skins coarsened and thickened—do they realise they have been doing themselves active harm.

If you want a nice, bronze sun-tan, or if you want to enjoy the sun's warmth and the zestful tang of the sea, you must go about the business in a scientific, common-sense fashion. Remind yourself how foolish it is to expose recklessly to the burning sun a delicate skin used to the mildness of the winter sun-rays.

### Revel Slowly

**T**HEREFORE follow the golden rule: However much you dab protective creams and oils upon your face and body, don't sunbathe at first for longer than a very few minutes. Gradually teach your body to resist the destructive rays of the sun. Thus you can increase the sunbaking time from a few minutes daily

to longer periods. It will pay you to go slow, so don't rush the process.

Then for better protection cover the skin to be exposed—before going to the beach—with almond oil; face, arms, legs, neck, shoulders. Besides almond oil, there are plenty of suitable protective creams and lotions on the market.

For your facial make-up use a foundation cream that is also protective. Then if you want to sunbathe, there are special oils which actually speed the tanning process and are quite harmless. They are useful, too, if your skin is white and you want to make it look brown straight away. The oil stains, even while it protects.

Not only must you pay attention with creams and lotions to your face while actually at the beach, but all through the trying summer weather you must tend your complexion carefully.

To prevent the sun from coarsening it, you will have to give your face your constant attention night and morning.

### Soothing Cleansers

**W**ASH the face as little as possible, and cleanse it instead with a soothing balm. Give it plenty of nourishment, and put on a good skin food or cold cream both night and morning, and whenever you come in from the sun. Choose always a foundation cream that is also protective—not only for your beach make-up, but for your everyday make-up as well.



Remember that your skin has been used to the cooler winter sun, and that it is going through a difficult period.

A good idea when making-up is to put in a nourishing skin food, and then the vanishing cream. Use a good skin lotion, pat in briskly, but gently, until the skin is glowing, then apply a soft emollient lotion.

It is a good idea to give yourself a home-made face pack about once a week. From time to time I have given directions for these. Here is a good one:

### Good Skin Pack

**P**UT about a quarter of a pound of fuller's earth into a basin, and add one tablespoonful of carbonate of magnesium. Mix this into a smooth paste with

*HASTEN SLOWLY* is the golden rule for sun-baking, and it is religiously observed by Peggy Simpson, Gaiety-British junior star. Here you see her applying a protective lotion before lazing in the sunshine.

a little water, in which a few drops of lemon have been squeezed. Cleanse the face thoroughly with a soft cleansing cream. Remove the cream with a clean rag or paper tissues, then spread on the paste, and leave till dry. Take off with a pad of cotton-wool soaked in lukewarm water, and then massage in a good supply of skin food.

Some skin is so delicate that it smartens almost directly it is exposed to the sun. A little calamine lotion dabbed on immediately will allay this, and soothe the irritation.

In summer, too, your eyes get strained by burning sands, and a good way of

refreshing and revitalising them is to dip little pads of cotton-wool in cold water and skin tonic, and place them over the closed lids.

And remember, for your hair, constant brushing and constant care, and see that salt water is very religiously washed out.

If you do happen to get sunburnt—and even the best of us break even the best of resolutions—gently rub in vaseline at night, and this will prevent blisters. Calamine, too, gently rubbed in, is splendid, and there are many other reliable soothing preparations on the market.

## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

**P**ATIENT: Are criminal traits apparent in children, or do you think viciousness and revolt against the established orders of society are things that develop from contact with life? A friend, reprimanding me for my tolerance with the naughty habits of my children, warned me the other day of possible future delinquencies on their part. She considered certain traits in one boy's character would develop into criminality unless I checked certain tendencies and was alive to the danger. She has a true and sincere regard for my children. I acquit her of any mean-spiritedness in the matter, and her remarks have set me thinking.

**C**RIMINAL traits do certainly and often manifest themselves in childhood.

No two children are alike. Each child

is different from the other, not only actually, but potentially as well. Psychologists speak of these unusual traits as "individual differences." It is these individual differences that can either make or break a child when grown to adult years.

Nowadays, with so much crime afoot, and everybody interested in the subject, it is well to stress the fact that we must look into the childhood years if we are to find the roots of criminal behaviour later in life.

If suspicious signs would only be noted by parents and educators, it would be comparatively easy to get rid of them while the individuals are still young. In this way the criminal population would be markedly decreased.

It must be remembered that every boy and girl is decidedly materialistic. We like to think of children as sweet and

### BY A DOCTOR

kind and altruistic. The opposite, however, is really the case. Every child is inherently selfish. Dependent as he is for everything on the parents, he continues to accept all sorts of favors and advantages as a matter of course, as though they were his rightful due. The child soon develops into a petty tyrant in his own sphere, and it is in this attitude on the part of the child that the germ of delinquency lies.

If you allow a child to do as he pleases, satisfy each one of his demands, in a short time he becomes well-nigh unbearable.

In children who are decidedly different from the average, anti-social behaviour may soon become marked. Before the parents realize it such children are definitely problems. And from the anti-social child to the delinquent child the step is short.

It is highly important, therefore, that a child be taught self-control as early as possible. He must learn what it means to give pleasure to others, to make sacrifices, to give as well as to take in a spirit of good will.

To be sure, many children will more or less work out these concepts for themselves. They learn that to be agreeable to others makes life agreeable for themselves.

And yet it cannot be too strongly emphasised that parents should not be careless and think that Nature will rectify any fault a child may have. They should watch for any signs that are in the least bit anti-social, and should correct them as quickly as possible.

**T**HE boy or girl who is stubborn requires special training. The same may be said for the child with a bad temper, or the one who is irritable. Children who display little affection should likewise be carefully watched. It may be said that the child who is affectionate and loving seldom develops criminal tendencies.

There are many children who are on the borderline; that is, one can only determine what is actually wrong with them after having made extensive mental tests. Such children should, of course, be taken to a specialist.

## CRANKY CHILDREN!

When children go off their food, are restless at night, and irritable during the day, don't blame them. Their nerve force and energy is depleted almost twice as quickly as an adult's, and you must see that this is replaced. Use **BIDOMAK**, the Good Tonic. It tastes so good that children love it.

Mrs. V.W. of Jetty Road, Glenelg, S.A., writes as follows:—  
"My two children, two boys, were unusually irritable. They would not eat their proper food and I was kept awake night after night trying to quieten them. They suffered with terrible night terrors. The younger boy in particular, I tried most of the tonics on the market, but nothing seemed to do them any good. My sister told me to try Bidomak. From then on their health improved, and, in a week, after they have both had two bottles they are happy and bright. They eat more than I have ever known them to, and they have their natural sleep at night, without the slightest sign of night terrors. (Original of this letter can be seen at our files.)"

Get a bottle of **BIDOMAK** 1s-6d from your chemist, 2/-, or from the Douglas Drug Co., 32 Carrington Street, Sydney.

## HERE'S HEALTH

# Bidomak

## BRAIN-BODY AND NERVE BUILDER

**GOOD FOR CONVALESCENTS  
AIDS DIGESTION  
APPETITE IMPROVER  
TONES UP THE WHOLE SYSTEM**

Being Phosphated, it is good for the Brain

**DIRECTIONS**

**ADULTS**

Dose—One dessertspoonful to a tablespoonful with equal quantity of water half hour before or after each meal.

**CHILDREN**

Dose (over five years)—One teaspoonful with equal quantity of water half hour before or after each meal.

Under five years—Half teaspoonful before or after each meal.

Prepared in the Laboratory of the  
**DOUGLAS DRUG COMPANY**  
ADELAIDE

Australia House,  
32 Carrington St.,  
SYDNEY.

3/-

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Hay Street,  
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**"POWDERFREE"...**

A service in underthings that definitely fits. Beautiful garments made in five sizes—Small Women's, Medium Women's, Women's, Full Women's, Out Size.

Hand-cut Lingerie by Prestige



# BRICK BRADFORD IN THE CITY BENEATH THE SEA

LARGELY owing to the bravery and skill of Brick Bradford, the city of Amaru has been saved from invading Yaca Indians. The last struggle takes place on top of a huge temple between Brick and Gable Zane, a treacher-

ous white aviator who has seized Princess Cuycha as hostage for his own safety. June Salisbury follows Brick, and sees Zane fall with an arrow through him. Read on—



## Gonzie's Letter

MY DEAR PAIS—  
As you know, there are some girls and boys who think they know everything, so to speak. They are very annoying. I will admit, but, nevertheless, we must forgive them.  
When they get older they will change, unless they are very stubborn. They will then realize that you can spend a lifetime in learning, and still not know a great deal of what there is to know.  
Well, I must tell you a funny story that a professor friend of mine told me yesterday. It is about a little boy who, unfortunately, was one of the "know all" type.  
Here it is—  
"Do you know, Tummy," my professor friend confided in his nephew, "that although people call me 'Professor' there are quite a lot of things that I don't know." For instance, I couldn't find the life of my cat, but the electric light works."  
"Ah," replied Tummy, "that's easy. Who I can tell you that myself. All you do is press the button on the wall, and the light comes on. It's quite simple."  
"It's hard, Pais, to know what to do with a boy like that, but I suppose he'll grow out of it."  
The price of 5/- for the best letter of the week goes to LOTS ANDREWS, Biddiscombe, South Australia.  
Good-bye until next week.  
Cheerio,  
From your Pal,  
CONNIE.

## A Pirate Bold

By MARIE TASKER

IF I were a man I should like to be a pirate bold sailing over the sea. Through storm and placid sea we'd go safely to port with our plunder. What-oh! When at sea, it's only calm in sight. Laden with cargo, we'd sail till night. Make our attack, and speedily go safely to port with our plunder. What-oh! When the sea was calm I'd do my tasks. Dance the harp, and drink the meads, but in a storm I'd rather be busy to port with our plunder. What-oh! Prize of 5/- to MARIE TASKER, 8 Francis St., Murrumbidgee, N.S.W.

## About Competitions

EACH week Quiz Poems and Prize Cards are awarded for good entries. All work with the exception of jokes, trivia, riddles, and poems must be original. Prize must be under the age of 18. For 13 Poems Cards a 10/- prize is awarded. Each fortnight a painting competition is held. Prizes may be sent any picture at all in The Australian Women's Weekly. A prize of 5/- will be given for the best effort. Any picture may be chosen, but it must be sent in our office within 21 days after the issue is dated. Mark envelopes "Painting Competition".

Address all letters and contributions to "Pal Gazette, Box 1551X, G.P.O., Sydney."

## FUN FOR ALL

OLD GENTLEMAN: What's the idea, my little man, fishing with cigar-stumps?  
Boy: I want to catch smoked fish.  
Prize Card to NIGEL DARTNELL, 8 Badley St., Alexandria, N.S.W.  
When is it that a person ought not to keep his temper?  
When it's a bad one.  
Prize Card to META MENSTAD, Gerner Rd., Benders, Brisbane.  
VISITOR: Your son is making good progress with his violin.  
Host: He is. He is beginning to play quite nice tunes.  
Host: Do you really think so? We were afraid that would never get used to it.  
Prize Card to MAVIS CARTHEN, Bendersham, S.A.  
John: How old is your brother?  
Jack: Nearly two.  
John: Oh! Nearly two! Why, my dog can walk better than your brother, and he is only one.  
Jack: Well, he might be. He's not twice as busy as your dog.  
Prize Card to MEG GIBSON, 103 Parkway Avenue, Hamilton East, N.S.W.  
Police: As soon as I saw you come around the bend I said to myself, "Forty-five at least." Woman Driver: How dare you! It's this hat that makes me look so old.  
Prize Card to BETTY LAIRD, 80 Rochester St., Hornsby, N.S.W.  
Sally: I see Brown's got a motor car.  
Shag: Yes, his rich uncle gave it to him.  
Sally: Why, he told me he put all the money he had into it.  
Shag: He did. He bought five shillings worth of petrol for it.  
Prize Card to JUNE COLEMAN, Hills St., Charleston, Qld.



THE PORTMAN. Ten Prize Cards to ERIC RADLEY, 800 Terrace, Taring, Brisbane, Qld.

## Just Chatter



Here you see sweet little JUDITH ANN WOODWARD, of South Kensington, who celebrated her third birthday last Saturday and had a lovely time.

AUDREY OLIVER, of Tumbull, via Mithra, is a good rider; BARBARA WATTS, of Gladstone (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pal; DORIS BACHE, of Brisbane (Qld.), has a pretty little pony for one of her pets. GORDON ALLANSON, of Magill (S.A.), has a Persian cat and a cat-dog for his pet; JEAN KELLY, of Barmah (N.S.W.), is another Pal who is welcomed into our happy midst; CASHIE KIDD, of Caping sliding, via Mackay (Qld.), is fond of fishing. RUTH HANNAL, of Maclean (N.S.W.), is a keen basketball player; BETTY HAYES, of Charleston (N.S.W.), writes a delightful letter. ROBERT JARRETT, of Quirindi (N.S.W.), welcomed the recent heavy rain. MAIRIE CROSS, of Village Lane, Somers (Vic.), would like to correspond with a Pal in Australia who is interested in water and wind. ALICE HOLDOM, of Fisher's Hill, via Vao, would like to have a girl pen-friend in South Australia. IRENE RAY, of Orb Point, does nice painting. IRENE, NORMA HENDERSON, of Murrumbidgee, via Wagon (N.S.W.), writes a delightful letter. MAVIS MCKAY, of Young (N.S.W.), rides a pony to school every day. MARJORIE MAGILL, of Townsville (Qld.), you may send as many entries in the most envelope as you wish. HILL DONNELLY, of Bendigo (Vic.), has a new couple. JOAN LAIDLOR, of St. Marys (N.S.W.), always reads our section. CYNTHIA LEY, of Chelmer, Brisbane, writes a delightful letter. SHIRAZ WATSON, of Sans Souci (N.S.W.), is fond of swimming during the summer months and hiking during the winter. MARGO SMITH, of Murrumbidgee, is welcomed as another new Pal, and must use today's ink for all drawings. DOROTHY KIDD, of Caping sliding, via Mackay (Qld.), will be 14 on the 28th November. ALICE HENDERSON, of Chelmer (N.S.W.), writes clever stories. ROSE MILLER, of Goodwood Park, Adelaide, has a dog and a cat for her pet.

## FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. MARSHALL

A NEW family had arrived at Mushroom Grove. The Higgins by name, and even though they had only been there for two days, already everyone in Mushroom Grove had heard about them.  
Now here is the reason. Mr. Higgins, a very slim, little man, who rose with the lark, sang all day. His voice was very, very loud, and the tune he sang was anything but melodious.  
He content with singing alone, he whistled and imitated various sounds, such as doves cooing, frogs croaking, cows moaning, and sometimes he would imitate the sound of an ambulance siren.  
Now this became very annoying to the neighbors, and they said he should look for work instead of singing. Poor Mr. Higgins did look for work, but could not find any.  
"Fred," said Wunderlust, one day as the streets of "Auntie Louisa" came from Mr. Higgins' house, "if that man doesn't stop singing, I'm afraid we'll have to move."  
"Oh, Wunderlust," said Fred, quite alarmed, "he's wonderful. You should hear him making a noise like a police car. He's marvelous. Yesterday he started giving me lessons in whistling, and he says I'll be an expert whistler in no time."  
"Well, Fred," smiled Wunderlust, "perhaps he is a good imitator, but he certainly can't sing."  
"Yes, that's the sad part," said Fred, shaking his head. "He can't sing, but he really thinks he can."  
"I know," said Wunderlust. "If only he could really hear his own voice it is all for his own good."  
"You know," said Fred, "I'm a singer, rather than a whistler. I have a gramophone record outside my dining-room window and make a record of his voice. Then send the record to him, not saying who it is from. He is sure to play it once, and I'm certain when he hears his own voice he will never sing again."  
"Well, Fred," said Wunderlust, "perhaps he is a good imitator, but he certainly can't sing."  
"Yes, that's the sad part," said Fred, shaking his head. "He can't sing, but he really thinks he can."  
"I know," said Wunderlust. "If only he could really hear his own voice it is all for his own good."

Painting Competition  
Prize of 5/- for the best painting (Sept. 14) goes to DOROTHY SAGE (14), Redbank, Murrumbidgee, N.S.W.  
Prize Cards are awarded for the best to JEAN JAMES, Bunner St., Dandenong, Vic.; PATRICIA MACE, Avalon Beach, via Manly, N.S.W.; and ESTHER GREEN, 47 King St., East Brisbane, Qld.

## Our Paper

THERE'S a paper called "Woman's Weekly," and it's sold to its readers cheaply; of all the papers it's the very best. With space for a game and a merry feast. The supplement, which costs you nothing, is inside the paper when it is bought. And of all the words that I can say, The best are, "Order your copy to-day!" Two Prize Cards to M. MAGILL, 15 Murray St., North Ward, Townsville, Qld.



SHI DON'T BE AFRAID: Prize of 5/- to MAUREEN O'HARA, 37 Ringland Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.



# MISTRESS of the Chair

Continued from Page 6

THERE fell a silence among the roses. Joan had known that this was to come. Long ago, thinking of the chance that any man should seek her, she had judged marriage to be out of her reach, and all that life was laid away, a sweet thing to dream of in the realm where wishes are horses and beggars practice in scarlet with saddles gay with gold. But here was Frank half healed of his wound. They thought themselves sincere, dear Feet that ran for her. It couldn't be. Some day he would find the girl to make him happy, now that she herself had made him well. It was wrong to let it be, but Frank was alive. If she refused him at once was the old wound opened and the work to do again, harder for the second shock, harder still because she could no longer take a hand herself. No, she would take him and hold him lightly, and when the time came she would let him go. Better for her the bitterness of parting than that he should drop back into the slough of his despair.

So she pressed his hand. "Dear Feet," she said, "you've got a big world to walk in. You mustn't be chained to a chair."

"Chained!" he cried. "You speak as though it were a sacrifice. If you could bring yourself to care for so dull a dog as I, you with your beauty and wit and noble heart, it is in you who make the sacrifice. If I can make you happy I shall be happy too."

"Will you be happy, dear Feet?" she asked wistfully, with her thought leaping forward to the day when he would go.

"So happy, my Joan!" He bent down to her with earnest eyes.

"We ought not to stand in the way of another's happiness," she said mischievously, "especially, dear Feet, if it is also in the way of one's own!"

**SIR CULMER** BRYANT had a breakdown on Updene Hill, so he betroutht him of his friend, "Jack Gatacre," he reminded himself, "used to have a pariah hereabouts. I'll look him up."

Thus he came to the Vicarage to renew acquaintance with the "fox" who had nodded to him as "stroke" over the University course years before.

Naturally he stayed to lunch, and then the parson had only got half-way through his inquiries about men who had been up with him a quarter of a century before.

"Dad," said Joan, "you haven't had a holiday like this since I've known you!" Persuade Sir Culmer to stay the night.

As a matter of fact Sir Culmer wanted very little persuading. He had given up a good many years of his life to chasing the hidden causes of nervous trouble to their remote homes at the point of a scalpel, so there were many who sought him. And the little leisure he allowed himself was filled with social functions or learned discourses. It was pure joy to him to renew his youth, to sit at the Vicarage table, to fill his pipe out of the parson's jar and talk. Sooner or later, as it was bound to do, the talk veered to the long chair.

"That girl of you, a Jack. A chronic case?"

The vicar bent down to light his pipe. "I fear so, Vesta" (this was Sir Culmer Bryant's nickname). "There has been no change for years. We had Rashley, and he gave no hope."

Sir Culmer nodded. "Rashley. How long ago?"

"Four years."

Vesta drew on his pipe. "It's my line, you know, nerves."

"Rashley's a sound man," said the vicar, "the admitted authority."

"Four years," Bryant spoke more to himself. "Knowledge and practice don't stay still, you know."

"You don't think Rashley was wrong?" asked the vicar.

"No, no, not wrong." The surgeon got up. "Surgery goes ahead. What was

impossible to Rashley four years ago might be possible to-day. Do you mind—would you care for me to make an examination?"

"Care!" cried the vicar. "If Joan could walk, life would have nothing else to give me!"

When Sir Culmer came from his examination, the next morning, he found the vicar in the library looking out over the lawn.

"Well, well?" asked the vicar almost roughly and without turning round.

"There's no doubt of the case," replied the surgeon slowly. "And from Rashley's palliative treatment there is no doubt his diagnosis confirms mine."

"For Heaven's sake, Vesta, come to the point," begged the vicar.

"It's operable," jerked Bryant.

The vicar bent and brushed some dust from his knees. "Thank God!" he said.

"Operable. There is ossification of the fourteenth—there is a certain pressure, you understand, partial strangulation of the spinal cord, due to bruising and inflammation at the time of the fall. The knife can deal with that."

"The knife?" asked Gatacre. "Infallibly?"

"There is risk."

"Ah!" The vicar turned on him fiercely. "What risk?"

"Risk of unsuccess after the operation has been suffered, dashed hopes—nothing more."

"Things would be just the same—no worse?"

"Just the same." The surgeon was about to go on when the door opened from without and the long chair was wheeled in. Joan was radiant.

"Daddy, Daddy! Sir Culmer wants to stick a pin in my back and make me jump! Shall we let him try? Do let's!"

"You don't want four feet, do you, Joanie?" said the vicar teasingly.

"Four feet?" said the surgeon. "She's going to have two good ones." He did not understand the look that passed between those two. That was their secret!

**JACOB HOLTHAM** from his workshop could survey all Updene. He needed neither newspaper nor clock for the passing of the Whitestall train told him dinner-time and the rattle of the Bishopstone mail-car warned him to be ready for tea. But in the days after the long chair had been wheeled away to Bishopstone on its way to the Welbeck nursing home, Jacob watched more closely than ever before the comings and goings of Updene. You may guess he did not miss the telegraph-boy coming down the hill on his bicycle. He was in the road as the boy came by.

"Where for?" he asked.

The red bicycle pulled up. "Moat House, name o' Bowes. Can you put me on to it?"

"Reckon I can," said Jacob. "Come along o' me."

Frank himself came to the door. He tore open the wire and read it aloud:

"**OPERATION** over this morning, every reason to anticipate success—Gatacre."

"Hoory!" shouted Jacob. "It's my life's dream to make a pair o' boots for Miss Joan. I'll start on 'em to-day."

"Any reply, sir?" asked the boy.

Frank was transfixed. "Take it down," he said. "All Updene rejoices, and I the most of all."

"We must tell it forth," cried Jacob. "Tell forth the glad tidings. 'Tis sure a day of jubilee for you, sir."

He went off, eager to carry his news to cottage and farm. But Frank Bowes went indoors. A chill had settled on him. During the days when he had stayed, obedient to Joan's wish, in Updene so that her Feet, far from the poignant trials, might tread their old familiar ways, the girl had become etherealised to him. Absence had made her infinitely more precious, and his self-esteem, never strong in him, suffered in reaction. He was a clod, too old and dull for her. The one thing that he could find in himself as a virtue had been his usefulness. As he had grown to love her, he had cultivated it with the blind faithfulness of a good horse or hound. His feet had served her well. And now his occupation was gone, and she would never need him any more!

Oh! he was glad that she would have joy to tread the paths of earth, but—she would have no need of him! A morbid imagination raced him on: Joan playing tennis, Joan dancing, Joan the brilliant centre of a crowd of youth. Nearly twenty years lay between them, seeming like a lifetime. She was young and gay and beautiful. It wasn't fair to chain her. Perhaps the operation would not be quite—quite complete.

## In the BEAUTY SHOPS of LONDON



The Beauty Aids of Kathleen Court

Critical, fastidious women of London are acclaiming the Kathleen Court Beauty Aids as the finest obtainable for modern requirements. In the fashionable shops of Regent Street, Bond Street, Oxford Street, you will find prominently displayed such notable beautifiers as Facial Youth, Hennafoam Shampoo, Rose Petal Rouge, the Kathleen Court Face Powders, Coolant, and the Kathleen Court Lipsticks. In the great Department Stores, not only in London, but in the Suburbs and Provinces—wherever you travel, North, South, East or West—from the great Chemist Organisations, Boots, and Lewis and Burrows (over 1000 shops), you may obtain practically any Kathleen Court Product, whether made in New York, London, Sydney or Melbourne.

### Australian Beauty Aids Sold in London

While many of the Kathleen Court Beauty Products are made in America and England, a considerable number are also made in Australia. Large consignments of these were shipped to London during 1934 and sold in England, and it is believed that Kathleen Court is alone in having done this. These shipments are increasing!

### No Better Quality Made

It may be taken as definite that, whatever price you pay, you can get no more effective Beauty Aids than those which bear the name Kathleen Court. It is also true that, in all the world, very few cosmetics, even at the highest prices, equal the fine quality of the Kathleen Court products.

What London and New York know, Australian and New Zealand Cities

also appreciate—more Kathleen Court products are sold in Australia and New Zealand than those of any other Beauty Expert. If you want the best Instant-Action Beautifying Cream, you must use "Facial Youth"...if you want the best Lipsticks (extremely difficult articles to make perfectly), you must either use those of Kathleen Court or pay twice as much for products no better...if you want a soft eye-free powder, with shades that flatter your skin, the Kathleen Court face powders now being sold represent perfection. For practically every Beauty requirement there is a specialised Kathleen Court preparation. The moderate prices charged can only be justified by the enormous sales volume. This sales volume, maintained year after year, in the face of highly capitalised opposition, can mean only one thing—the Kathleen Court Beauty Aids are quite definitely better.

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Lazy suds make washing-day a misery. You have to rub so hard—and then the clothes aren't really white. But PERSIL suds are active and chase dirt right away. There's no need to rub at all. AVOID IMITATIONS!

PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED

THE SIMPLE WAY IS THE PERSIL WAY

A glance at his shoes shows him to be a man of polished habits... A Kiwi shine for him!

**KIWI POLISHES... PROTECTS and PRESERVES the LEATHER**

**KIWI**

BLACK POLISH The Quality Boot Polish TAN POLISH

WHITE CLEANER SHOE CREAM

Please turn to Page 54





## Below Par Conditions.. SKIN ERUPTIONS.. disappear like MAGIC when you take this Great Yeast Remedy

If your nerves are bad; if the children seem always to be fretful; if your skin breaks out in place after place—if nothing seems to help you—TRY CREAM OF YEAST.

'Below-Par' feeling, constant weariness, headaches, and skin troubles are usually due to intestinal and blood disorder. The best way to combat such misery-causing ailments is by taking medicinal Yeast, the best type being Cream of Yeast.



Cream of Yeast clears your intestinal tract of putrefactive germs, purifies your blood, increases the germ-fighting White Corpuscles in the blood-stream, and promptly raises the skin's own natural power of self-disinfection. Cream of Yeast gives new energy, quickly drives out such troubles as headache, sleeplessness and rheumatism—not vaguely and indirectly, but positively, noticeably and in a manner without equal. In fact, Cream of Yeast is an all-round remedy for work, ailing men and women; an inviolable tonic, pick-me-up, nerve-soother, skin-clearer and life-giving medicine. Chemists, Doctors and Public alike declare that Cream of Yeast is a boon to those in poor health. Good for worried Parents, for Young Men and Women and for tired Old Folk, too.



Cream of Yeast is sold by reliable Chemists and Stores everywhere—24 Tablets, 1/11d., 48 Tablets, 2/6d., or 120 Tablets, 5/9d. Be sure you get genuine Cream of Yeast if you want the best and quickest results—BETTER HEALTH, CLEARER SKIN—AND GREATER ENERGY AND PEER!

For SPARKLING Health—Take

## "Cream of Yeast"



—Could you ask for more!  
**PICK-ME-UP SAUCE**  
"Makes all the difference"

A PRODUCT OF THE PICK-ME-UP CONDIMENT COMPANY LTD.

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## MISTRESS of the Chair

Continued from Page 53

TWO days later his morning letters confirmed the promise of the wire. There was no fear of rejection. Experience had established the success of the operation. There was tissue to be built up, an education of muscle and nerve, but within three months Sir Culmer gave his word for recovery.

That night he sat down and wrote laboriously to Joan. She was to come home in the course of a few weeks and there was much to arrange, but the letter would not write itself as some letters do. He knew she would never go back on her plighted word, and, however painful to him, he himself would have to free her. It asked diplomatic handling.

Frank tore up three drafts before he got it sufficiently to his liking:

"Dear Mistress of the Chair,"

"Uphens is all agog against the time of your return. George Harder is all for a triumphal arch, and Jacob Holtham is for a song of welcome on the lawn. There are other schemes afoot, but nothing is settled. Be sure we all rejoice. I look forward to seeing you with a little misgiving. Joan, my dear. When you took pity on a morose old fogey, it was very sweet and gracious and just what you would do. But neither of us knew what lay in store, and Sir Culmer has given you feet lighter and daintier than your old ones. They will carry you into the younger and happier world where you belong. Do not think I am not very grateful for all that your unquenchable spirit has done for me. But I know that life holds something better for you, and I wish with all my heart that you will not let it go. I am going away for some time, and when I come back you will have learnt and you will understand."

"Ever your devoted, superannuated FEET."

Joan read it in the nur- home. It was the second letter that she had had from him after the operation. Life had begun to come back to her. Lyons straightly strapped in bed, she had that morning felt one foot respond with a feeble push to the oppression of the clothes. It was the first pulse of a new-found consciousness, the promise of the full activity to come. She had lain happily thus, repeating it again and again, trying to lift her knees, and feeling through her weakness keep them still, the stirring of life muscle that had slept through a decade. Each symptom was a joy until the letter came.

After that she lay still with the letter under her hand.

It had been pity, as she had known—pity and not love. The parting had to be. Yet it might have been at another time. Here at the apex of her triumph the blow had come. Why had God not let it come before? Oh, it wasn't Frank's fault! Love was not to be commanded. He was kind, chivalrous, cultured—all that she asked of a man. Oh, it was hard!

SHE dwelt upon it two days, and then wrote him a reply—a brave and pitiful jest of an aching heart. He should not suffer by suspense:

"Dear Feet,"

"I have been so much on my back that the doctors allow me pen and pencil before less acrobatic folk. So my Feet want honorable discharge after long service! They shall be pensioned off for they have been very loyal and faithful servants indeed. You cannot guess how many joys they have brought me." (Oh, she was brave, this Joan!) "In the bright days coming I will not forget how they ran and carried for me. At the word 'Dismiss,' Feet, take one pace to the right and fall out; but wherever you go and whatever you do, don't fall out with me!"

"Yours as ever,"

"JOAN."

Then she tried to thrust it out of her mind. Unfortunately, no one is ever able to thrust anything out of the mind. One can only thrust it deeper.

You will understand, then, how Joan's progress was suddenly arrested, but Sir Culmer was at fault. Reports went to Uphens, where all waited to greet her: "Not this week; the next, perhaps. Rome was not built in a day."

Jacob Holtham paused in his secret work, troubled.

The slow course of recovery puzzled Frank. He did not call at the nursing home. That would be but pain for himself and some distress for her. But he sent a cargo of flowers to represent him, and called, by appointment, on Sir Culmer.

"I came," he said to the surgeon, "to inquire about Miss Gatacre. She does

not seem to make the progress you anticipated, Sir Culmer."

Sir Culmer nodded.

"She does not," he said. "There's a factor that escapes me."

"You think," asked Frank with rising hope—"you think she is unwilling or unable to help herself?"

"Unwilling is a big question," said Sir Culmer. "You see, one does not deal entirely with conscious will. Miss Gatacre makes every effort that courage and duty demand, but there is a more elemental will, something unknown, that may have grown tired of the struggle."

"She does want to get better?" asked Frank, almost hoping for denial. "She wants the full heritage of life?"

"TREMENDOUSLY," agreed the surgeon. He smiled slightly. "It was the last thought in her mind when she was being anaesthetised. Her courage made her keep a smiling face. But when she was going under it was not of her father nor any of her interests in Uphens that she spoke. I can't express the passionate longing of it. It did it makes my failure terribly tragic. 'My feet,' she whispered, as one might name a very dear friend. 'My darling, my beloved feet.'"

Frank jumped up from his chair with a start that almost overturned it. "What!" he cried. "You juggins! You silly idiot! You almighty—!"

"Sir!" The surgeon got to his feet angry and alarmed.

"Oh, pardon me," Frank laughed. "It wasn't yourself, Sir Culmer; it was me. I've been the blindest fool. I—I. You know we were engaged, Sir Culmer. I thought—I feared—that is, I'm old and commonplace, and when she could take her place in the world she wouldn't want me. So I wrote—she'd never have admitted it herself—and made her think I wanted to be free. It was madness. She wants me still. You see, she used to call me her dear Feet."

"Her Dear Feet!" Sir Culmer frowned at his blotting pad, then slowly his ascetic mouth twisted into a smile. "You've stood in my way a fortnight, young man. You're the unspoken barrier on which I nearly wrecked my reputation. You owe it to me to come round to the home and put it right."

"Owe it to you?" cried Frank Bowen. "Let us go at once."

The surgeon tapped at the door and called the nurse out; then after a couple of seconds Frank went in. "Joan!" he cried. "If I had dreamt you could have loved me so I would never, never have let you go."

And behind the closed door they retraced their tangled paths till they stood once more straight on the broad highway, with a smiling world before them.

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## A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

tells how doctor's advice set week-old baby on road to health.



FANCY a week-old baby requiring special attention and treatment for bowel trouble. Yet read in her own words the interesting story of Mrs. M. Hannam, Cowandilla, South Australia.

"I was rather alarmed," writes Mrs. Hannam, "when my doctor suggested giving my week-old baby a bottled preparation other than the ordinary castor oil to get his bowels in working order. But when he told me his own child had Nujol from two weeks of age, I prepared a bottle and gave baby one teaspoonful morning and night for one week, and one teaspoonful in mornings only the second week, gradually decreasing to twice weekly, until at six weeks he only needed an occasional teaspoon to keep him regular. Now at the age of nine years, thanks to Nujol he is wonderfully healthy with a fine clear skin, and I never fail to recommend Nujol to new mothers as the perfect infant cleanser for all ages, so easy to take and almost tasteless."



Nujol can now also be obtained in a favoured form—Cream of Nujol, which has a delicious taste you and your children are sure to like. Cream of Nujol contains no cathartic drugs and its beneficial action is entirely due to the Nujol content. Both Nujol and Cream of Nujol are obtainable at all chemists.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been a regular user of Nujol, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address: Stano (Aust.) Ltd., Box 7470, G.P.O., Sydney.

# "AYE MON ... Yon Lassie is Verra GUID!"

But... why not a Golfers' Uniform?

By RUTH PREDDY

"Give me the power to play like Phyllis Wade, and if I lose may it be with the charming grace of Mrs. Robinson. That will be my daily golf prayer," said a well-known golfer, who had watched a number of the matches played against the British women golfers.

THE tour has been a decided success, our novices and champions alike gaining much by the visit.

Male spectators, also, have learnt something from the visit, and several are already speaking English with a slight Scotch accent.

"Aye mon, yon lassie is verra guid, but the lassie that beat her was better," said one man when Miss Anderson won, to which his male companion answered, "Yes, and I'm going home to practise the way Pam Barton uses her No. 7 iron."

There are numerous instances of stroke play and golf mannae that will leave a lasting impression on those who have been privileged to watch the best of Britain's players opposed to those of Australia.

Every match has been bristling with incidents. There was the occasion when Mrs. Walker gently raised a hand to silence the applause of the crowd that greeted her when she sank a twenty-foot putt. And there was the whim of Jessie Anderson that the attractive Canberra label on her golf-bag should be carefully preserved, a desire that involved extra care on the part of the caddy.

## Big Hitters

While watching the ten best women golfers from two countries at play it was immediately noticeable that the saying that golf tends to make one big in the hips is merely a fallacy, and that it is also a fallacy to think that the bigger the player the harder they hit.

Watch Pam Barton and Jessie Anderson and one needs no further proof on this point. A drive of 250 yards was easily executed.

The uninitiated in golf found much to interest them. One onlooker who had never seen a golf match before expressed wonderment that the two teams were not uniformly clad, as are the players in all other branches of sport.

She suggested that the Australian team should have worn dark green skirts and light green shirt-blossoms, and that this scheme could have been carried out by the different State representatives. This scheme she advocated would save others, like herself, from causing merriment among the spectators by continually asking, "Which is the British player?"

Quite a deal of attention was centred on the numerous golf clubs carried by the players, especially by the overseas visitors. A "new chum" to the game, on counting up to fourteen sticks in one champion's bag asked, "Are no many clubs needed to make the game look more difficult, or are they necessary to



MISS PAM BARTON and Mrs. Walker, of the British team, accompanied by the Australian captain, Mrs. Robinson, proceed to play their last match in New South Wales at the Australian Club. Mrs. Walker is the only visiting player who has won every match in which she has played in Australia.

save the players using their brains?" a remark that was not appreciated by those that were within hearing distance.

However, the spectators could not fail to be impressed by the excellent play exhibited by our visitors. The visitors were very much higher at the top of their swing than the Australians. Particularly was this noticeable in the case of Jessie Anderson, who, despite her diminutive size, could send the ball spinning over the ground a great distance. The pivot was executed with the greatest of ease and viewed from a distance, the skirt of Mrs. Walker assumed the same graceful lines as that of a ballet dancer.

Our players did not possess the same poise as the visiting team, and appeared to be more crowd-conscious. This, no doubt, is due to the fact that the British team have had greater experience of crowds, as some of the members have played in America, France, and in all the important matches in the British Isles.

## The Strategist

ALTHOUGH our players mostly played in gloves, this fashion did not find favor with the British team. Phyllis Wade wore rubber-soled shoes for all her matches.

Pam Barton perhaps stood out alone as the strategist among the players. On one occasion she preferred to use two spears in place of the driver and iron, as adopted by the other players. This brought her on to the green, whereas the others slightly overshot their mark.

Again, on another occasion, instead of taking the straight and narrow fairway, she cleared the rough to the right, and approached the green at right angles.

It is interesting to note that Mrs. Hod-

## Five Women on Cycling Jaunt

FIVE women cyclists, Misses Joyce and Alma Eures, Mollie Dunn, Beryl Barnes, and Daisy Tansan, who cycled from Leeton, New South Wales, to attend the Centenary celebrations in Melbourne last year, have now set up another record by cycling from their home town, Leeton, to Sydney.

The distance covered is four hundred miles, and their schedule meant they had to average 100 miles a day.

The cyclists were all dressed in slacks and carried their luggage in small packs strapped to their backs.

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DAILY SPECIAL DISHES  
Mon.: Omelette, Biscuits, Mince.  
Tues.: Beef, Chicken, a la Placade.  
Wed.: Roast of Lamb.  
Thurs.: Potatoes and Hens.  
Fri.: Roast of Beef, Mince.  
Sat.: Potted Mince, all Italian.

## OUR BOOK AND AEROPLANE OFFER

Here is Taken B13 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Children's Treasure House" Book offer.

TOKEN B13

Cut out now and paste it at once on your voucher.

TOKEN C1

Here is Taken C1 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Cabin Monoplane" Offer.

Cut out now and paste on piece of paper before you forget.



When a WOMAN tells you:

that people often take her for years younger than she is owing to her white teeth,

that she's used nothing but Calvert's since she left school—

Well, don't you think it is worth trying for your teeth!



## SIREN SOAP

and... a washing-day that can't harm your hands.



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Long-wearing Bath Towel, 45 x 25 inches, free for 48 blue Siren crosses (from 12 large bars) or for 36 brown crosses (from 30 twin tablets).  
Pure Irish Linen Gingham, 32 x 25 inches, free for 24 blue Siren crosses (from 6 large bars) or for 18 brown crosses (from 18 twin tablets).

## HOW TO GET YOUR GIFT

When you have saved the correct number of crosses take them to: Lingerie Free Gift Depot, 147 York Street, Sydney (opp. Town Hall). If you are unable to call or send someone for your gift, post your crosses to: Box 4297Y, G.P.O., Sydney. Do not enclose a letter with your parcel. Simply include a slip of paper giving the following particulars only:  
(1) Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.  
(2) Number and colour of crosses enclosed.  
(3) Gift required.  
Save the 4 Blue Crosses from each large Siren wrapper. Save the 1 Blue Cross from each small Siren wrapper.



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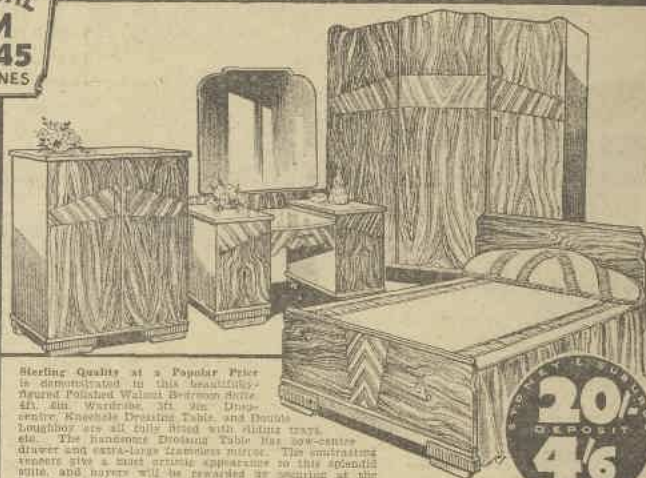
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Free Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

# NONE So BLIND

By DOUGLAS WALSH

This Supplement Must Not Be Sold Separately

25 SEP 1935

## CHAPTER 1

"I LL BET it came in last," exclaimed James Robertson, as he was about to tie his dress bow.

It had suddenly struck him that he had not heard the result of the 430. The matter was not very vital. He had only put a quid on a cert that had been given him by a pal, and the tender he stood to win was of no great consequence to him. Quite well he could have waited till the morning to find out what had won. But Jimmy was not a young man who was accustomed to wait for anything, and the other was at his service in an adjoining room.

Just as he was, without coat or waistcoat, and with his tie in his hand, he rushed into the drawing-room and switched on his mother's wireless set. The old lady loved it. While Jimmy was out dancing it was something for her to listen to when she was not herself dining out or entertaining. Jimmy, however, was not very interested. Dancing and motors were Jimmy's chief concern in life.

Now and then in a vague sort of way he had wondered if it wouldn't be a good thing to find something to do. But it had never seemed worth while to bother. When one has a widowed mother with two thousand five hundred a year that will come to one when she goes, and a smart West End flat to share with her till that unhappy day arrives, the need to bother is not at all obvious to a young man built on Jimmy's airy, careless lines. Careers, in James's view, were out of date. The thing to live for was a good time.

Why worry?

He was twenty-six, and had been down from Oxford just over a year. Clad chiefly in white shirt and black trousers, standing by the loud speaker listening to six-thirty time signal, he was good to look upon—clean, upright, and handsome; fair-haired, blue-eyed, and of athletic build—an eminently likeable young man getting ready to go out and enjoy himself—when he knew what had won the 430.

He had to wait some time for the information. He finished tying his bow to fill up the time, corrected the adjustment of his braces, and entertained himself with ribald comments which the

announcer could not hear. And then, at last, he got what he wanted.

His horse had won.

It sounds incredible, but occasionally a cert given by a pal does reach the winning-post first.

"Good old Pugnose," commented Jimmy. Pugnose was his pal, not the horse.

Characteristically he forgot to switch off, and returned to his room to complete his toilet while "the voice" got busy on the market report.

Jimmy had buttoned on his waistcoat, got into his coat, and pulled the cuffs of his shirt through to the right position, when he became conscious of the fact that the announcer was still wastefully announcing to the empty drawing-room.

Jimmy hurried back and was just in time to hear:

"That completes the first news bulletin. I have one special announcement to make—an S.O.S. Will James Robertson—"

The hand that was about to throw over the switch was arrested. A startled, intent look came into Jimmy's face at the sound of his name. Instinctively, he bent his head a little nearer to the loud speaker.

"... whose mother is on holiday at Bournemouth, proceed at once to the Kingsley Nursing Home, Bournemouth, where Mrs. Robertson is lying dangerously ill as the result of an accident."

Jimmy drew a deep breath. His blue eyes seemed perceptibly to darken.

His mother was on holiday at Bournemouth. She had gone there for a fortnight to recuperate after a severe cold that had rather pulled her down.

"I will repeat that," said the announcer, and once more, with an utterance even more careful than usual, he went through the message.

"Poor old mater!" gasped Jimmy.

He felt stunned. It didn't seem right that such a thing should happen to him—his mother to meet with an accident, and he to hear about it in this painful, dramatic way.

"Lucky I was listening in. Poor old mater. It must be jolly serious," he murmured, blissfully unconscious that his sentiments might have been better expressed.

He was alone in the flat. His mother being away, and he having planned to dine out, and go to a dance-club afterwards, he had considerably told the servants they might as well make a night of it, too.

The glad strains of the Wireless Orchestra

began to pour out of the loud speaker. With a quick, shocked gesture Jimmy put the set out of action and strode from the room, prospective dinner and dance completely forgotten.

There was only one thing to be done. Answer the old lady's S.O.S. at once. Get the bus out and blind down to Bournemouth as fast as he could. Ought to do it under four hours, might even manage it in three and a half, he mused, as he donned hat, muffler, and overcoat.

He actually had the flat door open before it occurred to him that he would not be able to get back that night, and had better take pyjamas and another suit with him. It never entered his head to waste time in changing.

Hastily he crammed some things into a bag with a distressing, persistent thought hovering all the time in his mind. The old lady must be in a pretty bad way to have let them send out that message. Supposing, supposing it was all over before he got there?

"Poor old mater," sighed a startled, white-faced, impetuous Jimmy as he started-up the engine.

THE drive down was a scandalous business, an "all-out" affair with an anxious foot treading firmly on the gas.

Twice disaster was only averted by the fact that he had four-wheel brakes, and on another occasion it was only luck and a wild swerve that saved him from jugging a cyclist who seemed to carry a back lamp or a red reflector.

Jimmy cursed him fluently as he dashed by, but the cyclist never heard, and was not even aware how near he had been to wherever such rash pedallers go.

Another motorist yelled at him offensively because he did not switch off or dim. A gipsy's fire glowed warmly at the side of the road, and a huge furniture-van that could not, or would not, hear him and let him pass, almost drove him into the ditch when he could hear it no longer, and recklessly changed getting by—which he did by a hair's breadth.

It was a quarter to eleven when he reached Christchurch, and three minutes to the hour when, after obtaining directions from a constable, he arrived at the nursing-home.

A night nurse admitted him.

"I want to see Mrs. Robertson. I'm her son," said Jimmy. "There was a message





on the wireless. Is she—is she—What's happened exactly?"

There was sympathy in the nurse's glance. He was very good-looking, he was in evening dress, and what she had to tell him was very sad.

"It's a bad business," she said quietly. "A trolley ran into the taxi in which Mrs. Robertson was riding and knocked it clean over, with your mother still inside."

She paused for a moment, and Jimmy thrust his head deep into the pockets of his overcoat, waiting with slightly hunched shoulders for the more he could see from her manner that there was to come.

"Her condition is very serious," the nurse went on. "She was dreadfully cut about by the broken glass, and the shock, of course, was very severe. The doctors won't say the case is hopeless, but—but it is impossible to tell whether or not we shall be able to pull her through. Again she paused for a moment. Then: "The sight of one eye is completely gone, and they are afraid they will not be able to save the other," she added, gravely.

"Good God!" burst out Jimmy, awaying. He pulled himself together.

"Not too late for me to see her, is it?" he asked.

"Oh! no. I'll take you up at once. Seeing—having you here," she corrected herself hastily, "may help her a lot. Anyway, your sister seems to think so. It was she who got them to broadcast for you."

"My sister!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"She's with your mother now, and is going to stay the night," explained the nurse.

Jimmy nodded, glad that Florence was with her, but surprised that his married sister should have got there before him.

"If you are ready—" said the nurse.

He followed her to a bedroom on the first floor.

"Just a moment," she said, and left him on the landing.

He shuddered while he waited, aghast at the horrible things that can happen so suddenly. There was a queer, aching sensation in the empty pit of his stomach, and he felt tremble at the knees.

The nurse came back.

"She's still unconscious, but you can go in," she said.

For the fraction of a second Jimmy hesitated; then he entered the room, and the nurse closed the door behind him and went away.

Jimmy's first glance was at a bandaged figure lying in a white-enamelled iron bed; his second at a girl sitting beside it with her head turned towards him.

It was not his mother, and it was not his sister.

## CHAPTER 2

THE girl rose. Slowly, every inch of her a question, she came towards him.

"I say, awfully sorry and all that," stammered Jimmy. "My name's James Robertson, and when I heard them asking—thought it was my mother, you know—she's in Bournemouth—and dashed down—"

The relief was tremendous. He was only human. The relief was even greater than the embarrassment of the situation. It was someone else's trouble, not his and his mother's.

"I see." Her voice was low and her disappointment only too manifest. Jimmy found himself becoming conscious of her as a girl—a very striking girl, a lovely, pathetic, appealing figure.

He glanced at the bed.

"Perhaps your brother will turn up tomorrow," he suggested, instinctively desiring to say something comforting.

"If he were coming—if he had heard that message—he would have phoned to say he was on his way," she said slowly.

"I say," he exclaimed, impulsively, "it

doesn't follow, you know, that he would phone. I didn't. Perhaps, like me, your brother—"

But she would have none of it.

"No," she said, in the same low, disappointed voice. "He's not coming. I never really thought he would. It was only a—try on."

Jimmy turned his eyes from the beauty and the sadness of her to the tragic figure in the bed. He felt terribly sorry for them both, and a most unbearable intruder. All he wanted was to get away and leave the older woman to her suffering and the younger to her grief. They were not his people, and he had no right to be there.

"Is there anything I can do?" he faltered, edging towards the door.

"No, thank you." She eyed him oddly, with a look that arrested his departure, the look of someone considering something deep and important. "Yes, there is," she said, abruptly. "Only you won't do it. You couldn't be expected to."

"I'll do anything I can," said Jimmy, quickly. "It's such a rotten business, of course I will." His sympathy was not graceful, but it was plainly sincere.

The girl drew a deep breath, gave one quick glance at her mother, and then, signing to the intruder, walked to the corner furthest from the bed.

Mechanically, Jimmy followed her across the bare, parquet flooring. The light green walls, with their rounded corners, the unadorned, bandaged figure in the white-enamelled bed, the clinging, obtrusive scent of iodiform; the two-flared table on rubber wheels with sickroom impedimenta on its glass shelves—he was aware of all these things, but mostly he was aware of the girl.

"She's blinded and—going," she whispered. "From what the doctors said, I can see that they think she will only recover consciousness to die. Would you—could you—just to make her end happy—take my brother's place? She can't see you—she's too ill to notice any difference in your voice—and it would make such a difference to her."

"Oh! come—here, I say!" ejaculated Jimmy, startled.

"It's not so much to ask as it may seem at first," she pleaded. "And it would mean so much to her. All I want you to do is to say good-bye to her, as if you were my brother." Her voice quivered. "She—she would die so happy if you did."

"Perhaps he'll be here in time to do it himself," exclaimed Jimmy, clutching at a straw, reluctant to refuse or to consent.

"No. If he were coming we should have heard." Her big, sad eyes looked into Jimmy's. "Can't you?" she pressed him in a tense whisper. "It will soon be over, and it would be such a good deed. She does love Jim so, and it's so hard on her, what has happened."

JIMMY tried to look away, but those big, sad, brown eyes held him.

"Jim, my brother, has never brought mother anything but trouble all his life," she went on. "But she adores him. He's her greatest grief and her greatest love—and if she thought he was with her—thought that he had come to her—oh! it would help her no end!"

"I gather that Jim's a bad hat," said Jimmy, still fighting for time.

She nodded.

"He's broken her heart, but it would mend it at the last if he was here to say good-bye to her," she said simply.

"Look here—supposing she lives?"

Jimmy saw the muscles of her throat move as she swallowed heavily.

"I'm afraid there's not much hope of that," she sighed. "But if she does, of course, we should have to tell her when she was strong enough."

"Supposing she asks me a lot of questions I can't answer?" He glanced over

his shoulder at the figure in the bed. "This sort of thing is frightfully difficult, you know. Sounds simple enough when you talk about it, but when it comes to the doing—"

"Oh! she won't," the girl broke in. "We never ask Jim questions because—because he never tells the truth. And she's too ill—she'll just be glad to think Jim is with her for the end. You're going to do it, aren't you?" she broke off eagerly.

Jimmy nodded. He was at the end of his objections. He could resist her no longer. He didn't want to do it, but he felt that he must—found it impossible to refuse. Her voice, her eyes, the girl herself, and the tragic circumstances of their meeting were too much for him. He must do what she wanted.

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times," she whispered, gratefully. "Don't be afraid. I shall be here to see that all goes well. You'd better go downstairs now and wait till I call you. My name is Cecily, by the way. You'll have to call me that in front of mother, you know."

Suddenly brisk and businesslike, as if determined to give him no opportunity of changing his mind, she led him from the room.

Alone in the waiting-room, Jimmy lit a pipe, as astonished at himself as at the predicament he was landed in.

It was Cecily for whom he had promised to do it. It was she, in her beauty and her sorrow, who had forced him to agree to this imposture—trapped him, as he put it to himself. One couldn't argue with a girl so grieved—couldn't refuse one so pretty, and so fragile, especially when one was so relieved that it was not one's own mother who was lying on that bed.

"Well, I've promised, and I'm for it," muttered Jimmy. "Can't get out of it now unless the old lady dies before she comes-to, or that blighter turns up in time."

The door opened and a nurse thrust in her head.

"Your mother is conscious," she said. "Will you come at once, please?"

## CHAPTER 3

I BELIEVE I had a sort of feeling all the time that this was what would happen," thought Jimmy disgustedly. A fine mess he was in!

Mrs. Robertson was going to live, and Cecily said it would be murder to tell her the truth.

"We shall have to keep it up," said Cecily. "I'm awfully sorry, Jim, but there's nothing else to be done."

Calling one Jim—only part of the plot, of course, but still there it was; looking at one with her big, brown eyes all filmy with tears, and her face pale with loss of sleep and anxiety—hang it, what could a fellow say, especially when he had to call her Cecily in return?

"You see, it's your sister's living for," sighed Cecily. "Oh! if only I'd known, I'd never have suggested it. It's the thought that you hurried to her when you heard she was hurt, and—saw you'd turn over a new leaf—"

Jimmy thrust his hands deep into his pockets and looked away. He had sworn that. Holding the blinded and dying woman's hand, he had asked her to forgive him for all the worry he had brought upon her in the past, and vowed that for the rest of his days he would go straight—Cecily had told him to—and signed to him to kiss the woman who was not his mother, to make her believe that he really meant it.

"She can't talk about anything else—she can't think about anything else," Cecily went on. "And that's what she is living for—to see that you keep that promise." Her voice faltered for a moment. "Jim, only this morning she said to me: 'It's because he is so sorry for me. And if he really keeps his word I shall feel that it



was more than worth while to have lost my sight to save him."

Jimmy looked at the girl who had landed him in these deep waters.

"It's the dickens of a mess, isn't it?" he said.

Common sense urged him to tell her that it was all her fault, and that it was impossible for him to keep up the deception, sorry though he was for her mother. A whole heap of things common sense urged him to tell her. But how could he listen to the counsels of common sense with Cecily so sad and earnest and pretty in front of him, and with that poor woman upstairs in his mind? She believed he was her son, and was alive because of that belief. Jimmy's own secret conviction that the difference in their voices would betray him had not come true. Too ill at first to perceive that the voice was not the real Jim's voice, by the time she was a little stronger she had grown used to Jimmy's voice, and would never notice the difference now.

"Well, we shall just have to do the best we can," he said.

Cecily's eyes brightened. Quivering with gratitude, she cried: "Oh! you dear, you dear!"

Jimmy winced. It wasn't going to be at all an easy part of this difficult business to be a brother to this girl. Hang it, was there any of it that was going to be easy?

He didn't want another mother and another sister. He had a mother and a sister already. What the deuce was a fellow going to do with two mothers? How was he going to arrange his life? His own mother, out of those ways he had kept for the four days he had been more or less living at the nursing home, and who had no idea that he was in Bournemouth—what about her? And his new mother—what about her?

"Jim, you're not going to say you've changed your mind?" exclaimed Cecily, who had been watching his face.

He shook his head.

"Rather not," he declared, burning his fists once and for all—for Cecily's sake, realising quite definitely as he met her anxious eyes that though he did not want to be a brother to her he was very willing to be something else to her.

He smiled. The matter was settled now, so it seemed to him that they might as well cheer up a bit.

"No sense in being too tragic about it," he remarked. "It's all rather funny in a way. Your mother thinking me such a rotter, I mean, an ex-gaolbird and all that. I suppose she'll want me to pretend to go out to work, won't she? My hat, what a thundering lot of fits we shall have to tell!"

Cecily hesitated for the fraction of a second, and then joined him in his smile. "Yes, that's the way to look at it," she agreed, on a lighter, brighter note. "Treat it as a joke as far as we can. There's nothing to be gained by making ourselves miserable about it."

Their interview had taken place in a sitting-room, and as she spoke she rose.

"I'll slip up and see if mother is still asleep," she remarked. "And if she is, perhaps we could go out and walk by the sea. We have a lot of plans to make, and I feel I could think better in the fresh air."

"Righto, sister," said Jimmy.

Cecily paused in the doorway. "By the way, you mustn't seem too friendly with me before mother," she warned him. "I'm supposed to have rather a down on Jim. We never got on."

"Ah! but the returned Jim is going to get very fond of his sister," cried Jimmy, as she fled.

In two minutes she came down again. "Nurse thinks it quite safe for us to go out for an hour," she reported, and it was not until they were on the front that

Jimmy realised the danger he was running.

"I say, I forgot," he exclaimed. "Suppose my mother sees me? She's in Bournemouth, you know, and I haven't made up my mind yet what I am going to tell her."

"Won't it be better to tell her everything?" replied Cecily. "I think you ought to, Jim."

He nodded.

"All right, if you think so. But I've a sort of idea that she won't quite like it," he said, noting how the sea air had already brought a tinge of color to his companion's cheeks.

But even as he noticed it, the color faded, and she went white again, whiter than before, and laid a trembling hand upon his arm.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"Look," she said, hoarsely, "over there. Those men by the bandstand—the one in the brown hat is my brother."

Jimmy looked at a little group of three men talking together. Two were black bowlers and one was a brown fellow—a man not a bit like Jimmy himself, a man with a weakly, good-looking face, strained at the moment into a sort of frightened smile, as he listened to his companions.

"What can he be doing there? Why, didn't he come straight to the nursing home?" murmured Cecily.

"Let's go and ask him." There was relief in Jimmy's voice. The fellow had turned up at last. No longer would there be any need for Jimmy to take his place, and try to carry out Cecily's impossible conspiracy. He and Cecily could be friends instead of brother and sister.

"Come on," he urged, and began to lead her towards the brother, who certainly seemed in no hurry to go to his stricken mother.

And then he paused.

One of the men in black bowlers had taken something bright from his pocket. Still with that strained smile on his face, the other James Robertson held out his right hand. There was a flash of steel at his wrist, and another on the left wrist of the man in a black bowler. The other man in a black bowler held up his hand to signal a passing taxi.

Quietly and unobtrusively the other James Robertson had been arrested before his sister's eyes.

With an exclamation of horror, before Jimmy could stop her, Cecily rushed to the detective to whom her brother was handcuffed.

"What has he done? What has he done?" she cried.

"STAND aside, please," said the detective, who was not shackled to the prisoner.

Cecily ignored him.

"What has he done? What has he done?" she cried, again.

The prisoner, the James Robertson with the loose, weak mouth, whose brown eyes bore a family likeness to Cecily's own, did not speak. It was the other James Robertson who slipped in a word of explanation to the offended officers of the law.

"She's his sister. His mother has met with a terrible accident, and they've been broadcasting for him."

Five people in a little group on the front of a popular watering place on a fine spring morning, two of them handcuffed to each other! One would have expected a crowd to gather; but nobody, except the taximan waiting at the kerb, betrayed the slightest interest in that dramatic little group, though there were plenty of idlers about.

"Look here, miss," said the detective who had called the taxi. "We can't tell you anything and you mustn't interfere with us in the execution of our duty."

There was a threat in his tone, but the threat was lost upon Cecily. She looked squarely into her brother's face. She had got to know, and find out if there were

any chance of getting him out of the hands of the police.

"Jim, you tell me yourself what you have done, if they won't," she challenged him.

The sickly pallor that had come over him when he was arrested changed to a dull brick red. Jimmy—the other James Robertson with the fair hair and the blue eyes—watching him keenly saw the prisoner gulp as he made an effort to speak. But before he could get anything out the other detective interposed.

"Steady, miss," he said, quickly. "If he makes any admission we shall have to take it down." He seemed to be a little more human than his colleague. "Embezzlement's the charge," he added, and, though his tone was gruff, there was sympathy in his eyes.

"How much?" asked Cecily promptly.

"The warrant relates to an item of forty-nine pounds twelve and six."

"I'll pay," flashed Cecily. "Then he can be set free, can't he?"

The detective smiled at her pityingly. "Afraid not, miss. That would be compounding a felony. Besides, that's only the item they've picked on for the proceedings," he explained. "There are others—quite a big sum is involved."

Cecily drew a quick, deep breath of distress and disappointment.

"That's enough," struck in the other detective. "We can't stand talking here all day. We've got to get him inside. If you want to know any more you had better come to the station."

Cecily turned to her brother again.

"Jim, tell me," she said sharply, "was it because you had heard about mother that you came to Bournemouth, or did you come here to hide?"

"Much better not ask him questions, miss," advised the more friendly detective.

"He's for it, and you don't want to make things worse. Less he says the better. If your mother's really hid, p'raps if you made an application to the court they'd let him see her, under escort—"

"No," cried Cecily, with a shudder, and then, with her fists clenched and her eyes glaring at her brother, she burst out:

"You rotter, Jim! You know how she cares for you. I suppose this was what you had to come to, but—oh! you rotter! Mother has lost her sight—she is only hanging on to life by a thread—hanging on to it for you—a thief, a—convict! Oh! go to prison and stay there!"

"Shut up!" said her brother. They were the only two words he had spoken during the interview, and having said them he himself led the way to the waiting taxi.

JIMMY took hold of Cecily's arm. In silence he led her to one of the empty shelters, and in silence sat down by her side.

The sun was shining. Far out to sea the smoke of a big ship was making fantastic curves in the sky. Children were paddling on the beach.

An old man came tottering along, paused as if about to take one of the seats, and then tottered on again, loath on such a kindly morning to intrude upon the privacy of what he took to be a pair of lovers.

Lovers! If pity is akin to love, then was Jimmy certainly a lover. Pity, that highest of all the emotions, the one feeling of man that is unknown to the rest of the animal kingdom, was playing havoc with James Robertson's light-hearted grip upon life.

God! how sorry he was for the girl beside him—and for that wretched, weakling brother of hers who had just been taken away. How well he understood her outburst—her burning scorn, her cruel words—flames of her own pity for the mother who needed it so sorely. And how he understood, too, the hell behind her brother's terse "Shut up!" as he himself led the way to gaol!

It made one feel such a rotter, these



deep waters, this mess that he had got involved in. He longed to take that silent, unhappy figure at his side in his arms and comfort her.

Surprised at himself, surprised at everything, and utterly at a loss, Jimmy lit a cigarette. Then Cecily spoke.

"Give me one, too," she said, in a low, husky voice.

She puffed at it till it was well alight. "You know," she said, abruptly, "I used to think that life was rather a lark."

Jimmy looked at her sideways. So her thoughts had been running much the same way as his, had they?

"So did I," he said, and then added quickly: "It is. It isn't worth living if you don't think that."

"Where's the lark of—mother? And Jim? And the way I turned on him?" she murmured.

Jimmy looked away. "I suppose I was a beast to bite him like that," she wailed, "but I just couldn't help it. It was thinking of mother and how—"

Her voice died away. "That's all right," said Jimmy. "Feelings run away with you, that's all."

"But—but I didn't know I'd got such feelings, till—till—"

Again she let the end of her thought trail in the air, as if afraid, or too shy to put it into words. "Quite," said Jimmy. "I say, I suppose I shall have to go on, what? Naturally, when we saw him, I hoped—"

he, too, left his sentence unfinished.

She nodded. "Of course, you must go on. You've promised," she said. And it struck the bewildered Jimmy that that was pretty cool of her! Why "of course"? The promise had been got out of him in very odd circumstances, and the circumstances themselves had changed. Neither of them had ever contemplated that the old lady would live. Why shouldn't he be allowed to back out if he wanted to?

"It's going to be infernally difficult," he pointed out. "Thinking things over, I'm blessed if I can see how we can keep it up."

"We'll manage." Her tone had suddenly become brisk and confident.

"For one thing I'm fair, and your brother is dark," Jimmy objected.

"That doesn't matter." Her hand trembled a little as she flicked the ash off her cigarette.

"Not to your mother, perhaps. But other people—relations, friends who know you and your brother. What about them?"

"We'll keep them away." She turned in her seat, and made him meet her eyes. "Forgotten what you were saying just before we came out, haven't you?" she inquired almost lightly.

Jimmy cast his cigarette-end over the railing in front of them. It wasn't fair. This was a thing a fellow simply couldn't help swerving about.

"It's no good. I'm not going to let you off, Jim."

SHE laid a hand upon his arm. "Jim, you'll look after my brother for me, won't you?" she asked, earnestly. "Go to the station—find out exactly how things stand—see that all is done for him that's possible. After all, he is my brother, rather though he is."

Jimmy nodded. "I say, supposing he gets off?" he exclaimed.

"He won't," said Cecily gravely. "He's guilty all right. Afraid we shall have to work out the details another time—of our plans, I mean. I must be getting back to mother, and you'd better be seeing about Jim, hadn't you, in case they're taking him to London by an early train?"

Astonishing creature, thought Jimmy again. She rose, threw her cigarette-end upon the asphalt, stamped upon it, and

then with a wistful, sisterly smile, made her way back to the Nursing Home.

## CHAPTER 4

IT was Mrs. Robertson, Jimmy's mother, who brought a little common sense to bear upon the situation.

Jimmy called at the police station, as commanded, and learned that the detectives and their prisoner were having a meal together, while they waited for a train to take them back to town. His request to be allowed to interview the prisoner was refused, but he was told that he could see one of the detectives.

While he was being fetched Jimmy wondered what it felt like to be lunching with the man who had arrested one.

Then the detective appeared, wiping his mouth. He was the more friendly one. By rights, he ought not to talk about the case, he explained, but in the circumstances, he would make an exception. The prisoner was a matter of fifteen hundred quid short in his accounts. Got a job in a stock-broker's office, he had, after a career best not raked up. No, never actually in charge before, but they'd had their eyes on him. Lounge lizard sort of fellow: suspicion of dealing in coke.

"Coke?" murmured the other Jimmy.

"Cocaine," explained the detective. That wouldn't be mentioned in court, of course, because they'd only been watching him and hadn't caught him. "I suppose someone gave him the office, and that's why he went into the city," said the detective. "Anyway, he's for it. Not the faintest chance of his getting off. Sentence? Oh! anything from one to three years. A very amusing chap when he gets going," added the detective, with a smile, thus unconsciously answering Jimmy's speculation about the luncheon party.

Jimmy asked about the defence. "I can put you on to a solicitor who will do all that can be done for him," said the detective.

Another curious detail! The detective who had run the man down knew the best solicitor to get him out of the clutches of the law.

Having fixed things up with the detective Jimmy was making his way back to the nursing home when he encountered—as he was bound to do sooner or later—his mother.

"Jimmy!" Her amazement was momentarily overwhelming. "What are you doing down here?"

Jimmy asked her how she was, and she told him that she was heaps better.

Mrs. Robertson was one of those fair-haired, blue-eyed, little women to whom time is always kind. She never would look her age. She could have passed for thirty-five anywhere in spite of her forty-eight years, except when she was very tired.

She was quick in her mind and her movements. There was something bird-like about her, both in the way she twittered with her tongue, and the trick she had of looking at people with her head a little on one side. She read a great deal, had views and a temper of her own—and she advised Jimmy without being unreasonably blind to his faults.

Tucking his arm in hers, Jimmy told her his amazing story.

"My dear boy, you must be mad," she commented.

Jimmy withdrew his arm.

"Hang it all, darling, what else could I do but say I would when the daughter asked me to?" he protested.

"Exactly," twittered his bird-like mother. "I suppose she is very pretty." She smiled in a gentle, knowing way. "Oh! I understand, Jimmy, but, of course, it can't go on."

"It's got to go on," said Jimmy. "I've promised I can't possibly back out now. Oh! I know what you're thinking, mother.

You're saying to yourself that she's setting her cap at me," he challenged her.

Mary Robertson did not deny it.

"I wish to goodness she were," her son went on. "But she isn't. Her mother is all she is thinking of. I admit I was balmy to take the first step, but at the time, of course, I hadn't the foggiest notion that the mother was going to live. Hanging in like that, thinking it was you, and feeling so sorry for them both, I just had to do it."

And now, now the son has been caught, and will go to gaol for a year or two—and it's only him the mother is living for. Don't you see, I've just got to keep it up, mother?"

"No, Jimmy." She shook her shingled golden head. "I don't see it. I'm sorry for the poor woman, of course. It's dreadful for her. But you've no right to deceive her, and it will be worse for her when she finds you out, as she is bound to do. You can't possibly keep it up—and you've got a mother already, Jimmy."

"It won't make any difference to you, darling," he assured her. "I shall still—"

"You'll lunch with me, Jimmy?" his mother interrupted, for they had reached the door of her hotel.

He shook his head.

"Afraid I can't. Must get back to Kingslea, mother. You see, Cecily—I have to call her Cecily, and she has to call me Jim, you know—she'll be anxious to hear about her brother. I'll tell you what, Mrs. Robertson—the other Mrs. Robertson—can be left in charge of her nurse, and during the afternoon I'll bring Cecily along to meet you. Then we can all have a further talk about it, and you'll see for yourself how out of the question it is for me to stop. Expect us about half-past three, darling."

Mrs. Robertson let him go. But she did not make quite so hearty a lunch as usual. Her thoughts were too confused. She could see a big red light shining in front of her boy—and he was making straight for it. The girl was a mix-up—playing on his pity. It was a trap. The girl was the sister of a criminal. Of course, lots of families had had bats in them. One must be fair—Yes, one must be fair to one's own. Jimmy was very impulsive. Something clearly ought to be done, and done quickly. Ah!

Mrs. Robertson had an idea.

At a quarter past three she explained to the hall porter that she was expecting visitors at half-past.

"Ask them to wait till I come back, and say I shan't be long," she said. "And please get me a taxi."

She instructed the driver to take her to Kingslea Nursing Home. Jimmy and his "Cecily" would have started. Mrs. Robertson was going to see the other Mrs. Robertson, and put an end to this nonsense, once and for all!

BIRD-LIKE Mrs. Robertson, dressed in brown costume, a soft little brown hat on her shingled head, real silk stockings on her slender legs, and brown suede shoes on her tiny feet, seated in a taxi, off to play the part of a tigress defending her cub—a sparrow thinking like an eagle!

She wasn't going to have it. Infatuated Jimmy had got to be reasoned before it was too late. It was all nonsense to say the girl's mother could not stand learning the truth. One could stand anything if one had to. Of course, she was sorry the girl's mother had met with this terrible accident, very sorry. But that was no reason why Jimmy should be victimised.

It was quite clear what had happened. Jimmy, dear boy, had come blundering down to Bourne-mouth thinking it was his own mother who had been hurt. He was very good-looking, bless him, and this mix had fallen in love with him at sight—seen her chance—used her stricken mother, and exploited her bad lot of a brother—and there you were!

Determined to be very charitable, she



decided to take it for granted that the girl's mother really knew nothing about the plot, though she wouldn't have been surprised if it turned out that she did!

Two little iron hands in brown suede gloves straightened the little brown hat which had been jolted against the back cushion as the taxi went over a pothole.

They weren't going to get her son! Hilda Leelle was the girl she hoped to have for her daughter-in-law. A sweet girl, very well connected, and with no bad-hats in her family. Most amusing and up to date, not to say daring, in her language. Jimmy was always taking Hilda about.

What she was going to do was to tell this other Mrs. Robertson exactly what had happened. Gently, of course, because the poor thing had met with such a sad misfortune. But she had got to know that her own son had been arrested, and that Jimmy was not her son. Jimmy wasn't her son, and it was wrong to deceive her.

After that, Jimmy's mother was going back to Jimmy and the mine. (The tiny little figure stiffened on its seat, and its blue eyes stared intently at a policeman who was controlling the traffic.) She was going to tell Miss Cecily how she had—er—spiked her gun, and Jimmy was going to get an ultimatum. No longer needed to pose as the other Mrs. Robertson's son, Jimmy was to be reminded that he was entirely dependent on his mother, and ordered to take her back to town.

That would finish the matter. Once the mine gathered that the purse-strings would be closed against Jimmy, she would be as eager to see him off as his mother was to take him out of danger.

**C**ECILY was rather uneasy about her forthcoming interview with Jim's mother. Jimmy's account of their meeting had not been exactly convincing. How could the other Mrs. Robertson be expected to approve of such an arrangement? And if she did not approve, and was going to make difficulties—what would happen?

"Don't you worry," said Jimmy, reassuringly. "I can do anything with the old lady—twist her round my little finger!" Which, of course, is what a good mother ought to make her grown-up son think—though how Jimmy fitted that belief in with the facts only Jimmy knew.

"Can you now?" Cecily mocked him. "Aren't you the wonderful little Mummy's boy?"

Jimmy liked that. She was backing up. Mrs. Robertson did not keep them waiting long. She came in almost as soon as they had settled down in the hotel to wait for her.

The grim look had gone from the blue eyes that the mother-in-law had passed on to her hulking son. It was a very bewildered sparrow-eagle who loomed her exquisite little sable neckties and dropped into a wicker-work hotel chair.

"Rather early for tea, isn't it?" she murmured, which was no way to begin the delivery of an ultimatum.

Jimmy offered her a cigarette. Her fingers trembled as she took it. Then he offered Cecily one, and his mother studied the scarlet coat and hat, and the face in between them, while Cecily got her cigarette alight.

Like her son, Mrs. Robertson was surprised at herself.

"I've been to see your mother," she announced to Cecily.

"Mother—good Lord!" ejaculated Jimmy. But neither of the women took any notice of him. They were too busy with each other.

Deep waters—deep waters for them both.

"I meant to put an end to this nonsense about my son being your brother," Mrs. Robertson went on. "I want to tell your mother the truth about how she was being deceived—she paused for the fraction of a second—but I haven't told her. When it came to the point, I—couldn't!"

"Good work!" exclaimed Jimmy, vainly

rejoiced, though ever since he had been forced into the business he had been struggling to get out of it.

As before, neither of them heeded him.

"You thought, I suppose—?" began Cecily, and paused.

"Yes," said the dainty, bird-like figure in front of her. "I did."

"It was only mother I was thinking of," murmured Cecily.

Mrs. Robertson sighed.

They seemed to understand each other. In fifteen halting words they appeared to have said a great deal. Cecily blinked rapidly, and then shook the ash off her cigarette into an hotel ash-tray. Mrs. Robertson did the same.

"I told your mother that I had heard about her dreadful accident," she explained. "I think she thought I was a Bourne-mouth vicar's wife, or something like that—come to sympathise. She said it was kind of me to call, and how odd it was that we should both be named Robertson. And—then she began to talk about her son." She broke off abruptly.

Cecily nodded. She knew without being told what mother would say to—to a clergyman's wife. Painful things. Things about the Lord's mysterious ways, and the consolation He had sent her—how she could reconcile herself to living in darkness, if her affliction was to lead her erring son to the light—Mother had always been a little "pl."

"So I—I just came away," said the other Mrs. Robertson. "I—I left things as they were."

Jimmy, who had walked shyly to the window, turned his head as he heard a chair scrape on the verandah floor, and saw that Cecily had sprung to her feet and thrown her arms about his mother's neck, rather to the disturbance of the little brown hat.

#### CHAPTER 5

**T**HE light green walls with the rounded corners again; the twilted table on rubber wheels, with glass shelves on its white-enamelled iron supports; bare parquet floor; scent of iodine. Jimmy was paying his daily visit to the other woman he called mother.

She was sitting up in bed. A bandage enveloped her eyes and her head. Only the lower part of her face could be seen—a rather thin nose, cheeks faintly flushed with returning health, and a mouth like Cecily's. Her age Jimmy guessed as forty-something. Her coloring he did not know, since even her eyebrows were hidden. Nor was he aware whether she was tall or short. These things were kept secret by the big elderdown upon the bed.

She was getting better. No question of that, so far as her general health was concerned.

"Well, mother," said Jimmy. He kissed her nervously. He was always nervous in her presence, always expecting to be caught out, even though Cecily was there to guard against blunders, and to answer any question out of the past that might put him in a difficult position.

"Well, Jim," she answered. In spite of her bandage there was nothing repellent about her appearance—she could wear a bandage as well as most women could wear a "Paris" hat—and her voice was curiously attractive, and charged with affection.

"Still going strong, I see," Jimmy remarked.

"Yes. Every day in every way I'm getting better and better," she answered, almost gaily. She had made up her mind to bear her terrible misfortune with cheerful fortitude—and to use it to turn her black sheep into a white one. "And the new leaf, Jim?" she queried. "You haven't turned it back again?"

"Rather not." He winked at Cecily. "I hope that's true, Jim. You were always very ready to promise to reform, and

never really did! I do trust this time it is going to last."

"Of course, it is going to last," said Jimmy.

"Is Cecily here?"

"Yes, dear. Do you want anything?" Cecily answered for herself.

"Only for you to leave me and Jim alone, darling," her mother answered. "I've been lying here thinking about him, and I want to have a little talk with him."

Jimmy and his "sister" exchanged a glance of dismay. Already there had been several awkward moments when he must have betrayed himself, if Cecily had not been present to save the situation.

"Don't say I'm not strong enough yet, because I am," the invalid insisted, as her daughter did not speak.

"All right, but don't overtire yourself," Cecily faltered, and reluctantly made her way out of the room, realising that it was impossible for her to remain. She paused in the doorway to smile at Jimmy to give him courage.

"I wish I didn't mistrust you so, Jim," said Cecily's mother, when she had heard the door close.

Jimmy thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets.

"It was a great comfort to me the way you hurried here after my accident, and promised always to run straight in the future because you were so sorry for me, Jim—a great comfort. That's all I've got to live for. But I do wish I felt sure about you."

"It's all right," he said, shyly. Got to keep it up now he had started—got to make a job of it. "As I told you, I've chucked playing the goat, and mean to be a—a comfort to you, like—er—Cecily. Nothing for you to worry about—really there isn't!"

"But Jim, dear, when you came to me and confessed that you had stolen a hundred pounds—"

"Great snakes!" thought Jimmy. "Cecily's brother seems to have made a habit of robbing his employers!"

"—you said exactly the same, and you swore you would never put another shilling on a horse. But you didn't keep your word, Jim."

"I'm going to this time, though," Jimmy muttered.

"And the time you broke a window in Piccadilly—"

"My hat!" thought Jimmy. "This is some lad, this fellow whose identity I have taken on!"

"—you promised me faithfully you would never touch drink again. But when you kissed me just now your breath smelt of alcohol, Jim."

"You can't wonder that I doubt you when I think of all that," the gently reproachful and affectionate voice went on. "Jim, I've thought of something that I am going to ask you to do that will really prove to me that you have reformed, and that will help you to keep to it."

Jimmy frowned.

"She is going to ask me to take the pledge," he thought, disgustedly. "Dash it, this is a bit too thick—to be told to sign the pledge as if I can't trust myself not to take too much! I won't do it. I don't care what Cecily says, I won't do it!"

"You can guess what I mean, can't you, Jim?" Pathetically Mrs. Robertson turned her face towards him as if trying to peer at him through her bandage. "I want you to marry Adela at once!"

#### ADELA?

Who the dickens was Adela? Jimmy thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, afraid to speak for fear of giving himself away, and angry with Cecily for not having armed him with the lady's history.

Anyway, whoever Adela was, he wasn't going to marry her. It was bad enough to have adopted the other James Robertson's



reputation. Jimmy was hanged if he was going to be saddled with his women as well! One had to draw the line somewhere—even in a job like this.

"She's a sweet girl, Jim, and she would make you such a good wife," pleaded Mrs. Robertson. "I've always wanted you to marry her, and dear Adela is absolutely devoted to you. You can take that from me, Jim."

She paused for a moment, and then added as the man she believed to be her son remained silent:

"If you were married I should feel so much happier about you—and, of course, Adela is very well off."

Jimmy's figure stiffened. He felt that he was beginning to see daylight at last.

Evidently, during some portion of his crowded, dishonorable career, the other James had shown signs of being after Adela and her money. And then for some reason he had sheered off—probably because he found her capital too securely tied up, or possibly because he felt when it came to the point that he really could not stand Adela's sticking-out teeth, or something like that.

"If you really want me to believe in your reform—" began Mrs. Robertson again, and Jimmy in sister desperation cut her short.

"I'm sorry," he said firmly. "But I can't do it—not even to please you. I—I don't love her, you see, so that's that."

Mrs. Robertson sighed. "It would have been such an excellent match, and so good for you," she murmured.

Jimmy realised that it was her son she was thinking of, and that for him she would willingly sacrifice fifty Adelas if that were for his good. And it seemed to Jimmy that the only thing for him to do was to settle Adela one and for all.

"As a matter of fact, there's someone else," he announced. "It's really too early to talk about it, but, if you want to know, I've met the girl I want to marry, and her name's not Adela."

"Jim!" The blind woman turned her bandage towards him in an instinctive, pathetic effort to see his face.

HE saw her fingers clutch agitatedly at the eiderdown.

"Who is she? Tell me about her." Jimmy shook his head, and then cursed himself for his stupidity.

"I'd rather not talk about her, if you don't mind," he answered.

"Jim, I want you to talk about her—please, please," she begged.

Jim in love! Oh, what sort of woman would her Jim give his heart to? Could it possibly be the sort that would make him better? Was it not infinitely more likely to be the sort that would make him worse?

"Is she—she's a lady, Jim?" she faltered.

"Of course."

"What is her father?"

"He's dead, but what he was I don't know. I've never heard," Jimmy answered, with half a smile.

Mrs. Robertson's fingers plucked at the eiderdown again.

"Does she do anything for a living?" she inquired nervously.

"No."

She didn't believe him. She sensed something odd about his tone and his manner, and was convinced that he was keeping something back from her.

"Jim—she isn't married, is she?" she gasped.

"No. Of course not." Jimmy's tone was a trifle impatient. "I've told you I don't want to talk about her. It's too soon."

Mrs. Robertson hesitated for a moment. Then:

"Do tell me some more about her," she begged. "What is she like?"

It was the question which every woman

asks, and which most men find such difficulty in answering.

Jimmy frowned.

"Like? Well, she's jolly good-looking," he floundered.

"Is she dark or fair, John?"

"Dark, I suppose." He paused. "Sort of betwixt and between. Brown, you know. She's got brown eyes, too. Topping eyes—simply wonderful eyes," cried Jimmy, and then added with a grin: "Like Cecily!"

Mrs. Robertson sighed.

Before she could frame her next question Jimmy woke to the trap he had walked into.

"But I don't want to talk about her," he repeated.

Mrs. Robertson sank back into the pillows that were propping her up.

"Very well," she sighed. "But—but when are you going to bring her to see me?"

THE door opened, and Cecily came in.

Jimmy smiled. He could not help it. Cecily's entrance was so pat.

"Now then, Mother, I'm quite sure that you have been lecturing Jim long enough," said Cecily, briskly. "Can't have you tiring yourself out when you're going on so well, you know?"

She turned to Jim, the brother she was supposed not to get on with.

"You'd better clear out," she said—and Jimmy fled, very thankfully.

"Cecily, dear, I'm dreadfully worried about Jim," said her mother.

"I don't think you need be. I believe he really has turned over a new leaf this time," said Cecily, to comfort her.

"He's in love, darling! And he won't tell me anything about her. I wanted him to marry Adela. I thought it would be such a splendid thing for him. But he said he couldn't because he loved someone else."

Cecily did not speak.

"He won't tell me about her. I am sure he is hiding something, knowing that I should disapprove."

"Mother, be fair!" exclaimed Cecily.

"Don't meet troubles half-way. Give Jim a chance—believe in him, and—and trust him a bit now he's trying to go straight."

"That's the first time I've ever heard you stand up for him," commented the mother. "Cecily, I don't know if perhaps it is because I can't see that I seem to feel things more, but I am sure, I am certain there is something odd about this love affair of Jim's—and I must, oh! I must know what it is!"

"Darling," she went on, "perhaps you can make him tell you. You seem to be getting on better. Find out about her, Cecily, so that we can put a stop to it before it goes too far."

"Spy upon him for you, do you mean, mother?" Cecily jerked out. "Oh, I can't do that."

"For his good, dear," replied her mother, sturdily. "I couldn't bear it if he married someone who would drag him down just when my one hope in life is to lift him up again because he is sorry for me."

Her voice trembled with anxiety.

"I want to know the name of the girl he loves. I want to know all about her, and if possible I want her brought to see me," she cried. "I've nobody else to turn to but you, Cecily, now I am so helpless. Oh, you must do it for me, dear. I shall never know a moment's peace until I have found out whether she is a good girl who can be encouraged, or a girl he ought to be got away from."

Cecily shivered as she looked at that tense figure in the bed, that pitiful, bandaged mother torturing herself for love of a worthless son at that very moment in the grip of the law.

Oh! what had she done; what had she done when she asked that other James Robertson to take on her brother's identity? Every day, every hour, the dangers and the complications were growing.

"Cecily, you're not going to refuse to

help me?" Her mother's anxious voice broke in upon her musings.

"No. All right," she said, slowly. "I'll see if I can make Jim talk to me about her."

Cecily went down to the sitting-room to find Jimmy, but he was not there. Guessing that he had gone out to see his own mother, Cecily settled down to wait for him. Jimmy's mother, she knew, was leaving Bournemouth almost at once, and very soon her own mother would be well enough to leave the nursing home. Jimmy and she would have to have a serious talk about their plans for the future—but first they must have a talk about this love affair of his.

So Jimmy was in love? Well, there was nothing surprising in that. In a way it was rather a relief. It certainly made things easier about the promise Jimmy's mother had extracted from her at the hotel.

"I wonder what she is like?" Cecily murmured to herself.

"Well, she would soon know, because she had to ask Jimmy all about her. Jimmy, forced into a corner by Mother pressing him to marry Adela had saved himself by mentioning that he was in love with someone else."

Cecily lit a cigarette.

He was a good sort, this adopted brother of hers, and she did hope the girl he loved was a good sort, too. Hang! The smoke was getting in her eyes.

It looked as if this girl friend of Jimmy's would also have to be dragged into the conspiracy. A pity, that, but there seemed to be no way out of it. Mother was fairly on the warpath about Jim's girl. Mother would have to be told a lot of nice things about her, and then ultimately she would have to be produced for mother's inspection.

Cecily flung her cigarette away. It didn't taste right somehow.

Would the girl play up? Jimmy would make her, and it wasn't really very much to ask. It wouldn't make any difference to her. Yes, the girl would certainly do it for Jimmy's sake, though it was rather a nuisance having to bring someone else in.

The door opened, and Jimmy came in.

Cecily jumped up.

"I want to talk to you about the girl you are in love with." She came straight to the point.

"Fire away," said Jimmy, with a sudden, sunny smile.

"Mother has been telling me about her—"

"Look here, old bean," he interrupted, "why the blazes didn't you warn me about Adela?"

"I forgot. But never mind Adela now. I'll tell you about her some other time. It's the girl you're in love with that I want to know about. It looks as if we shall have to make use of her. Tell me, what is she like, Jimmy?"

"Like? Well, rather like you."

"Is she the kind who would get on with mother?"

"Oh! absolutely," he smiled.

"What is her name? Who is she, Jimmy?"

"You!" said Jimmy.

#### CHAPTER 6

IN one corner of the sitting-room there was a desk where the accounts of the nursing home were made out. There was a second or so of silence, during which Jimmy looked at Cecily with smiling adoration, and Cecily stared at the desk as if it fascinated her.

It wasn't someone else he loved; it was she. The one thing she didn't want to happen had happened.

What about her promise to his mother—her definite assurance that Jimmy was nothing to her, and never should be anything to her, and that it was only her own mother she was thinking about? And what about this girl Jimmy was supposed



to be in love with, whom mother wanted to know all about and see?

"I've been in love with you from the moment I first set eyes on you," he announced, still smiling and moving a little nearer to her.

"Don't be sloppy!"

Jimmy paused and the smile faded away. "But erasing that," he floundered. "But it's the state of the market, sister. I love you. The way you smile, the sound of your voice, your eyes, your hair, how you look in that tugging scarlet leather coat and cap—I love every bit of you."

"Don't be sloppy!"

Jimmy reddened.

"Perhaps you are right, and that poetic stuff isn't my line." He bravely faced the chilling shower-bath. "But it's a fact, Cecily. I love you—and—and I thought we were pals."

"Brother and sister—that was the—"

"Quite," he swiftly took her up. "Officially. But off-duty—after hours—"

She shook her head, and Jimmy's color deepened.

"You mean I've been making a fool of myself? Got hold of the dirty end?" He thrust his hands into his pockets. "Rather torn things, this, hasn't it?"

"Yes."

She was looking at the desk again. "What are we going to do about it?" asked Jimmy.

"Forget it," she suggested, tersely.

"Can't. Sorry," said Jimmy. "There was another second or so of silence."

"Look here," said Jimmy, breaking it. "Why did you think I agreed to join in this conspiracy?"

"Because you were sorry for mother, and saw how dreadful it was for her—and because you were a good sort."

JIMMY took his hands out of his pockets.

"Of course I was sorry for her, but not all that sorry," he said slowly. "If you hadn't been what you are—if anyone else had asked me—"

"All right," she broke in. "Don't say any more."

She was wearing a sports coat, and with a gesture unconsciously imitative of him, she plunged her hands into the pockets with her fists clenched, straining at the material in her agitation, so that it was dragged out of shape.

"I meant it for the best and, of course, we didn't know how it was going to develop," she said coldly. "But I see now that it was all a mistake. Impossible to carry out—I was a fool. All I was thinking of was mother, and giving her what happiness I could. I didn't think enough about you—or myself either. The whole thing is off now."

"But—but what are you going to do?" Jimmy faltered.

"Tell her—tell her to-morrow," Cecily answered. "I'll let her have a good night's rest first. But, then, she'll have to know. I'm hoping that she will be so angry with me for having deceived her that that will help her to bear the truth about Jim."

Her voice faltered for a moment, but she steadied it and hurried on:

"I know I've always said she couldn't bear it. But she'll have to bear it. It can't be helped."

"Look here," said Jimmy, "don't tell her. Never mind about—about anything. I'll carry on." The momentary break in her voice had been too much for him.

"No," Cecily's voice cut in upon his offer. "I've thought it all out, and it's got to be. Apart from—from you and me, there's the girl Jim is supposed to be in love with to be thought about."

Mother will want to see her. Sooner or later it will be bound to come out. Don't you see it's impossible, quite impossible to keep it up now? Mother's on the warpath about that girl. She's set

me on to find out all about her. That's what makes it so impossible."

Jimmy nodded; very gravely Jimmy nodded.

"Yes, I suppose it is," he admitted. "I didn't quite understand about that."

"So—so—good-bye," said Cecily, with a gulp. "And once more, thank you very much. It isn't your fault, it isn't anyone's fault but mine. I ought never to have started it. Good-bye."

She walked out of the room, and left him.

"HELL!" said Jimmy.

He was only a man, and the "hell" was on his own account—his way of letting off a little steam, a safety valve coming into play to ease the regret and the pain that were torturing him.

Cecily had turned him down. His dream was shattered; the lark had turned out to be a tragedy. The only girl he had ever felt he really could go through fire and water for had told him not to be sloppy when he tried to make love to her.

A facet that, hopeless. The sort of thing that made a fellow realise that his goose was cooked. Precious little chance left when a girl said "don't be sloppy"—a devastating sort of thing to say, after which the only sensible course was to clear out, and buy a few worms.

"Hell," repeated Jimmy, marching along to see his mother and tell her that he would go back with her.

He lit his pipe.

It was rotten to think of Cecily's mother being told in the morning how she had been taken in—rotten for her to have to learn that her son was awaiting his trial at the sessions for embezzlement. Blind, and so happy because she believed he was going straight at last. Rotten for her to discover the truth!

He paused and stared fiercely out to sea, puffing hard at his pipe.

No doubt it was an exaggeration to say that the truth would kill Cecily's mother. It wouldn't. But it would break her heart. And when one was blind and ill—when all in a moment one stroke of bad luck had changed one from a healthy, energetic woman to what Cecily's mother was now, surely, surely one ought to escape all further blows? Had not the poor thing suffered enough?

Jimmy hit hard on his pipe-stem.

He was fond of her. In spite of her pity and her preaching, in spite of her attitude of distrust and suspicion towards him—he was fond of her. Somehow, she had made him fond of her as well as sorry for her. Fond of her, not just because she was Cecily's mother, but for herself.

Odd that. Seemed to show there must be something remarkable about her—and about him, too—what? In a way it was almost sorry—but there it was.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated aloud. "I say—I don't want it to stop! It mustn't stop."

Even if Cecily would not look at him the way he wanted her to look at him, he would rather go on with it!

"I suppose I'm an ass," he confided to the waves. "But there it is."

But it could not go on. Cecily said so. This bother about the girl he had had to tell her mother he was in love with when Mrs. Robertson was pressing him to marry the unknown, wealthy Adela—that had torn it! Cecily's mother, anxious about her son, would demand to see that girl—and there was "no such person."

He wasn't there?

Suddenly Jimmy tapped the ashes out of his pipe and hurried off, not in the direction of his mother's hotel, but on the way back to the nursing-home.

Cecily, you've been crying," said the blind woman. "I can hear it in your voice."

Cecily started. As she had come into

the room she had told herself that anyway she need not bother to keep away because her eyes were red. Yet now, here was mother saying she had been crying.

"What is the matter, dear?" Mrs. Robertson went on. "Has—has Jim been upsetting you?" her tone grew really anxious. "Cecily, is it about Jim that you've been crying?"

Cecily made a big effort.

"Of course not, mother. You seem to have Jim on the brain. I haven't been crying at all, but I think I may have a cold coming on."

There came a tap at the door.

"Your brother is asking for you, Miss Robertson," a nurse informed Cecily. "He wants to see you at once."

Cecily followed her out of the room, and Mrs. Robertson nodded to herself as the door closed.

"I was right. I wonder what Jim is up to now?" she murmured, uneasily.

"Yes, what is it?" Cecily inquired, as she entered the sitting-room. Her tone was cold, and her manner distant.

"I say, I've been thinking things over. You haven't told her yet, have you?" inquired Jimmy.

"No. I don't intend to till the morning."

"Good. Well, she's not to be told at all. I want to go on," said Jimmy. "For her sake. We can't stop now. Never mind about me and you. I—I won't worry you. But I can't back out—with her. See? I want to go on."

Cecily looked at him with eyes that had suddenly begun to shine.

"Jimmy, you brick!" she exclaimed, and then shook her head. "It's very sweet of you, but it can't go on," she said, shakily. "You've forgotten about the girl!"

"No, I haven't! Not a bit of it," he cried. "I've thought it all out, and I am prepared to produce a girl who is supposed to be in love with me as soon as ever your mother wants to see her!"

## CHAPTER 7

THOUGHTFULLY—in-terrupted in her packing—Jimmy's mother glanced down at her half-filled boxes.

He was really very trying, this great hulking son of hers, who had come bursting into her bedroom when she was so busy.

Though she had not had the heart to interfere herself, she had always been hoping that something would happen to put an end to the conspiracy into which he had been inveigled. And something had happened—something which made even Cecily see that it was impossible for the deception, however well-meant it might be, to continue. And then Jimmy—impulsive, sentimental Jimmy—had gone and spoilt things.

He had just told her all about it, and though she admitted that it was rather fine of him, she was really rather annoyed.

The girl had undoubtedly behaved very well. One must be just. Cecily had kept her word. According to Jimmy's own account, she had definitely squashed him when he had tried to make love to her. Oh! a pity, a great pity that he could not have been content with her decision, and have left her to deal with her poor mother in her own way.

But no! He had gone back, and insisted on carrying the thing on—and now he wanted to rope his own mother into the business—actually wanted her to pretend to be the young woman with whom he was supposed to be in love!

He thought that funny—and a compliment! He expected her to jump at it!

"Of course, she won't be able to see how young you look, but she'll hear how young you sound!" he had told her. "I've got to put up someone I'm in love with, and I'm in love with you—always have been, mother, old thing! And you're rather fond of me, aren't you? So there won't really be any



deception about it, not more than half a deception, anyway!"

Then he had given one of his great, roaring laughs and inquired—

"Doesn't the originality of it tickle you to death? A mother pretending to be her son's fiancée—why, it beats the band. And it's all in a good cause, too. Don't forget that, old lady."

Convinced that he could twist her round his little finger, as he had once told Cecily, he lifted her bodily off the ground, and rubbed his bristly cheek against hers.

The packing finished at last, Jimmy accompanied her to the station in her taxi.

"I'll let you know when you are wanted," he told her. "Expect it will be in town, Cecily and her mother ought to be leaving Bournemouth in a week or so. It will be rather a lark, won't it?"

"Are you staying down here with them till they go, Jimmy?" she asked, eyeing him with her head a little on one side.

"No. Don't think so. I expect I shall toddle back in the car to-morrow, or the day after."

He saw to the labelling of her luggage, and secured her a corner seat, back to the engine.

The whistle sounded, and the train moved off.

Mrs. Robertson leant back against the carriage cushion. Slowly, she shook her head.

More and more complicated the business was getting. Cecily was right. It could not go on. This latest idea that she should pose as her son's sweetheart might appeal to Jimmy, but it did not appeal to her.

If only Jimmy would be sensible, now about Hilda—

Abruptly, Mrs. Robinson sat up.

Hilda Lester—the girl she had always wanted Jimmy to marry—if Jimmy had to have someone to introduce to the other Mrs. Robertson as his sweetheart, why should it not be Hilda instead of his mother?

Nobody could say that Hilda wasn't a sport, always ready for what she called a bit of fun—too ready, perhaps, one might think, if one didn't know that these modern girls talked more daringly than they did. If the situation were explained to Hilda—yes!—why shouldn't Hilda turn up as Jimmy's supposed fiancée when that young lady was wanted?

Hilda would only think of it as a lark. "But there's many a true word spoken in jest," murmured Jimmy's mother solemnly to herself.

**N**EARLY wrecked again, it was saved once more, this kindly conspiracy to keep the truth about her son from the blind mother, who, nevertheless, knew, in spite of her devotion to him, that her son was a bad lot.

Fortified by the belief that his mother would come to the rescue when called upon, Jimmy grew quite bold about the girl he was supposed to be in love with, and who was presumed to have put Adela's nose out of joint. Anxious about her son's future, Mrs. Robertson would not let the subject alone. She forced Jimmy to talk about her, so Jimmy did his best to make a good job of it.

He gave her a lineage. According to him, she came of an old county family, and her father was a clergyman, shortly expecting to be made a canon. She had a private income of her own. Good works were her hobby, though, not to make her sound too much of a paragon, he admitted that she danced a little, and was quite decent at tennis. But the general impression he gave of her was that she was pure as the driven snow, and as proper as the Prayer Book—an ideal shepherdess for a black sheep.

"Of course, I don't know that she will have me," he sighed, with a private wink at Cecily. "But I have hopes. By the time you come to London, mother, I shall probably know my fate."

Mrs. Robertson closed her eyes. Her lips moved soundlessly. "I've been praying that she'll say 'yes,' Jim," she explained, simply—and the two conspirators exchanged a glance of dismay, with all their secret amusement suddenly quenched.

"That's the worst of this job," reflected Jimmy wryly. "It keeps turning round and biting one in the neck!"

"I'm off back to town to-morrow." He changed the subject.

"Ah!" said the blind woman. "I've been wondering how much longer you meant to stay down here with me."

"That sounds as if I've rather overstayed my welcome," he remarked.

"No. I've been glad to have you—but—when you came you told me you were working. And what puzzles me is that you've never said anything more about it—and I can't understand how, if you have a job, you have been able to go on staying down here all this time."

Jimmy and Cecily looked at each other. "Is it true that you've got a job, Jim?" demanded the blind woman. "Or did you only say that to please me?"

"Of course he's got a job, mother," said Cecily, quickly, as Jimmy hesitated.

## MRS. ROBERTSON

turned her bandaged eyes in his direction.

"You must have a very considerate employer, Jim," she observed dryly. "Tell me his name and address. I should like to write to him to thank him for having spared you to me for so long."

Disaster—a trap! All this while Jim's distrustful, affectionate mother had been biding her time, waiting for the reformed character to talk to her about his job—suspecting from his silence that it was all lies. And now she had bowled them out!

Jimmy, thinking quickly, decided that the only thing for him to do was to own up and be straitened—and distrusted more than ever.

But Cecily took another view. If mother found out that the job was a lie mother would probably think that the reform was a lie as well. And since Jim's supposed reformation was mother's only happiness, that would never do.

There was no time for them to consult, so, while Jimmy was seeking for the words in which to admit that he had no employer for her to write to, Cecily intervened.

"Mother, don't you understand?" she cried. "Jim's in business for himself. That's why you've been able to stay so long, isn't it, Jim?"

"Rather!" instinctively he backed her up—with a sinking heart, for he was beginning to know his new mother! Cecily's answer was a clever enough get-out in its way, but he had a shrewd suspicion that it would turn out to be only an exchange of the frying-pan for the fire.

"In business for himself?" exclaimed Cecily's mother. "What sort of business, Jim?"

Jimmy made a despairing gesture at his fellow conspirator.

"See what you've landed me for," his eyes reproached her; and "Think of something, quick!" she signalled to him with waving hands.

Jimmy thought. The question had got to be answered. Jimmy thought hard and wildly. Grocer, tailor, fishmonger, jeweller, hanker, publisher, bookmaker, newspaper proprietor, muffin man? What the blazes should he say he was?

"I'm running a garage!" he blundered. "A garage, Jim?" echoed Mrs. Robertson. "A garage of your own?"

"Yes." He wasn't going to say one word more than he had to—and it was all jolly fine for Cecily in the background to be silently clapping her hands at him in approval, and grinning like a Cheshire cat—the point was, what would her mother want to know next?

"Where did you get the money from, Jim, to start with?" inquired Mrs. Robertson.

"Oh! I had a bit of luck," he answered vaguely.

"Racing?"

"Yes," he said desperately. "My last plunge, mother."

"Who is looking after your garage for you now, Jim?"

"Oh, my—my foreman," he replied, airily.

"How many men do you employ?"

"Only two—and a boy."

"Why didn't you tell me about this before?"

Jimmy thrust his hands into his pockets and rattled his money.

"It—er—didn't crop up, and you've been so ill and all that," he mumbled.

"You might have known how interested I should have been to hear about it, dear."

"Well, you know about it now," he retorted, lightly.

"Oh! but I want to know a great deal more about it than this," Mrs. Robertson smiled at him. "As soon as ever I'm well enough, you'll have to show me and Cecily over it, Jim. That's going to be my first jaunt when I've got back to London—to visit your garage. You'll have to be my eyes, Jim, and make me see everything that's in it, and introduce me to your man!"

"Help!" said Jimmy to himself.

Where was this affair going to stop? Talk about a snowball! Already he was landed with a girl he was supposed to be in love with—and now he was the boss of a business that did not exist! Fortunately his mother was going to help him out about the girl—but what on earth was he to do about this wretched garage?

**C**LEARLY something had got to be done; and since it was obviously impossible that Cecily's mother should visit a garage that did not exist, the simplest course appeared to be to endeavor to make her change her mind.

"You wouldn't really like going there," said Jimmy, with a glance at Cecily inviting her to come to his aid.

"No, darling, the noise would make your head ache," Cecily gallantly did her best.

"Nonsense. As if I should mind a little noise when I'm well again!" responded the blind woman, with a touch of impatience.

"The smell," Jimmy ventured.

"I shouldn't mind the smell."

"Then there's the men," Jimmy tried again. "They get rather dirty at their work."

"I shan't see them, Jim, so that won't trouble me."

Jimmy looked at Cecily. He had fired his last shot.

But instead of coming out with something brilliant, Cecily shook her head as a warning that it would be dangerous to oppose her mother any further.

Jimmy felt thoroughly annoyed with her. "The plain truth of the matter is that there isn't any garage at all," said the blind woman, quietly. "That's why you are making all these objections to taking me to see it."

Cecily clasped her hands together, and rocked them up and down, meanwhile looking an eager entreaty at Jimmy to save the situation somehow.

The combined effect of these words and Cecily's frantic, appealing stare were too much for Jimmy. Quite suddenly he completely lost his temper.

"Rot!" he cried. "Look here, I can't stand this! Of course, the garage exists, and as you are so keen on seeing it, you shall see it, as soon as ever you are well enough!"

These followed a moment of silence, during which two women each drew a startled breath, and Jimmy had time to wonder what the dickens had come over him. Then his other mother spoke.

"Thank you, dear. I shall look forward to it tremendously. Jim, I'm sorry that I doubted you. Forgive me, I'll try not to do it again."

The way she said it, the implication be-



hind her words, filled Jimmy with a wild longing to hit somebody—preferably himself. And then, becoming aware of Cecily's eyes regarding him with astonishment and admiration, unable to bear any more, he turned and hurried out of the room.

"I haven't hurt him, have I?" murmured the blind woman.

"It's all right, Mother," said Cecily. "Don't worry. He's not really offended."

She paused and then added, with a catch in her breath:

"But after this you will trust him a little more, won't you?"

"Oh! I will, I will," cried her mother. "At least, I'll try to, darling."

#### CHAPTER 8

**C**ECILY saw Jimmy off in the morning, after he had kissed his other mother good-bye, and suffered another apology from her having doubted him.

"Good-bye, Jim. You really are a brick," said Cecily. "There was a soft, shiny look in her eyes, and her voice shook a little. "That was a noble effort of yours about the garage, Jim."

"I'm not so sure," said Jimmy, gruffly.

"Oh! you'll be able to think of something, and arrange something," declared Cecily. "That's what's so nice about you. One can depend on you so."

She patted him on the back.

"I don't know what plan you have in your mind, but I'm quite sure you'll pull it off. What are you thinking of doing? Are you going to hit someone to let us pretend it is your garage while mother is there?"

"Dunno," said Jimmy, "haven't thought yet."

"Well, I'm quite content to leave it to you. I'll fall in with whatever you arrange. Good-bye, Jimmy—and—thank you most awfully for—everything. Au revoir!"

He got into the car—cursing her in his heart.

Wasn't that just like a girl? he asked himself as he drove off. Leaving it all to him—sure he'd find a way out—leaning on him, depending on him, when he hadn't the foggiest notion what to do about that balmy burst-out of yesterday.

Cecily, as the car disappeared from view, turned and went in. But she did not return at once to her mother. First she felt she must have a little while alone to think and to get over—things.

When she entered her mother's room one of the nurses was just leaving, and Cecily noticed at once that her mother's mouth looked stern and sad.

"Has Jim gone?" she asked.

"Yes, been gone some time," Cecily answered.

Mrs. Robertson sighed.

"How can I trust him?" she burst out. "Yesterday you thought I was too hard on him, and he made me think so, too. But he's just the same. He hasn't altered a bit."

"Why, what's happened?" asked Cecily, biting her lip.

"I've just found him out in another of those silly, swanking lies he is so fond of telling," moaned her mother. "Can you wonder I can't believe a word he says?"

"What he has been telling?" asked Cecily, clasping her hands together.

"Oh! nothing much. But it's a straw that shows what I mean is, it shows he hasn't really changed. Nurse told me she happened to mention to him yesterday that a brother of hers had been at Balliol—and Jimmy told her he had been there, too. It was just swank, of course—but if he had really reformed he would have given up that sort of thing. That's what makes me so unhappy."

"I don't see what tall nurse has to come

gossiping to you about what Jim said, or didn't say," exclaimed Cecily, indignantly, because she could not think of anything else to say!

"She didn't, dear. Nurse merely said how small the world was, and wasn't it interesting to think that my son and her brother had been at the Varsity together. Oh! dear, I was so happy about him yesterday, when I found how I had misjudged him, and now I feel all miserable and uncertain again."

Cecily drew a deep breath. Jim had never been to Oxford. But Jimmy had. Oh! what a frightening, bewildering business her conspiracy was turning out to be. Yesterday when Jimmy had lied, her mother had believed him; to-day, when he had rashly spoken the truth to someone else, mother was convinced that he was lying, and all her uneasiness and anxiety had returned!

Poor mother—and poor Jimmy, to be working so hard in her cause and be misjudged in this humiliating way—condemned as a mere vulgar poser who had been "putting it on."

But the house of cards had got to be kept up; the table must not be shaken.

"Oh, well," she said briskly, "you know what Jim is. Don't worry, Mother. It's only a little thing."

"I know it is only a little thing," said the blind woman. "But it is one of those little things that are really very big things, my dear. If Jim had really turned over a new leaf he would never have—"

"Here's the doctor," exclaimed Cecily as the door opened—and under her breath she added: "Thank God!"

**T**HE problem of the garage haunted Jimmy during the run back to town. The problem of the girl he regarded as settled, and the problem of Cecily was better not dwelt upon.

Thinking about Cecily made one seethe inside, and drivers of motor cars ought not to have seething insides. A bad temper can very easily spoil a clean licence. It breeds an inclination to tread too heavily upon the gas, to dash along at the highest possible speed as some relief to one's feelings; and though Jimmy had come down to Bournemouth "all out" he was no road-hog.

Never having heard, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say never having bothered, about such high-brow tosh as sex antagonism, Jimmy found his anger against the girl he loved more than a little puzzling.

"Just wants to make use of me without giving me anything in return," he fumed. "Puts me in the car, and then tells me she's sure I'll get out of it—that she leaves it to me! My God! Women are the limit, the absolute outside-edge!"

Then—about Ramsey—he began to cool down.

"Come, this won't do," he rebuked himself, and concentrated on the garage.

What about that little back-street place he knew of? He had dropped in there one evening with a choked jet. It was a small, unimpressive show, with only one pump, a concern patently not very prosperous. But they had a good man there, a mechanic named Bill.

"May as well drive straight there and have a small round," decided Jimmy. "Place like that ought to be pretty cheap."

It's a queer business, this sex-antagonism which Jimmy had never thought about. Cecily had suggested that it might be possible to bribe or persuade some one to permit his garage to be used to throw dust in a blind woman's eyes, so to speak. But because that was what Cecily had suggested, Jimmy had resolved on another course.

"I said I had a garage, and I'm jolly well going to have one!" he told himself, resentfully.

**"W**ELL?" said his real Mother, after welcoming him back to her flat. "How are the invalid and her daughter?"

"Going strong," replied Jimmy. "Coming up to town in a week or so."

With her head a little on one side, Mrs. Robertson looked at him, and inquired what was to happen then. Did Jimmy propose to live with the other Mrs. Robertson and her daughter?

"No, I've settled that. I shall still hang on here with you, mother, and pretend that I prefer to keep my old lodgings to be near my place of business," explained Jimmy. "And, by the way, I want to talk to you about that."

He lit his pipe.

"Seems to me it's time I settled down and did something," he mumbled, between puffs.

"I've often thought so, Jimmy," agreed Mary Robertson, looking more bird-like than ever.

"Fellow can't go on just messing about for ever. Must have a job of some sort in life."

He took his pipe out of his mouth, a little restless under the gaze of his mother's bright eyes. Mature consideration had convinced him that this was the way to put the matter to her. She might kick if she knew exactly how the situation had come about, and he needed her assistance.

"I'm very glad to hear you say that, Jimmy," she commented sally. "Hilda was only saying to me yesterday that if something didn't happen to wake you up you'd turn into a regular lounge lizard."

"Hang Hilda! Tell her to go to blazes and scotch cocktails," said Jimmy good-humoredly.

"I told her she ought to cover up a little more of her legs," observed Mrs. Robertson. "But she only laughed at me."

"Well, let's get back to the point," suggested Jimmy.

His mother sat bolt upright in her chair. "Oh! yes, the point," she murmured, her bright eyes looking searchingly into his. "You're trying to get something out of me, aren't you, dear? What is it, Jimmy?"

Jimmy took two or three draws at his pipe in silence, rather put out of his stride by his mother's abrupt question.

Always surprising him, the old lady was. Then he pulled himself together, and got on with the job of "manoeuvring" her.

He wanted to run a garage, he explained. Motors were the only things he knew about. He had his eye on a place where there was a good man, who was rather a pal of his, and ready to stay on as his mechanic. The proprietor was willing to sell—not doing very well, in fact.

"But, Jimmy, dear," interrupted his mother. "Surely if the place isn't doing very well—"

"Not a bit of it," he cut in. "I'm going to make a hell of a success of it—that is, Bill and I together are. You must meet Bill, mother. You'd love him. He hasn't anyitches; and wears a smudge of grease on his face as part of his uniform, but what he doesn't know about motors and getting money out of motorists' pockets isn't worth knowing."

"Well, go on with what you want, Jimmy," said Mary Robertson.

Jimmy decided that in view of the way negotiations were going it would be best to let her have it straight from the shoulder.

Would she lend him the money he needed to start with? He hadn't quite enough capital of his own to buy the place as a going concern, and put up what was wanted for working expenses. He would pay her back—some day out of the profits—and she could take it from him (and Bill) that the profits were going to be good and plentiful.

"How much is it you want?"

"Only fifteen hundred pounds," said



Jimmy, airily. "I can find the rest, old lady."

Mrs. Robertson leant back in her chair. "You see—" began Jimmy again, but she stopped him with a wave of her hand.

"Don't talk, darling. I'm thinking," she said gravely.

She didn't believe that he would make the business pay. Nor did she believe in Bill. Her son was the sort whose first inclination was always to say "yes" when anyone asked him anything, and who believed that every goose he met was a swan. But it certainly was time that he had something to do, and it would be a particularly good thing if he had something to do at this crisis in his life.

With Jimmy as the head of it, this garage would almost certainly fail, but she did not see why the money need be lost. Enough could probably be saved, if she kept an eye on how things were going, to make it well worth while to lose a few hundred as the price of keeping him occupied—which meant away from that girl with the brown eyes and the scarlet suede coat and cap.

Jimmy with a new toy to play with; Jimmy looking after his friends' cars and imagining himself a business man would have very little time to spare for his other mother—and her daughter.

Yes, it was worth it, and very, very good for him.

"All right, dear, you shall have the money," she promised.

He lifted her up in the air and kissed her. He always lifted her up when he was pleased with her, put his strong hands under her dainty little armpits and raised her as if she were a feather. And though he had done it a hundred times she had never once let him see that she hated it, or even so much as hinted to him that no short people like to be reminded of their lack of inches.

"You're a brick!" he cried, and then rather hurriedly put her down, suddenly remembering that that was what Cecily had said to him when she bade him au revoir.

"I'll make out the cheque at once," she laughed.

Jimmy stood over her while she wrote it, and beamed on her as she put it into his hand.

"You'll get it back. Don't you worry. You'll get it back sooner than you expect," he prophesied.

Then he folded it, and put it into his pocket-book.

"Of course, Bill is really going to do all the work," he observed. "I'm only going to be the boss, and sign the cheques and bank the takings."

Mary Robertson fought down a sudden inclination to ask for her money back.

"I thought you said you were going to work," she remarked, a trifle acidly.

"Well, that is work, isn't it?" inquired Jimmy, blandly. "Cheerful! Now you're forked out I may as well run round and settle the matter. I'm anxious to get things fixed up as soon as possible."

A second later Mary Robertson found herself alone.

She stared into the fire with puzzled eyes, and her youthful-looking shingled head on one side, always her attitude in moments of anxiety and contemplation.

Had she made a mistake? Ought she to have made Jimmy return her cheque? Should she stop it, even now?

She was quite sure the garage would never pay. It was solely to keep him busy that she had given him the money—and his last remark but one seemed to indicate that he did not intend to be busy, and her investment would therefore fall of its object.

A sudden smile irradiated her absurdly young face.

No. She wasn't going to draw back. Let the cheque go through, in spite of Jimmy's

assertion that he meant to leave everything to this precious Bill.

Jimmy's mother believed that she knew him a great deal better than he knew himself.

## CHAPTER 3

BILL looked at his new boss, and Jimmy looked at Bill.

What Bill saw is already known. What Jimmy saw was a cheerful, fatish-faced young man in greasy overalls, with filthy hands, a patch of black oil on one cheek, and a pair of bright blue eyes below a perspiring forehead, and a mass of very untidy, very fair hair.

It takes quite a while to buy a house. The purchase of a business is a simpler matter. If both parties are willing it can be done at lightning speed. So quickly indeed had Jimmy become a garage proprietor, that he had not yet had time to forget the motorist's point of view.

"Not a very satisfactory transaction," he said sternly to his henchman.

"Dunno so much about that," replied democratic Bill. He nodded in the direction of the customer who had just driven away. "He's satisfied, and we've done very well out of 'im."

He wiped his hot forehead with a swab of waste.

"It was 'is own fault fur being in such a 'urry," he defended himself. "Come in with a puncture, 'e did, and wanted it mended in five minutes, or a bit sooner, same as they all do. Well, I done my best fur 'im. Dropped the job I was on, put me back into it—and shipped 'is tool when I was putting it back 'cos I was in such a 'urry to oblige. 'E shouldn't 'ave rushed me. Went off like a Mills bomb it did, afore 'e'd driven fifty yards."

Bill smiled with reminiscent enjoyment.

"Not 'arf in a rage 'e wasn't when 'e come back. Looked as if 'e was going to ask me to 'and over the bob 'e'd give me fur bucking up! And 'is language! My old sergeant would 'a' loved 'im. But when 'e'd got it off his chest I told 'im it wasn't my fault—'is cover 'ad crept—"

"But he didn't believe you, of course," commented Jimmy the motorist, instinctively at war with all garages and the police.

"I don't matter to us whether 'e believed it or not, guv'nor. 'E 'ad to buy a new inner tool 'cos 'e was in such a 'urry—and tip me another tanner fur getting 'im off quick!"

"That's two tips I got out of 'im," he went on. "And look what you'll get, guv'nor. 'Alf a crown for the puncture, five bob fur the second, which was a burst, and a new tool—"

"That's all very fine," Jimmy interrupted. "But we shall lose a customer, Bill. Next time he'll go to another garage."

"Praps—praps not!" replied the unrepentant Bill. "And 'is won't matter much if 'e do. Ten 'a'pence 'e'll go further and fare worse. That's always been the joke about the motor trade. Them as is offended wid you goes somewhere else, but them as others 'ave offended takes their place. That's 'ow it was in the beginning, and won't never be no different, as the parson says!"

Jimmy tried not to smile.

"According to you one would think the motor-repairing industry was kept going by taking in each other's dirty linen," he said, severely.

"So it is," Bill agreed. "Motorists is 'ere for us to make money out of, ain't they?" Jimmy—the motorist—frowned, feeling that the issue had become rather obscure. But Jimmy—the garage proprietor—could not help feeling that the prospect sounded rather good.

"Haden't you better be getting on with your work?" he checked the flow of Bill's shameless talk, and then went into his office, conscious that the straining of Bill had rather flexed out.

For half an hour he occupied himself

with sending round to his friends cards announcing that he was now running a garage whose motto was "Efficiency and Expedition"—all work guaranteed. Cars for hire. Tariff on application. Petrol, oil, and grease supplied. Tyres stocked.

Then it was time for him to go to Waterloo, where he was to meet Cecily and his other mother and drive them to their home in St. John's Wood.

Cecily got out first.

"Hallo, Jim," she said, with sisterly casualness—for her mother's benefit—and then started to help her mother out.

Jimmy took Mrs. Robertson's other arm. "Well, Jim," she said.

"Well, Mother!" he answered.

Her eyes were no longer bandaged, and her figure, he discovered, was tall. Very distinguished she looked as he and Cecily guided her to the waiting car.

"Glad to see you so much better," remarked Jimmy.

"Splendid, isn't she?" cried Cecily. "The doctors are delighted with her... We're at the car now, Mother. Mind the step. All right. In you go. Now Jim and I will look to the luggage." Then went off.

"Her eyes look all right," said Jim, as they walked away together.

"The sight of one is completely gone, and there's only just enough left in the other to enable her to distinguish light from dark," Cecily informed him.

"I suppose the journey has tired her a lot," he remarked. "She didn't strike me as exactly pleased to see her black sheep."

"The necessity of instructing a porter as to which were their boxes prevented Cecily from answering. When the luggage had been placed on a trolley, and counted and found correct, Jimmy touched her on the arm.

"By the way," he said, in his driest tone, "she can come to see my garage to-morrow, if she's up to it."

He fumbled in his pocket for one of the cards he had been sending round to friends and acquaintances.

"Here's the address," he observed, handing it to her.

Cecily stared.

"Jim, what does this mean? Is it genuine?" she gasped.

"Put 'em on the luggage-grid of that car over there," Jimmy instructed the porter.

Then he turned to Cecily again—Cecily still staring at that amazing card.

"Genuine? Of course it is," he said loftily.

"I said I had a garage, didn't I?"

"Yes—but—but—"

"Well, I'm a man of my word. I have. That's it!"

Cecily's eyes twinkled.

"Jim, you're splendid, simply splendid!"

she exclaimed. "We'll come and inspect it as soon as possible. But—but mother's much more anxious to see the girl you are in love with. She believes about the garage, but she's still anxious about the girl."

"That's all right," Jimmy assured her. "She shall see her. It's all arranged. I'll introduce your mother to her directly she is ready to meet her."

"Jim—you little marvel!" breathed the girl who had once told him not to be sloppy.

"NICE, isn't it, Mother, having one of Jimmy's cars to take us home?" exclaimed Cecily cheerfully, as they started.

"Very nice," said the blind woman without enthusiasm.

Cecily was seated with Jimmy in the front, so that her mother should have plenty of room to be comfortable at the back. Jimmy, rather pleased with that arrangement, had a sudden pang of dismay.

"I say," he whispered. "The servants! They'll know I'm not her son!"

"Don't worry," smiled Cecily. "That's why we shut up the house and went to Bournemouth—because they'd given notice,



and the new ones couldn't come in till the end of the month. They've been in a fortnight, and they've never seen any of us yet. I sent the key to our neighbors, and explained the circumstances, and they—

"Well, what about the neighbors, then?" whispered Jimmy.

"Oh! that's all right. They don't know Jim. He never came home except when he was short of money, and never stayed after he had got what he wanted. Hardly any of our friends have ever seen him. One doesn't parade the family skeleton, you know."

"But your relations," objected Jimmy, "won't they make trouble?"

"I'll see to them. Mother's quarrelled with most of them on Jim's account. You know what families are. They've all tried to tell her what to do about him at various times. I'll be responsible for the relations. Some of them, no doubt, will have to be told, but I'll manage them."

**J**IMMY nodded and drove on in silence.

The Robertsons' house proved to be a typical old-fashioned St. John's Wood residence. Mrs. Robertson gave a little sigh as she entered her home. Nothing was said, but one could see that she was thinking what a different woman it was who had returned to it from the one who had left it such a short time ago. Jimmy, Cecily, and the new servant who had admitted her all made an instinctive attempt to come to her assistance. But she waved them off.

"I know my way about in my own house," she said, with a gallant smile.

With her hands stretched out before her, she went straight to the drawing-room door. Opening it, she entered the room, paused for a moment, and then, with a brave, dignified confidence, began to cross the carpet, avoiding a settee and a gaily-colored "houffie."

Cecily held her breath as she watched her making for the easy-chair by the fire, where she always sat. Cecily, Jimmy, and the new maid all watched her in breathless suspense, hoping she would reach it without anything untoward happening during this her first attempt at independence since the darkness had descended upon her.

Skillfully Mrs. Robertson negotiated a plant on a stand, and then passed very close to a little table. She did not touch it, but a scarf she was carrying, swinging out a little, swept an ornament standing upon it to the floor.

It fell with a crash of smashing china that sent a thrill of horror over the watchers, and caused Mrs. Robertson to pause in dismay.

"Oh! I say, how clumsy of me!" cried Jimmy, quick as thought itself. "Frightfully sorry, Mother. I was going to pull your chair out for you, and I've knocked a vase over. Hope it's nothing you value much."

The blind woman turned her eyes towards his voice. She had not felt her scarf touch the thing, and he had been so quick that it never entered her head to doubt him.

"You shouldn't have interfered, Jim," she said, quietly. "I told you I could manage quite well alone!"

The new maid, already busy picking up the pieces, sighed quietly to herself. Cecily went scarlet.

"What is it Jim has broken, dear?" her mother asked, as she dropped into the chair she had been making for.

"Aunt Jessie's vase," said Cecily with a gulp, giving the article the name it was known by in the family.

It was a real collector's piece—one of her mother's greatest treasures, a lovely little thing, with blue Chinese figures on a white ground, of the Kang-hsi period. Mother, Cecily knew, would rather have broken anything in the house than that.

"I'll buy you another," said innocent Jimmy.

The blind woman shook her head.

"I fear it's irreplaceable," she sighed. "But never mind—Cecily, I want a few words with Jim before he goes."

The maid and Cecily retired, and Jimmy, expecting that it would be something about the girl he was supposed to be in love with, soon discovered that it was something else.

Ignoring the Kang-hsi vase, in a tone that was none the less crushing for its gentleness, she told him of her contempt for a man who pretended to have been to Oxford when he had never been to a Varsity at all, and expressed her disappointment to find that he still indulged in such foolish, vulgar "putting it on."

Jimmy went red. Cecily had intended to warn him, but for one reason or another the warning had not been given. The matter took him entirely by surprise.

"Hang it all—," he began indignantly, and would certainly have given himself away if his other mother had not interrupted with:

"It's no use your denying you said it. The nurse told me herself that you'd told her you were at the same college as her brother had been to."

Daylight dawned on Jimmy—and he took his cue with the best grace he could—sat there and let that gentle voice reproach him, till tears ran out of those sightless eyes.

"I'm sorry," he faltered. "It—it was only a—bit of fun."

"Fun? It's never fun to lie and try to make yourself out more important than you are," warned Mrs. Robertson.

"Well, I won't ever do it again," said Jimmy desperately, and fled.

Cecily was waiting for him outside the drawing-room.

"Jim, you dear," she whispered, as she came up to him. Her voice shook.

"Cecily!" he gasped.

"Oh! It was fine the way you said you'd broken that vase," she burst out. "No knight in olden times ever did a nobler thing than that. If—if mother had known she had broken it she would never have had any confidence in herself again. To smash the thing she loves best the first time she tried to get about alone! Oh! Jimmy, you dear, you dear!"

"Cecily—dear, you do care!" he panted, overcome, overwhelmed. "My dear, my dear—"

She drew back.

"Oh! come, Jim," she said, slowly, "don't be sloppy. It—it was only because you were so good to mother—"

Jimmy slammed the outer door.

The limit! That was what women were—the absolute outside edge!

#### CHAPTER 10

**N**EXT morning, however, Jimmy felt quite friendly towards Cecily again, directly he heard her voice on the phone.

Queer that. All night—which meant for the five minutes that had elapsed between his getting into bed and falling asleep—he had railed at her and hated her. Yet, immediately her voice came to him over the wire anger fled, and a warm glow seemed to steal over him.

It was at the garage that she had rung him up, getting his number from the card he had given her so dramatically. He was taking to spending more and more of his time at the garage, much to the secret delight of his little bird-like mother and Bill's disgust. Bill, indeed, was having quite a lot of trouble with him.

"Ow am I going to make the place pay for you if you go on like that?" Bill had inquired, despairingly, just before Cecily's call came through.

A slipping spanner had smashed the porcelain insulation of a sparking plug. To Bill's horror the Governor had instructed him to supply a new one free of charge.

"You'll soon 'ave to put the shutters up

at that rate," said shocked, unhappy Bill. "You can't run a garraige like a Sunday school, guv'nor."

But Cecily waits—

"Is that you, Jim?"

Jimmy said it was.

"Mother feels a little too tired after her journey to visit the garage to-day. She's going to stay in and rest."

"All serene," responded Jimmy. "There are lots of other days."

"She asked me to ring up and tell you."

"Right-o!"

"And she told me to say that if you could spare the time to come to tea this afternoon—"

"The time shall be spared," Jimmy promptly promised—poor moth.

"And if you could possibly manage to bring your girl with you, she would be delighted to meet her," Cecily went on. "Could you, Jim?"

"The girl shall be there!" Jimmy laughed into the receiver.

Cecily laughed back, for, of course, she, too, knew the secret.

"I do think it's most awfully good and kind of your mother," she commented, feelingly. "What I should do without her—and you—I can't think. Well, good-bye, till three-thirtyish, Jim."

She rang off, and Jimmy asked for another number.

"Is that my little sweetheart speaking?" began Jimmy, when he had got through, recognising his mother's voice. "I say, sweetheart, you'll be wanted this afternoon! Three-thirty, at the other Mrs. Robertson's house in St. John's Wood." He gave the address.

There was a slight pause. Then:

"That's rather short notice, Jimmy," protested his mother.

"Now, now, no backing out," he laughed. "I warned you to be ready when needed. Can't have my best girl letting me down, you know."

"Very well. I'll see what can be done." There was another slight pause. "Ring off, Jimmy, and I'll ring you again in a few minutes and tell you if it can be managed."

Jimmy rang off, and she put a call through. Then she got on to the garage again.

"Is that you, Jimmy?" she inquired, and even at the other end of the wire he could tell from her voice that she was smiling.

"Me it is, beloved," he smiled back.

"Well, your sweetheart will be there, though she's had to put off an engagement to manage it."

"Good!" said Jimmy. "Do I pick my sweetheart up, or does she come straight to the house?"

"I think she had better go straight to the house and meet you there, dear."

Jimmy chuckled.

"Rather a lark, isn't it?" he commented.

"I can see you are going to play up. Well, au revoir, beloved."

**T**HREE-THIRTY that afternoon found Jimmy in his other mother's drawing-room explaining that the young lady would be there for inspection at any moment.

"I'm sure you'll like her, Mother," he prophesied. "And she's very anxious to meet you. Put an engagement off on purpose, and must have had another engagement as well, for she said she couldn't meet me, but would come straight on here. Ah! Here she is," he broke off, as a taxi drew up outside.

The blind woman stiffened in her chair, and Jimmy winked at Cecily.

Cecily smiled. It really was rather amusing to think that Jimmy's mother was going to pretend to be his sweetheart to put her mother's mind at rest!

Then the door opened and the new maid announced:

"Miss Lester!"

Cecily stared.



"Hilda, what the—?" began Jimmy, completely taken aback.

Then Hilda, saucy, slangy, thoroughly at her ease, and amused at the consternation her appearance had created, cut him short.

"Well, sweetheart-laddie, how's things?" she cried gaily. "All serene? How about getting on with the good work of making me known to my future mother and sister-in-law. Jump to it, Jimmy, jump to it!"

THE old lady had let him down. For the first time in his life she had railed him. What she could have been thinking about Jimmy could not imagine.

He glanced at Cecily; then at the blind woman, craning forward in her chair; and then at Hilda, so charming and so unsuitable; Hilda with the boyish figure, the confident, impudent eyes, yards of silk-clad legs, and the terrible tongue.

His bewildered mind made a faulty guess at the truth. This was one of Hilda's pranks. In a weak moment the old lady had evidently confided in her, and Hilda, ever eager for a laugh, had forced his mother to let her take her place.

"He's shy," Hilda's voice broke the silence that had followed her demand to be introduced. "Or else he's forgotten my Monomark. I'm Hilda Lester."

She pulled off her hat and coat, flung them down on the nearest chair, and went across to the blind woman and sat down opposite her.

"It's rotten you can't see me. I've got blue eyes—shingled red-gold hair—and I've joined the Mustard Club."

"But—but Jimmy told me your eyes and your hair were brown!" exclaimed Mrs. Robertson.

"That's done it!" thought Jimmy, and dared not meet Cecily's eye.

But Hilda was a young lady not easily put out of her stride.

"Did he now? Well, either he must have been pulling your leg, or else the poor dear is color blind!"

She swept on without a pause, dismissing the matter as settled, and not worth another thought—and carrying her hearer with her.

"My size in shoes is five—honest. Gloves six and a half. My hands are my worst feature. I'm wearing a green frock, trimmed beige—and beige silk stockings from the bargain basement. Garters by Woolworth."

Cecily bit her lip.

Who was this girl? What was she to Jimmy—and how was it that she had come there pretending to be engaged to him—or wasn't it pretence? A mess that was what it was, a chaotic mess. Even supposing the girl didn't give the whole show away, mother would be heartbroken about this too modern slangy girl after she was gone!

"There, that's enough about me. Now let's talk about your son. I know all about him, Mrs. Robertson, and I understand how anxious you must be. But don't worry. When we're married I'm going to give that little lad of yours seecotine and stainless steel! There's going to be no more Quaker oats!"

"My dear, I don't quite understand," faltered the blind woman, and Jimmy and Cecily exchanged a glance of mutual dismay.

Jimmy felt that he would dearly love to knock his mother's and Hilda's heads together. How dare the old lady spring this surprise on him, and how dare Hilda come there, posing as his fiancée, and generally upsetting the apple-cart just for a bit of fun? Besides, it was so embarrassing. It was one thing to pretend to be engaged to one's own mother, but quite another thing to have a real live girl pretending to be engaged to one!

Hilda got up, sat on the arm of Mrs. Robertson's chair, and very gently placed an arm about her neck.

"I do talk the most dreadful nonsense,

don't I?" she laughed. "It's a way of mine to say the first thing that comes into my head. There's a little gang of us, and we've invented a slang of our own. It's great fun. We get most of it off the hearings. What I meant was, knowing about your Jimmy's lurid past, I'm going to keep him to the straight and narrow in future. If he goes in for any more of his games, baked beans is what he'll get from me. Try 'em in your bath."

She glanced round at Jimmy and Cecily with a sort of mischievous defiance, and then softly rubbed her cool young cheek against the elder woman's.

"What am I going to call you?" she rattled on. "Don't fancy 'Mother.' How about duckydaddies? Don't you think that sounds perfectly bloodbome?"

"Did heeter ring for tea, hadn't I?" inquired Cecily, hastily rising from her seat beside her mother.

"Yes, please, dear," returned her mother.

"Take her away! For Heaven's sake take her away," Cecily whispered frantically in Jimmy's ear, as he followed her across the room. "Can't you get hold of her and stop her talking like that? Mother must be having a fit!"

Jimmy shook his head.

"Nobody can stop Hilda once she's started," he answered, under cover of the parlormaid's operations.

He looked across at her, still perched on the arm of Mrs. Robertson's chair, still with an arm about the blind woman's neck. Their eyes met, and he was surprised to read in hers a sympathy for Cecily's stricken mother fully as great as his own.

"MY dear, that was a kind thought of yours to tell me what you were wearing," he heard Mrs. Robertson say. "Nobody has ever thought of trying to make me see them like that since my accident."

Excitedly Jimmy nudged Cecily's arm.

"Did you hear that?" he whispered. "Don't you understand? It's all right. She hasn't torn it, as we feared. Rather the other way. She's made a conquest of your mother. All's well."

"It certainly seems like it," said Cecily, going to the tea table.

Hilda rose from the blind woman's chair, and Jimmy carried Mrs. Robertson her tea.

"Jim, she's not a bit like what I expected, and not a bit like what you described her," said his other mother, in a low voice. "But I like her, Jim. She's so alive—and so devoted to you. I can feel it in my bones."

And Hilda, on the other side of the room, remarked in a similarly low voice to Cecily:

"I do think it's topping of that lazy lout Jim to have taken this on, don't you?"

"Yes," said Cecily, after a slight pause.

"He's a brick of bricks—and it's very good of you, too." Her voice died away, and she drank a little tea.

"Oh! I'm game for anything," Hilda answered airily. She, too, drank some tea, took a bite out of an anchovy sandwich, and when it had been disposed of, added: "Foul luck for your mother—and such a dear, too. Sort of privileges to join in."

Jimmy's other mother held up her face to be kissed when Jimmy began to take his young lady away.

"When are you coming to see me again, my dear?" the elder woman inquired.

"I wish I could manage it before cold meat day," Cecily answered.

"Cold meat day?" echoed the other.

"When's that?"

"Next Monday."

The blind woman laughed.

"You do say such queer things," she cried, winking her sightless eyes.

"Yes, don't I?" said Hilda, and stooped and kissed her again.

Cecily opened the door to show them out.

"Jimmy, Robertson," said Hilda, when

they were outside, "there is more in you than I thought."

"Same to you," said Jimmy.

"I'd no idea you were really worth a guinea a box."

"I cursed you and mother like blazes when you turned up this afternoon," said Jimmy quickly. "Thought you'd tear everything. Can't understand why you haven't. Do you know you're supposed to belong to a county family and your father is a parson, and you spend all your time in good works? Reckon you'll have to moderate your language a bit, young woman. If you don't want me to break off our engagement," he chaffed.

Half-turning in her seat—they were in his car now—she looked at him with a mocking, quizzical gaze.

"Don't be too hard on your mother about it, will you?" she said. "Of course, I only took it on for fun, but I'm not sure I haven't made more of a success than she would have done. Your other mother likes me all right, but your adopted sister hates me like poison."

"She doesn't," protested Jimmy. "Cecily was only terrified you were going to spoil everything."

"I tell you she hates me like poison, and I don't know that I care particularly much for her," said Hilda, calmly.

## CHAPTER II

THE long threatened visit to the garage was brought off on the following day. Cecily came unexpectedly into Jimmy's office about three in the afternoon.

"Mother's outside in a taxi," she informed him. "She insisted on coming without notice. I believe she thought we should catch you playing truant."

"So did you," laughed Jimmy.

He led the way to the waiting taxi.

Cecily opened the taxi door, and Jimmy helped his other mother out.

"Well, here you are," he said, and, taking her by the arm, began at once to lead her round.

"Make me see it," she said. "I want to know all about it."

The window stocked with accessories, the petrol pump at one side of the big, sliding doors, the cars standing within, his own little office, the workshop with its benches, its lathe, drilling machine, vulcaniser and accumulator-charging plant—even the oil charts and the tyre and sparking plug advertisements hanging on the walls, he described it all.

"You talk about the place as if you really love it," she said. "Oh! Jim, I can't tell you what a joy to me it is to find you so keen!"

Jimmy and Cecily exchanged a glance of sad and solemn satisfaction.

Jim, the blind woman's Jim, was in prison. A few days ago he had been sentenced at the Sessions to two years' hard labor.

The plot was worth while. In spite of all its complications, the dangerous, impossible scheme was justifying itself. What did anything matter if only they could keep that poor, stricken woman happy from day to day, and give her something to live for?

Astonished and a little ashamed of the emotions surging within him, Jimmy winked at Cecily, and called Bill from his work to be presented as "My right-hand man."

Mrs. Robertson at once began to take an interest in Bill.

Was he married?

"Not art," said Bill.

Had he any children?

"Free," said Bill, and invited to talk about them, waxed eloquent about his "nippers."

Did he like working on motor-cars?

"Never worked on anything else," Bill informed the governor's blind mother. "I been at the game since the days of toob ignition—and it ain't art a game, too."

"Bill looks on motor repairing as a sort



of modern piracy," explained Jimmy, cheerfully. "It's his way of sailing the Spanish Main."

"Pirates be blowed," scoffed Bill, whom Mrs. Robertson's kindly attention was making a bit above himself. "Pirates get copped and hung. But you can't get found out in the motor trade. The joser pays every time, and the more 'e grouses the more 'e pays."

"Oh! dear," sighed Mrs. Robertson, "that sounds rather dishonest!"

"Bill, there's a car just driven up," said Jimmy quickly, very grateful for the diversion. "See what is wanted."

Bill shuffled off, and Mrs. Robertson turned her sightless eyes distressfully towards the man she imagined to be her son. "I thought this business of yours was a sound, straightforward concern, Jim," she began.

"So it is," Jimmy interrupted. "You mustn't take any notice of Bill. He talks through his hat. Really, he's a first-class mechanic—"

He got no further, for at that moment Bill reappeared.

"E wants to see you, Gov'nor," he said, jerking his greasy thumb in the direction of the new arrival. "Bays 'e's got a message for you from your mother."

"A message from me!" exclaimed Mrs. Robertson.

**T**HERE was a moment of consternation. Jimmy noticed, with a touch of bitterness, that, as usual, Cecily looked at him with the air of one confidently expecting him to do something.

Nice that! Whenever things went wrong she leaned on him and left him a free hand to get her out of the mud! But if ever he tried to make love to her it was "Don't be sloppy!" at once.

"Jim, I've certainly not given anyone a message for you," said Mrs. Robertson, obviously suspicious and bewildered.

"Of course not. Bill's made a mistake," fumed Jimmy, desperately.

"That's what 'e said!" Bill spoke up for himself. "Is that Mr. Robertson over there with them three ladies? Arst 'im to speak to me as soon as 'e's disengaged. Say I've got a message from 'is mother." Them was his very words.

"Nonsense! You get back to your work," snapped Jimmy. "All right, Mother, I'll see to it."

He strode away from them. Plainly the first step was to get rid of this inconvenient messenger. But how his other mother was afterwards to be appeased he had not the least idea.

"Give me your arm, Cecily," said Mrs. Robertson. "I should like to look into this and find out what it means."

"No, no, dear," replied Cecily, panic-stricken. "We'd much better leave it to Jim." Agitatedly, she seized on his lead. "I'm sure Bill has made some absurd mistake."

"The man must have said it, Cecily. Bill could not have made it up."

"Well, anyhow, I don't think we ought to interfere, Mother. Jim will be back in a minute and explain everything."

Her brown eyes were wide with apprehension. Every cord in her body was taut with dismay.

Jim came back to them, very slowly, still at sea as to how he was actually to explain a thing so inexplicable.

He had got his mother's message, and he had got rid of the man who had brought it. The old lady wanted him to go with her and Hilda to the theatre that evening, and her telephone being temporarily out of order, she had asked a friend's chauffeur to call at the garage as he was passing.

His eyes met Cecily's and, as he read the appalling dependence in their brown depths, he felt like a man torn in two—half of him rejoicing that she should look and lean on him like that and the other half irritated and inclined to demand what it

mattered to him whether this conspiracy was found out or not.

"Well?" said the blind woman, tersely.

"Bill's an ass," forced to say something, Jimmy began to make it up as he went along. "The man didn't say anything of the sort."

He paused and, with Cecily's eyes still fixed upon him, suddenly inspiration came.

"He didn't say 'I've got a message from 'is mother,' he went on, cleverly mimicking Bill. "What he said was that he had a message from Miss Hilda's mother. He's their chauffeur, and in Bill's defence I must admit he doesn't speak any too distinctly."

Cecily's eyes moved from his face to her mother's, to see how she was taking it.

"I don't think your right-hand man is very trustworthy, Jim. He ought not to have made such a muddle of that message; and I didn't like a bit what he was saying just before it came about making your customers pay whether the work was properly done or not."

Jimmy and Cecily smiled at each other, for it was clear that the blind woman was satisfied, and the danger could be regarded as averted.

"What was the message, Jim?" inquired Cecily, thinking it wise to dot all the i's and cross the t's in case there should be any lingering doubts in her mother's mind.

"The message? Oh! simply that Mrs. Lester wanted me to take her and Hilda to the theatre to-night," Jimmy edited the facts. "Someone has given her a box, and her phone isn't working."

"That will be very nice for you, Jim," said Mrs. Robertson.

Cecily said nothing.

"Well, you've seen all there is to see, mother, and now you'd better let me get on with things," exclaimed Jimmy, not too tactfully. But he wanted to get rid of her. The garage was a dangerous place for her to be in. Lots of his clients were his personal friends, and he felt that they had had trouble enough for one day.

"Yes, dear. You mustn't let us delay you if you're busy," Mrs. Robertson agreed, and suffered herself to be dismissed.

"Good Lord, that was a near thing!" muttered Jimmy to himself, as they drove away in the taxi he had summoned for them.

#### CHAPTER 12

**M**ARY ROBERTSON, the "old lady," Jimmy's bird-like little mother, was feeling rather pleased with herself.

Everything, she considered, was going very nicely.

Time was proving her right about Jimmy and the garage. Every day he was getting more and more absorbed in it. Jimmy the idler was becoming one of the world's workers.

Hilda had turned up at the other Mrs. Robertson's house and successfully passed herself off as his fiancée.

Cecily was bound by her promise not to let Jimmy make love to her—the only condition on which Jimmy's mother had agreed to allow the conspiracy to continue.

Yes, things were going very well—and all her hopes were centred on Hilda.

So mused bird-like Mrs. Robertson, no wiser than any other mother in her belief that she could pick out the girl her boy ought to marry, and unable, when opportunity offered, to refrain from giving the affair a push in what she believed to be the right direction.

Hence this visit to the theatre; hence the three of them in a box.

Purtively she studied them now and then while the curtains were up; smilingly, she listened to their conversation when the curtains were down.

A charming pair they made, Jimmy looking so clean and strong and big in his boiled shirt, and Hilda so slim and boyish. A pity her dress would not keep down a little more. That was the worst of those short, fringed skirts. Jimmy's mother,

broad-minded though she was, could not quite approve of the garters that peeped out every time Hilda moved on her gilt cane chair.

How long would it be before the mock engagement became a real one?

"I give them a month," decided Jimmy's mother. "A month at the outside."

Then her thoughts drifted to Cecily and her blind mother, and the kindly conspiracy that had brought them all together.

It was a queer business, the sort of thing one would not have believed possible if one had not found oneself mixed up in it. In a way one could not help admiring the daughter for the tremendous effort she had made for her mother's happiness. It must be that. After the readiness with which Cecily had given her solemn promise not to make love to Jimmy, and the way she was plainly keeping her word, one could no longer believe that it was a trap to catch one's son.

A bewildered look came suddenly over bird-like Mrs. Robertson's face. She put her head on one side.

Wasn't that the sort of girl one would wish one's boy to marry when one thought about it? The sort of girl who would go through fire and water for those she loved, plunge into a mad deception, fight a hopeless, incredible fight just to give her stricken mother a little happiness?

If she would do that for her mother, what would she not do for her lover and her husband?

A girl who put other people's happiness first—wasn't that the kind of girl any mother would choose for her daughter-in-law?

"Heavens!" thought bird-like Mrs. Robertson, "am I backing the wrong horse?"

**T**HANKS so much," said Hilda, squeezing Jimmy's mother's hand. "It's been gorgeous. A regular Viyella and Worcester sauce of an evening. G'bye."

Standing in the entrance to her flat Mrs. Robertson watched the two young people turn away. Jimmy, having dropped his mother, was now going to see Hilda home.

Mrs. Robertson's head was on one side again, and she wore a worried look.

"Which of them is it to be?" she was wondering. "Which of them would be better for Jimmy? Which ought I to help?"

"Don't be late, Jimmy," she called after him, and went indoors.

"Let's walk," suggested Hilda.

"Come on, then. I'll put the old bus away when I get back."

"Do it first," said Hilda. "I'm in no hurry. Someone might pinch it. I'll come to the garage with you."

They drove round. The place was in darkness. All the other cars were in, and Bill had gone home to his wife and "free" children.

"It's funny to think of you running this show," remarked Hilda, when the car had been driven in. "But damned good for you, Jimmy. Just what you wanted—a job."

"I say!" he exclaimed, "blessed if I haven't forgotten to tell you and mother about the hell of an awkward moment there was here to-day."

He described the arrival of his mother's message, and his and Cecily's consternation.

"All's well that ends well," Hilda interrupted before he could explain exactly how the situation had been saved—almost as if she were not very interested in the nearness of the escape.

She glanced round. The only illumination was the light of Jimmy's side-lamps, which he had not yet switched off. Behind them there was a gradually deepening blackness. In front of them was a little pathway of light, with gleams of metal and glass to right and left. Where they stood, by the side of the car, inside the garage,



there was not enough light for them to see each other's faces.

"Very quaint and quiet in here," said Hilda. "Get a tag?"

"There is a note on the wall. No smoking allowed," laughed Jimmy. "The insurance company makes us put it up. But nobody takes any notice of it, and you can't see it!"

He gave her a cigarette, and then held a light for her.

Their hands touched. By the flare of the match it seemed to him that her eyes were bluer than usual.

"Great fun pretending to be engaged, isn't it?"

"Rather!" agreed Jimmy.

The red glow of her cigarette end wavered in the dark.

"When are we going to have some kisses, then?"

The cigarette end shook in the darkness again.

"Got to take the rough with the smooth, haven't we?" she went on, as Jimmy did not kiss her. "Being engaged has its privileges. Wake up, you old slowcoach!"

Jimmy hesitated a moment. Then:

"Oh! come on," he burst out, "don't be sloppy!"

"**R**IGHT-O," said Hilda.

"I won't!"

She walked out of the garage and waited for him in the street.

Jimmy switched off the side-lamps, slid the big doors home, and padlocked them.

"Don't be sloppy!" was what Cecily had so crushingly said to him, and it was in the same deadly phrase that he had refused Hilda's invitation to a kiss.

The words had sprung to his lips and slipped out almost without his knowing that he was about to utter them.

Odd that, and beastly awkward, he reflected, looking up, with his back towards her.

Was Hilda offended—hurt?

He looked at her asearchingly as he rejoined her, and could make out nothing except that she was still smoking her cigarette.

"Topping night, isn't it?" he said, latently.

He knew it was fatuous—but what else can one be but fatuous when one has just dropped a brick weighing about a ton and a half?

"Topping," Hilda agreed, and began to walk on.

When Cecily had told him not to be sloppy he had felt himself going red. Never had he felt such a fool—so utterly crushed—and, afterwards, so angry. He was still angry about it. Every time he and Cecily met he thought of it, and got angry again.

And now he had said it to someone else! How badly he had torn things!

Would Hilda cut him dead in future, and refuse to pretend to be his sweetheart any more?

As the thought occurred to him he glanced at her again, walking in silence by his side. Once more he found himself baffled as to what was going on within her, uncertain whether she was in a tearing rage and hiding it, or not caring twopence.

"Not offended, are you?" He took the bull by the horns, for he had to know where he stood.

"Good Lord, no!"

It was all most infernally awkward. He couldn't afford to quarrel with her for Cecily's mother's sake.

"You're in love with someone else, I suppose?" Hilda suddenly broke the silence.

"Yes."

"Cecily?"

"Yes."

There was another uncomfortable silence. Then Jimmy felt called upon to add:

"It isn't reciprocated though."

"Isn't it?" said Hilda, in rather a queer tone.

No. But feeling like that about her, well, you see, that's why—in the garage—

Jimmy floundered.

"My dear chap," she broke in. "You needn't apologise for not kissing me when I asked you to. Really, you needn't. My fault—my fault entirely!" she laughed.

"So long as you don't think that I meant to—er—humiliate you," blundered Jimmy in his distress.

Hilda flung away her cigarette end.

"Don't you worry about me," she said, lightly. "I'm hearing up wonderfully well, considering."

"I say, I can't think why I didn't—when you—when I could," Jimmy burst out.

"For goodness sake shut up about it," she cried. "Be a little Dome of Silence, can't you?"

"There! You are offended," exclaimed Jimmy.

"I'm not."

"But you are. You must be. I know I was when she said it to me!" In his anxiety to put things right again and discretion had gone to the winds.

"When she said it to you?" gasped Hilda.

"Cecily?"

"Yes. Down at Bournemouth 1-1—but look here, I oughtn't to tell you about it. Let's drop it, shall we?"

"Very well."

"And be pals again?"

"Of course."

"Not going to chuck your hand in, are you?" he asked anxiously.

"What do you mean?"

"I know you're a sport, old thing, and I can't tell you how sorry I am at this—"

"Thought we'd agreed to drop it?" she cut in.

"Yes, I know. But it's such a beastly awkward situation, you see. I've never refused—"

"Quite, and I've— But never mind. Go on with what you were saying."

Jimmy lifted his hat to let in a little air around his heated head.

"Look here, you'll jolly well have to forgive me for the sake of my other mother," he tried again. "It wouldn't be fair to let this spoil things for her, would it?"

"Of course not. I hadn't the least idea of backing out. That would be a foul thing to do."

"Good. Glad you see it like that. Jolly nice of you. So—so we're real pals again, and I'm forgiven and so forth?"

"There's nothing to forgive. My good one, don't make such a tragedy of it."

She laughed suddenly.

"I asked for all I got. At least—well, you know what I mean."

She laughed again.

"You'll kiss me all right the next time I ask you to," she said, airily.

"I'm going to do it now!" declared Jimmy.

They had reached her father's house. The Lesters lived in one of those exclusive little side streets off Piccadilly. In a house with a bright green door and a humble outwardness oddly at variance with its luxurious interior.

The street was empty, and Jimmy stretched out his arms.

She eluded him.

"Certainly not, you old idiot. Good night. Shun't ask you in. Your mother told you not to be late."

Still laughing, she opened the door with her latch-key.

"G'bye. It is all serene," she called to him over her shoulder. "Pick me up about three on Monday."

Her impish, alluring face was still smiling as she closed the door.

Jimmy marched away, greatly relieved.

"One way and another, this has been rather a day!" he reflected. "Thank goodness Hilda didn't get the needle. But, of course, she was only fooling."

He yawned and hurried home to bed.

CHAPTER 13

THE smile faded before

Hilda reached her room.

It was a charming bedroom. Everything

in it was dainty and expensive, with the exception of an incongruous packet of cork-tipped gaspers that looked oddly out of place among the silver on her dressing-table.

**E**VERYONE was in bed. Her parents never waited up for her.

With a quick flick of the wrist she snapped on the electric light and made straight for that jarring red and white carton. A little violently she extracted a cigarette, and tapped one end upon the plate glass that covered her dressing-table. For a second or so she puffed vigorously, and then uttered a sudden, heart-felt "Damn!"

To-night a man had snubbed her as she had never been snubbed before. A man she cared for had turned her down—squashed her flat with a deadly "Don't be sloppy!" when she had offered him her lips.

She had pretended not to mind. But she did mind—she minded hellishly.

Not because he had not kissed her. Kisses were things of occasion. There were times when one wanted to be kissed, and times when one didn't. Her time and his time might not have synchronised.

What she minded was the snub—the second-hand snub! That was what got her on the raw.

"Don't be sloppy!" Cecily had said that to him—and he had said it to her.

She couldn't stand that. If only Jimmy hadn't given himself away—if only he had said something else; but to say to her what another woman had said to him—

"Damn!" she snapped again, and caught her smoke-laden breath and coughed.

Cecily—Cecily hated her. An hour in the same room had made that clear. And she hated Cecily. She hated her now, though on the day of their meeting she had merely not taken to her.

Jimmy—Jimmy loved Cecily, or thought he did. And Cecily loved him. She did. She did. For reasons of her own she might be holding off, but, all the same, she loved him. That was why Cecily and she had felt such a polite antipathy to each other.

"I love him, too," murmured Hilda, flicking the ash from her cigarette on to a Persian rug, and then rubbing it in with her foot. "Dear, stupid old ass! Big, clumsy darling!"

Anger faded into tenderness, and then flamed into anger again.

She had offered him a kiss, which we would not take. And now he had got to be made to want to kiss her, like Hell!

Nothing else could ease the sting of that second-hand snub.

She kicked off her shoes, slipped out of her frock, tore off her stockings, and, scorning her kimono, began to brush her hair.

The smoke of her cigarette got into her eyes, and she flung it away irritably.

Very charming she looked in her princess petticoat and bare legs, and all in a muddle she felt, a muddle of rage and humiliation and love.

"What an ass I am!" she muttered.

She felt as if she loved and hated Jimmy at the same time.

Wasn't that balmy? Wasn't that—sloppy?

She felt as if Cecily were her rival—with rolling r's—whom Jimmy must be got away from.

In vain she tried to laugh, and sneer herself into a quieter frame of mind. It was no good. Up against unsuspected depths in herself, unguessed-at complications and contradictions, she discovered that she was only elemental, after all.

The modern boldness of speech and deed; the modern self-indulgent way of getting what one wanted out of life, and laughing the conventions and prohibitions aside—what was it, after all, but a reversion to feminine savagery, slightly disguised?



CHAPTER 14

"That's," she muttered. "I'm a savage—and a savage I am going to be!"

Jimmy Robertson should be brought to heel. Because he had spurned her with something another girl had said to him, Jimmy should kneel in the dust at her feet.

Cecily would have to lose him. Cecily should be her tool—Cecily and her mother and the conspiracy to keep from that dear old blind woman the truth about her rotten son. And the mock engagement would make it all as easy, throw her and Jimmy together.

And when it was done—when Jimmy was kneeling in the dust—was he to be lifted up again or trampled upon?

"Both!" exclaimed Hilda, with a sudden, fierce little laugh.

It was all very confused. Mixed pickles she called her own motives, as she hurriedly completed her dressing. But—

"I'm going to do it! I'm dashed well going to do it!" she muttered, as she got into bed.

OF the three who had been to the theatre that evening it was bird-like Mrs. Robertson who found the greatest difficulty in getting to sleep.

Lying awake, wanting her son to make a wise choice, and worrying about his future happiness, Mrs. Robertson tried to make up her mind, now that little-devil-doubt had crept in, which of these two girls she would rather Jimmy married.

And then—quite suddenly—she realised her folly, and it came to her that she could not really influence the matter at all! Vain for her to fuss and fret. A man and a maid must have their way, and a mother can only stand aside and hope for the best. No good can come of meddling. Fate must set the course.

Jimmy in the end would decide for himself, just as she and his father, in their day, had decided for themselves.

"No," she said, aloud, as if to confirm in actual words this unexpected revelation. "I must not interfere. If I try to, I shall probably only drive him into the wrong one's arms."

A wise resolve: a grain of real horse-sense that ought to have sent her to sleep! Why lie awake worrying about what one cannot help? Fathers and mothers who have chosen their mates must be content to let their children choose in their turn.

Alas! Mary Robertson found herself more wakeful and worried than ever. Understanding had come to her too late! She had already interfered.

Had she not exacted from Cecily a promise that so long as Jimmy was pretending to be Cecily's mother's son, Cecily would not permit him to make love to her?

At the time that had seemed a very wise precaution, but now—

Mrs. Robertson sat up in her bed. What had she done?

Deliberately she had narrowed the field of her son's choice. It was quite possible that she had excluded the one woman in all the world whom he ought to marry. If he were hesitating between Cecily and Hilda, as she was, now she had thought about the matter more deeply, Hilda had been given a most unfair chance. No question whatever about that.

There was no comfort in telling herself that she had meant it for the best. She had interfered—and if Jimmy's married life with Hilda should turn out a failure—which God forbid!—for the rest of her days she would feel that she was to blame.

Could anything be done? Could what had been done be undone? "I shall go to see Cecily to-morrow," she decided.

But even then she could not get to sleep, because of the gnawing doubt that perhaps it was too late. Jimmy had been a long time seeing Hilda home. Perhaps already she had driven him into Hilda's arms, when Cecily would really have been better for him.

JIMMY was off to his garage before nine—Jimmy, whose usual breakfast time had been from 10 to 10.30. "Anyway, I was right there!" thought his mother as the door of the flat slammed behind him.

A little after ten she made her way to the other Mrs. Robertson's house in St. John's Wood.

It was Cecily she wished to see—not the other Mrs. Robertson. She was counting on the blind woman not yet being up.

"Miss Cecily is out shopping," the maid informed her. "But we are expecting her back any minute. Will you come in and wait a few minutes?"

She opened the drawing-room door as she spoke, and, seeing that the room was empty, Jimmy's mother entered.

"What name shall I tell Miss Cecily when she comes?"

"Mrs. Robertson."

Left alone, Jimmy's mother glanced curiously round the large, high-ceilinged room. On the whole, a tasteful, comfortable room. Mrs. Robertson nodded at it approvingly. And then the door opened, and, with her hands stretched out before her, Cecily's mother came in.

Jimmy's mother bit her lip, torn between pity and terror.

The blind woman was the last person she wanted to see.

What should she say to her? How explain her presence or her identity—how prevent the truth from coming out?

She had never approved of the conspiracy into which Jimmy had been inveigled, but having failed once to put an end to it, she did not wish the end to come through her! "I ought not to have come here at all," she thought, as the pitiful figure made its way slowly and in silence towards the fireplace. "I might have known this would happen—"

Then the truth dawned upon her.

Cecily's mother did not know that anyone was there. Having evidently come straight from her room, she had not been told that there was a visitor waiting for her daughter.

"I wonder if I can slip away without her hearing me?" thought Jimmy's mother.

Very softly she rose on tiptoe, intending to creep from the room. But the other heard.

"Who's there?" the blind woman cried, with a start.

Jimmy's mother felt her mouth go dry.

"I—I'm sorry I startled you," she faltered desperately.

CECILY'S mother turned her face towards where the voice came from.

"I thought I was alone. Who are you? No—wait! Don't tell me. I know your voice. I've heard it before, since I went blind."

She wrinkled up her brows.

"Ah! I've got it! You're the wife of a clergyman in Bournemouth, and your name is the same as mine! You came to see me in the morning home."

"Yes," gasped Jimmy's mother. "I did, and you told me where you lived in town in case I happened to be in the neighborhood at any time."

"How awfully kind of you to look me up," exclaimed the blind woman. "I hope you haven't been waiting long? They ought to have told me you were here."

"I—I asked for your daughter," Jimmy's mother patted her lips with her handkerchief. "In—in case you weren't well enough to see me. I wanted to know how you were getting on—as as I was up in London, you see."

"Most kind of you, Mrs. Robertson, most kind," said Cecily's mother, deeply touched. "I remember you were a great comfort to me at the Home. You let me talk to you about my boy. Can they get you anything? A cup of tea—a little sherry?"

She began to grope for the bell.

"No, no—please, nothing," cried Jimmy's mother, more uncomfortable than she had ever been in her life.

"Perhaps you'll stay to lunch?" suggested Cecily's mother.

"No—I can't—not possibly. I only looked in for a minute to hear how you are."

"I'm well enough, considering. It's dreadful, of course, living in the dark."

"I'm sure it must be."

"It is. But one bears it. One has to. Not always as one ought, I fear. Just now, while I was dressing, I lost my temper—and—and swore! You see, I always try to put everything in exactly the same place. There's a dreadful lot of organisation wanted when you're blind. But however careful you are, you can't always find things even when you've put them down that minute. You've no idea how difficult it is sometimes."

"I'm sure it must be," sighed Jimmy's mother again.

"An inch makes such a difference. You can keep feeling all round and round a thing."

She laughed.

Jimmy's mother could not share her mirth. She was seeing a picture of a bravely independent half-dressed blind woman groping and groping till her temper went. That wasn't funny.

"Ah! you're shocked at me," said Cecily's mother. "As a clergyman's wife, you never swear, and you think it dreadful for a blind woman to!"

"No, no," protested Jimmy's mother. "I'm not a bit shocked. I was thinking how dreadful for you it was, how frightfully sad."

"It is sad, of course," the other took her up. "But on the whole, being blind is more irritating than sad. That's what I feel, anyway. The little things—you've no idea! And feeding—I wouldn't let Cecily cut my meat up for a long time, but I had to in the end. Oh! I can tell you how cross I get sometimes, chasing the last bit round and round my plate with a spoon and fork. But I never give in." She sat down.

"I—I'm sure you don't," said Jimmy's mother, also subsiding into a chair.

"All the same, it has its consolations, as you, a clergyman's wife, will understand. Not boring you am I? You don't mind my talking about it."

"Of course not."

"It's nice to be able to open out a bit about it all. Blind people love to talk—I've found that out. As I was saying, everyone is so good to you, so ready to do what you want. Cecily and the servants—anyone who comes to the house—they all spoil me. And then there's Jim, my boy. Sometimes when I think of Jim I can almost be glad I've lost my sight!"

Jimmy's mother clenched her little fists.

"You know about Jim, so I'm sure you will be glad to hear that he's a different man. In love with a de—girl—rather modern and alarming, but, still, a dear. He's working hard; in business for himself, and really going straight. My greatest comfort, Jim is. I can't tell you what that means to me, Mrs. Robertson. It—it really does make it seem worth while. You've a son of your own, didn't you tell me?"

"Yes," said Jimmy's mother.

"Then think what it would mean to you if you had known that your boy was—bad. Bad to the core, though you couldn't help loving him, because he was your son. And then something happened to you that made him so sorry for you that he really did turn over a new leaf—made himself decent and straight and hard-working for your sake. Wouldn't you think that made it worth while?"

"Oh! yes, yes, yes!" said Jimmy's mother with a gulp.

"It's sweet of you to be so interested, Mrs. Robertson. I can't tell you how grateful I am to you for coming. It's done me good, your letting me talk. I do hope you'll come again next time you are in town. Are you sure I can't persuade you to stay to lunch?"

"No—sorry, I must be going."



Cecily's mother rose from her chair. With cautious, rather than hesitating steps she made her way to a bureau.

"I've some money here," she said. "You will let me give you something for one of your husband's charities, won't you?"

"No, no—please not!" wailed the supposed clergyman's wife, getting up hurriedly.

"Oh! you must. I should like to so much!" Having found what she wanted, she pressed a five pound note into the other Mrs. Robertson's reluctant hand.

"For any fund he chooses," she smiled. "I know you didn't expect a subscription, but I should love you to take it."

Jimmy's mother stared at the five pound note as if she thought it might jump out of her hand and bite her.

She was still staring at it when Cecily came in.

Her embarrassed eyes met Cecily's startled ones.

"Ah! here's my daughter!" exclaimed the blind woman, blissfully unconscious of the fact that Cecily was frantically wondering what Jimmy's mother was doing with her mother—asking herself if the other Mrs. Robertson had come there to give everything away, or if something had happened to Jimmy.

IT had been a very difficult morning for a bird-like little mother. Thankful, Mrs. Robertson was, simply thankful, when she got out of the other Mrs. Robertson's drawing-room.

"My dear!" she gasped to Cecily. "I can't tell you what an awful time I've had."

All she wanted was to get away. So agitated was she that she opened the door for herself and was actually on the point of departing before she remembered that the real object of her visit had not been fulfilled.

She looked at Cecily, and then desperately broke in upon the gratitude for the way she had played-up that Cecily was shyly trying to put into words.

"Just a moment, my dear. I was forgetting why I came."

"I've been wondering about that," said Cecily, simply.

Jimmy's mother closed the door.

"I wanted to talk to you about the promise I made you give me at Bournemouth."

Cecily's color suddenly deepened.

"I've kept it, and I mean to keep it," she said quickly.

"My dear, I'm not doubting you!"

Jimmy's mother clasped her gloved hands together.

"You don't understand," she went on. "I'm not suggesting—oh! dear, it's very difficult."

The dainty little head went on to one side, and two bright, embarrassed eyes gazed into Cecily's.

"I want to take it back, my dear. I couldn't sleep last night, and, while I lay awake, thinking, it came to me that mothers ought not to interfere. That promise was interfering!"

Cecily looked away.

"I don't know if you care for Jimmy, or if Jimmy cares for you," said Mrs. Robertson, hurriedly. "I don't want to know. That's your affair and his. I want you to be absolutely free."

She paused, but Cecily did not speak.

"There, that's what I came to see you about, my dear, hoping to find your poor mother still in bed. Good-bye, good-bye."

Jimmy's mother flattered away, and Cecily closed the door.

"Damn!" she said to herself in the passage.

If only Jimmy's mother had freed her from her promise before!

It was a hint—a broad hint—that if she and Jimmy fell in love and wanted to get married there would be no objections on Jimmy's side of the family.

But there would be on hers!

She and Jimmy were supposed to be brother and sister, and that had got to be kept up. Even when the real Jim came

out of prison, if—Mother were still alive, Jimmy would have to go on pretending to be her son, and Jim would have to be got out of the way.

No. What Jimmy's mother had just said to her made no difference. There must not—there could not—be any love-making between them while her mother lived.

And afterwards?

She glanced at herself in the hall-mirror again, and her eyes flashed ever so little.

"Well, then, I daresay I could make him—if I wanted to enough—and if Hilda hasn't got him," she thought.

## CHAPTER 15

PROSPERINE and Brand's essence—that was what the vamping of Jimmy was going to be, Hilda told herself, while she was getting ready in her room on Monday afternoon. Brock's fireworks—Tom Paine's crackers—no end of a lark—a lark with a bite in it!

"I suppose I ought to be smacked, but I don't care," she murmured, as she surveyed herself in the glass.

Anything for excitement. She loved things to happen to her. "Give us each day our daily thrill," was her only prayer. Life and men were merely playthings—and what mattered a broken boy or two? Who wouldn't kiss must be made to kiss—and the making would be great fun!

At the back of her mind she knew it was wrong and silly—but the fact that something she planned to do was wrong and silly never deterred her from doing it. She was like that—a queer mixture, very likeable in many ways, very amusing, and full of go. And genuinely, terribly sorry for the poor blind woman she had taken such a strange fancy to.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy, when he had rung the bell, and she came down to him. There was a shade of embarrassment in his greeting because of what had happened the other night.

"Hallo!" said Hilda, without any sign of embarrassment whatever.

To pass the time, while he was driving her to St. John's Wood, Jimmy told her about his mother and the five pound note.

"What a scream!" she laughed. "Wish I'd been there!"

"I told Mother she ought to be locked up for taking money under false pretences," chuckled Jimmy.

"Poor old dear!" Suddenly Hilda became serious.

"I expect she hated it. Can't quite see your Mother enjoying pretending to be anybody but herself. Not like me, she isn't. I just love pretending to be engaged to a fellow who thinks me a shameless hussy."

"I don't think you a shameless hussy," said Jimmy.

"Don't you? But I am, sweetheart mine!" Jimmy laughed.

He liked her nonsense—always had—and he was glad to find her in such high spirits after—after what they had agreed never to mention again.

"Listen, laddie. We've got to put up a better show to your other mother this afternoon."

"Behave more like an engaged couple, you mean?"

"Yes. You must do it the Rinso way to-day, Jimmy, or it won't wash."

"How do you mean?"

"It's no good your holding my hand because she can't see it—and you don't want to."

So I am afraid you'll have to call me something with a bit of warmth in it."

Jimmy frowned.

"I wish you wouldn't keep talking as if—"

"As if what?" mischievously inquired the delighted mix at his side.

"You know quite well what I mean," said Jimmy, with a sort of lame severity.

"I don't know what you mean," Hilda pressed her advantage home. "Unless it

is that you hate having to pretend to be engaged to me?"

"You know it isn't that. You know—"

"But it's too late now," she whispered. "As you said yourself, we've got to see it through, foul though it may seem to you."

"Look here," began Jimmy, rather rattled—but was allowed to say no more.

"I say," she cut in. "Do you think we could have a pretence row, and break off our pretence engagement as a result? How's that, old dear?"

"Rotten. You know we can't possibly—"

"But, why not, when you loathe it so? Couldn't you tell your other mother that you had found out I wasn't the goods, and your motto was 'Accept no substitutes'?"

"No, she wouldn't. She doesn't trust me—you forget that. She likes you, and she's counting on you to keep me straight."

Of course, we can't break it off. Besides, it's fun, isn't it?"

"For me it is," said Hilda, and smiled.

"For me, too," said Jimmy, shortly.

Hilda continued to smile. Her first effort in the gentle art of vamping, she considered, had gone extremely well. It was plain that the victim was intrigued, and that his mental state was already akin to that of a schoolboy who had been "dared."

Yes, it was great fun vamping.

THE car pulled up at the house, and a few seconds later they found themselves in the presence of Cecily and her mother.

Hilda became a different creature.

Running to the blind woman, she flung her arms about her neck, and then perched herself on the arm of her chair.

"Well, duckydodles, and how are you to-day?" she cried. "All bright and shining with 'Mansion House' polish on your soul? That's good."

She ran her slim fingers caressingly over the other's face.

"Me?" she rattled on in response to Cecily's mother's conventional inquiry. "I'm at the top of my form, and dressed up to kill, aren't I, Jimmy?"

"Rather, darling," he answered readily.

Cecily moved to mend the fire.

"I've turned up in a silk jumper and skirt outfit."

Hilda described herself, and then took the blind woman's hand.

"Well, it's terrifically chic. Jimmy thinks I put it on for him, but really I put it on for you."

Another car drew up outside.

"Here's the doctor," announced Cecily.

"Hilda, I am afraid I shall have to turn you and Jim out for a bit."

"They retreated to another room."

"Is the doctor any use to her?" asked Hilda.

"Oh! well, I suppose he has to come along now and then to see how she is," Jimmy answered.

Feeling very restless, he lit a cigarette.

"Pag?" he inquired.

Hilda shook her head.

"I say, you do manage her jolly well!" he exclaimed, admiringly. "You can see the poor old thing absolutely lighting up all over when you gab to her."

"I'm so damned sorry for her," said Hilda, simply.

"That really is rather a topping outfit you've got on," remarked Jimmy, looking at the end of his cigarette.

"Is it?" smiled Hilda, looking at him.

"Topping. I didn't notice it in the car, because you had a big coat on."

"Perhaps I will have a cigarette after all," said Hilda.

Conversation languished after it had been lighted.

Presently they heard the sound of voices in the hall.

"The doctor's off," said Jimmy. "Now we can go back."

Then the door opened, and Cecily appeared, looking extremely grave.

Her eyes turned straight to Jimmy's.

"It's rather startling," she began.



"Mother doesn't know, but the doctor wants her to see a specialist. He—he thinks there is a slight change in the eye that isn't quite blind, the one she can just distinguish light from dark with."

"But how exciting!" exclaimed Hilda. "I suppose he thinks a specialist will operate, and there's a chance—"

"Yes," sighed Cecily. "That's what's so frightening."

"Frightening? In case it fails, you mean?" asked Hilda, bewildered.

"No, in case it succeeds," said Jimmy, gravely.

"Don't you see?" explained Cecily. "If Mother gets her sight back, she'll see that Jimmy isn't her son, and only be miserable and broken-hearted about Jim again."

"Good Lord!" cried Hilda. "I never thought of that!"

THE fellows on Olympus were up to their tricks again—those ironical gods whose whim it is to mock at the hopes of maids and men.

Take the edge off Cecily's mother's affliction, would they, these puny fools? Give happiness to lighten darkness?

"You don't really know that the specialist can do anything," Hilda murmured. Cecily shook her head.

Rather pitious Cecily looked.

It was she who had started the conspiracy—and stabbed herself with a double-edged sword, she feared. Jimmy and mother. First Jimmy, and then mother. Hilda was going to get Jimmy—and mother was going to get back her sight—and lose her happiness.

Jim was in prison. Jimmy, the impostor her mother now trusted and believed in, and of whom she was ever so proud—him she would hate him for having deceived her!

Yes, she would hate Jimmy—and turn against the daughter who had tried to make life a little brighter for her. The truth about Jim, which it would be impossible to keep from her, would break her heart.

"Does she know?" inquired Hilda.

"Not yet," Cecily was looking at Jimmy as she spoke. "The doctor merely put it to me as a suggestion as he went away."

Jimmy drew a deep breath.

"Look here," said Hilda, impetuous and daring, young enough and hard enough to be ready to decide so grave an issue. "Don't tell her. Ask the doctor to let it drop."

Cecily clasped her hands together, and once more her eyes turned towards Jimmy.

"It is only a chance at the best," Hilda went on. "Why worry and disturb your mother just when she's getting used to being blind? She's fairly happy now, isn't she?"

"In a way, a lot happier than she has been for years," said Cecily. "Jim's always been such a shadow." She gulped. "But, of course, she's blind. Her life is only half a life."

"If she gets back her sight she'll be miserable about her son, and about you," said Hilda earnestly. "I know it's a big thing to decide—but tell the doctor you prefer her to be left alone."

So spoke rash youth, ready at a moment to assume any responsibility. But Cecily looked at Jimmy again, and Jimmy shook his head.

"No," he said, quietly. "We can't do that."

He cleared his throat.

"Think what it means to her, think what she's missing! I see what Hilda means, and it's true enough in a way. But to be blind when perhaps you need not be—to stay in the dark when you might have light—"

He thrust out his chin.

"Your mother must see this specialist, Cecily. And if he wants to operate, if he thinks there is the remotest chance he can give her back some of her sight, he must try."

"And afterwards?" gasped Cecily.

"We must face the music!"

Cecily nodded.

"Yes," she said, with a gulp. "Of course." Hilda shook her head.

"I think you are making a mistake," she declared. "It will be awful if it succeeds, and ghastly if it fails. Leave things as they are, I say."

"No," Cecily looked at her, but did not seem to see her. "Jimmy's right. We must go through with it—"

Her voice died away as the door handle turned, and the door slowly opened.

All three of them stared aghast. Standing on the doorway with her hands protectively outstretched was the blind woman herself.

How much had she heard?

Six startled eyes searched her sightless face for a clue.

"You're all here, aren't you?" Mrs. Robertson broke the silence. "I heard voices—Wasn't Cecily speaking when I came in?" "That's right, duckydaddles," it was Hilda who first recovered her presence of mind. "Cecily was addressing the meeting."

"I heard the doctor go some time ago, and nobody came back, so I set out to look for you all."

While she was speaking her head was strained forward. She looked as if she were trying to see them. But in reality she was sensing the atmosphere about them. There was a feeling in the air of the morning-room, as the place in which she had come upon them was called, that made her uneasy.

"Has anything happened?" she asked.

"Why are you all so upset?"

"Upset? We're not a bit upset," Jimmy found his voice. "We've only been discussing something, Mother."

He paused, trying to take in the meaning of what Cecily was signalling to him.

"Jim—something is wrong," said the blind woman, quietly. "Is it about you?"

"No. Nothing to do with me this time, Mother," he answered, having decided that Cecily meant he was to tell her. "It is about your affairs, not mine, that we were talking."

"What about my affairs?"

"The doctor wants you to see a specialist."

"What for?"

"Oh! your eyes—"

"Why should I waste more money on specialists, Jim? Haven't I seen enough?"

"Yes, dear," said Cecily. "But, all the same, the doctor wants you to see one more."

"But why?" It isn't as if they could do anything for me!

"That's the point, Mother," Jimmy resumed the task of breaking it to her. "He thinks he's spotted some change in one of your eyes—something that nobody could have guessed."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the blind woman.

"Why should an ordinary practitioner find something that four specialists failed to find? They all agreed my case was hopeless."

SHE groped for a chair, and touched Jimmy instead.

"Take me back to the drawing-room and let us have tea," she said. "I refuse to be bothered. Nobody can do anything for me. It's absurd."

Cecily looked a question at Jimmy as he began to lead her mother out of the room. Was this to be their way out? Had mother decided the issue for herself?

"Well, there's no hurry, no need for you to make up your mind to-day," said Jimmy, as they proceeded along the passage.

"You sound as if you think I ought to, Jim. Do you?"

He felt her fingers tighten on his arm.

"If you do, Jim, if you say I must—"

He hesitated. Not until he had settled her in her usual chair did he answer. Then:

"If you put it like that, I do. I understand from Cecily—I didn't see him myself—that the doctor says there's a change, and a chance that that change may mean that after an operation you'll get back the

sight of one eye. And, since you ask me, I think you ought to," he ended, lamely. "See the specialist, I mean, provided you don't hope too much."

"Very well, Jim. I will."

She laughed in an excited, nervous way.

"I believe I meant to all the time," she sighed. "You took me by surprise. Directly I'd said I wouldn't I knew I must."

She reached up and caught his hand.

"I hate the thought of being under the doctors again—and hoping—when the hope may come to nothing. The suspense will be awful. But you'll be there to help me to bear it, won't you, Jim—you and Cecily?"

"Rather," said Jim, with a horrified glance over his shoulder at Cecily and Hilda.

"If it succeeds, it will be lovely to see you and Cecily again," said the blind woman. "And Hilda—I've never seen you yet, have I, my dear?"

The arrival of the tea was a god-send.

Cecily sighed.

Jimmy had won her mother. For some time it had been growing plainer and plainer that mother had learned to trust him, and to have faith in him at last. And that last speech of hers, and the way she was clinging to him, cut Cecily to the quick. For if the operation succeeded, all her mother's happiness in her Benjamin's supposed reform would come to an end. Almost while the parlourmaid prosaically set out the tea, Cecily prayed that the operation would fail.

"Steady on, old dear," Jimmy suddenly brought a little manly common sense into the strained emotional atmosphere. "Going a shade too fast, aren't we? Perhaps the specialist will say there is nothing in the G.P.'s idea after all. Don't let's think or talk about it any more till Harley Street has touched you for its preliminary fee, Mother!"

#### CHAPTER 16

JIMMY and Hilda sat alone in a big room, with big windows, and big furniture.

A faded, but very expensive Persian carpet was under their feet; a nine-foot Sheraton sideboard was ranged along one wall; a slender mahogany dining-table, capable of great extension, stood in the middle of the room; there were six dingy ancestral portraits on the walls; a fern in a mahogany stand stood in the window. There was a dish of fruit on the sideboard—a surprising piece of evidence that the room was sometimes lived in, which the well-thumbed weeklies on the table seemed flatly to contradict.

Mrs. Robertson and Cecily were in the consulting-room.

Hilda had insisted on coming, and Jimmy had driven them up.

"This is the sort of time when one's glad one belongs to the Mustard Club," said Hilda.

Jimmy rose, and looked into Harley Street.

"What the divil's has it got to do with us?" exclaimed Hilda. "Jimmy, why does Cecily's mother matter to you and me?" "Dunno," said Jimmy. "But she does."

"What I mean is—"

"I know what you mean," Jimmy took her up, his tone a little rough with suspense. "I'm often thinking it, too. But there it is. She's—she's sort of tied herself round us—or we've tied ourselves round her, blessed if I know which it is. But the fact remains. We're in it—and we're both—at least, I know I am—in a hell of a funk how we're going to get out."

Hilda, impish, Charleston-mad Hilda, stared hard at Sir John Chiddingfold's grandfather.

"Rotten picture," she observed. "I suppose that's Life, Jimmy. You go fooling around, and suddenly you find yourself caught—get a lot of obligations shoved on to you—discover you've a crowd of feelings you didn't know you'd got. It's a hell of



"A funny business, isn't it?—and we're a hell of a funny pair, you and I."

"What's the betting what his verdict will be?" inquired Jimmy abruptly.

Hilda did not answer. She was introspective, and thinking of Cecily and her mother, and the way their lives had become mixed up with hers and Jimmy's.

This vamp business seemed to have got mixed. She must wake it up again. Must get what fun she could out of—

The door opened, and Cecily led her mother into the room, with Sir John Childingfold hovering behind.

Instantly, Jimmy and Cecily looked at the blind woman, and saw that her cheeks were flushed.

"Well?" said Jimmy sharply.

Before Cecily could speak, her mother turned to the specialist.

"You tell my son, Sir John," she said.

**T**HE specialist agreed with the G.P.

Drawing Jimmy, the supposed son, out of the room with a nod, Sir John informed him that an operation was certainly indicated. He was not, of course, prepared to promise anything definite, but there was a good prospect that it would succeed.

"In that event your mother will regain the sight of one eye, and if the operation fails she will be no worse off."

"Except for the strain of the disappointment," said Jimmy.

"Ah!" sighed Sir John, in bland, professional sympathy.

His fee would be a hundred guineas.

He would require the patient to go into a nursing home nearby two days before the operation, and she would probably need to remain there a fortnight.

Jimmy nodded.

"How soon will you know?" he inquired.

"I shall be able to judge fairly well about three days after the operation. But it will be ten days or so before we shall know just how much sight your mother has recovered—that is, whether she will be able to read as well as to see."

Again Jimmy nodded.

"You think that the chances of success—?"

"Are very reasonable, Mr. Robertson, very reasonable."

"Very well," said Jimmy, "we are in your hands."

He crushed down the disturbing thoughts of what it might mean to Cecily and the woman whose son he was pretending to be. "The sooner the better I suppose?" he inquired.

"If your mother goes into the home tomorrow, I could operate on Monday," answered Sir John, and went on to promise that his secretary should ring up and arrange for all to be in readiness for Mrs. Robertson's reception.

Then he escorted Jimmy back to the three women in the waiting-room.

"It's all arranged," announced Jimmy, and told them what had been decided.

There was very little conversation in the car as they drove back to St. John's Wood. Hilda had left them in Harley Street.

"Got to spot?" But I felt I must hear what the old doctor-man had to say, duckydaddies. Good luck—keep your pecker up. Mix a little Vim with your rum and milk. It's good for everything except washing woollies."

"Ridiculous child," exclaimed the blind woman, and never said another word during the drive.

Cecily wondered what her mother was thinking, and gently insinuated her hand in hers. Then she found herself wondering again whether it was better that the impending operation should succeed or fail. The problem was a very real one.

It would be awful telling her mother that Jim was in prison, breaking it to her that at last her waster son had really sunk into the depths.

"Oh! Jim, you rotter, you rotter!" thought Cecily.

It would just break Mother's heart—and the blow would seem all the greater because of Jimmy, and the way mother had taken to him and believed in him.

Cecily bit her lip as another thought suddenly shot into her mind.

If it all came out mother, of course, would have no more to do with Jimmy. Mother would certainly never wish to see him again—and she—she—what reason would she have for ever seeing him again either?

But Hilda?

"Who cares?" Cecily murmured to herself, and thought of something else.

Jimmy did not really know her! He had never seen her in anything but the part of the anxious daughter. Cecily the conspirator: Cecily worried and apprehensive. That tragic affair had changed her into someone else. Cecily, as she knew and thought of herself, was a stranger to him.

Quicker that. She wished he knew that Cecily, too. But how could one be again that light-hearted girl—how laugh and dance and nibble potato chips, or toss down a paradise jerk while mother was like this? What had seemed such fun then was now a salt that had lost its savor.

"I wish he had known me in those days, though," she thought. "Then, perhaps, Hilda—"

The car stopped and she assisted Jimmy to help her mother out.

"You'll come in for a bit, won't you, my son?" faltered the blind woman.

"Sorry, Mother, but I must get back to the garage," said Jimmy hastily.

He was longing to get away. Things were becoming altogether too tragic for him.

Then he felt Cecily's hand pressing on his arm.

"Do stay—she wants you to," she whispered.

"Oh! well, we'll leave Bill to his own devices—with the accent on the last syllable—a bit longer," he said, and went in with them.

There followed one of the most uncomfortable half-hours that he had ever known.

"Jim, you'll take me to the home tomorrow, won't you?" said the blind woman, as soon as she was settled in her chair.

"Of course, Mother."

"And come to see me on the Sunday?"

"Rather."

"It will be so dreadful, waiting, Jim."

Cecily, in the background, sighed quietly to herself.

After they had left the specialist she had wondered what mother was thinking. She felt she knew now—about Jim, and the suspense.

"Jim, you do think I ought to have this operation?"

"Of course, you must, old lady."

"It's a big expense—"

"Don't think about that, Mother."

"And I can't bear the thought of putting myself in the doctors' hands again."

"But you must."

**H**E glanced despairingly at Cecily.

"Dash it, they'll—they'll—they're going to make you see," he floundered.

"They may not, Jim. Sir John said it was impossible to be positive."

"I know, but that was only to cover himself."

"Jim, you'll come and see me every day, won't you? The not-knowing will be dreadful."

"Of course, I'll come to see you."

"Not just to look in and go away again, but to stay with me as long as you can, Jim?"

"Rather!"

"Heavens! Why had he ever, ever put himself into this ghastly hole?"

"And, Jim, listen. I've a fancy to—to see you first, my son—when the bandage is taken off, I mean. Will you arrange that with the doctors, Jim?"

"Right you are, Mother!"

He glared at Cecily, and saw that her eyes were suspiciously moist.

"Thank you, Jim. Remember, that's a promise."

Jimmy, who loved the surface of things so much better than the depths, found himself struggling with a reflection that would not quite come.

There was something wrong, something sad and queer and hurtful about all this.

"Rough on Cecily," he called it to himself in the end.

But what he meant was that sometimes life is very cruel, and the perversity of human relationships is very strange.

It was Cecily who served, Cecily who was so devoted, Cecily who had moved mountains to brighten her mother's darkness. But it was Jimmy to whom the blind woman turned; Jimmy on whom she leaned; Jimmy whom she wanted to see first if the operation succeeded.

She had found her sheep that was lost, and there was more joy in her heart over the sinner that had repented. Only it was the wrong sheep.

#### CHAPTER 17

**S**ATURDAY night. Dinner just over in Mrs. Robertson's flat.

"Oh! dear," twittered Jimmy's bird-like little mother.

That was all she could think of to say about the situation.

During their meal together Jimmy had told her of the happenings of the day. He had not been able to get away from the garage before. Saturday was his busy afternoon.

The other Mrs. Robertson had been carted off to the nursing home in the morning, resigned, hopeful, and a little afraid.

Jimmy had seen her settled in, and had then gone back to the garage. He had popped in for another look at her on his way home to dinner.

And that was that. On Monday the operation would take place, and if her sight were restored—well "the fat will be properly in the fire" was the way Jimmy put it.

"Oh, dear!" said his mother, tactfully omitting to observe that she had never approved of the conspiracy.

"Dreadful for her poor daughter," she supplemented her comment with her head a little on one side.

Jimmy jumped up and kissed her.

"I'm going round to Cecily to try to cheer her up a bit," he announced.

He left her, and, as he entered the hall someone rang the front door bell. Jimmy, who had no pride in such matters, promptly opened the door himself.

It was Hilda—Hilda, the vamp—Hilda on the warpath—Hilda who, inwardly laughing at herself, was yet going on with her "jerk" of bringing the man who had refused to kiss her to his knees.

She had her warpaint on. Jimmy caught a glimpse of ivory skin under her wrap, and registered a swift impression of a boyish goddess in something shimmery, half-hidden and half-revealed by a gay evening cloak.

"Hallo!" he said.

Hilda's smile broadened.

"There's some more of us down below," she explained, "in a taxi. Skipper Eardines—packed in brillantime and face powder. We want one more to fill the tin. Hector. Come along, laddie, and tell mother you'll be home in time for your breakfast oats."

Jimmy shook his head.

"Sorry. Just going round to Cecily. She's all alone. Her mother's in the nursing home, you know."

"Is Cecily expecting you?"

"No. But it struck me she'd be feeling pretty blue and dull—"

"Rubbish! Fun to one she's gone off somewhere on her own to enjoy herself. Come on!"

"No, really, old thing—" protested Jimmy.



A wave of the delicate, alluring perfume smote his nostrils, as Hilda snatched a hat from the hallstand, and pressed it, rather to one side, on his head.

"Here, get into this," she cried laughingly, holding out his coat.

"Look here," said Jimmy, "I don't feel like dancing. I'd much rather go round to—"

"I tell you, you're coming 'long of me, my lad!" laughed Hilda, and then changed her voice to a tenderer, more wistful note. "I want you to, Jimmy, I tell you I want you!"

THE telephone tinkled in Jimmy's mother's dining-room. Mrs. Robertson twittered a little birdlike "Hallo" into the receiver.

"Is that Mrs. Robertson?"

"Speaking."

"Cecily here."

"Good evening my dear, I suppose you are very worried? You must be. It's awful for you all this. A sort of trap, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's pretty dreadful. Is Jimmy in?"

"No, dear. He's just gone out."

"Oh! Well, will you tell him that I rang up to ask him if he could go to the Home with me to-morrow afternoon? I was there after he had called to-night, and mother has got round the nurses to promise to let us have tea with her."

"You'll be able to tell him yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Robertson. "He's on his way to you."

"Oh! good. Thank you so much."

"He thought you'd be feeling lonely, and is coming to try to cheer you up. Good-bye, my dear."

Mrs. Robertson rang off, and Cecily at the other end replaced the receiver and stood for a moment hesitating.

Dinner with her had been a mockery. She had not even had the heart to change, and was still in an afternoon frock.

And now Jimmy was on his way to spend the evening with her.

Amazing Jimmy! So good to mother; so kind, and so ready to share a trouble that was not his. And now that things were threatening to go wrong, he was hurrying round to comfort the girl who had landed him for all this bother, that really had nothing to do with him.

Cecily's brown eyes brightened.

She ran lightly up the stairs.

Vigorously she brushed her hair till it shone, and out of her wardrobe she took a frock that he had never seen her in.

In Jimmy's honor she hastily arrayed herself, slipped on a new-fashioned stone bracelet, powdered her nose, gave her lips the merest touch, and then hurried down to the drawing-room.

She rang the bell.

"Florrie, I'm expecting my brother," she said. "You might make up the fire."

"Yes, miss."

Cecily bit her lip.

Would the maid think it queer of her to dress herself up like this for just a brother?

"Oh! well, I don't care what she thinks," she said to herself, and added, as Florrie rose from the fire:

"When I ring, please bring in coffee."

"Yes, miss."

After the girl had gone Cecily looked at herself in a little mirror in a silver frame.

She smiled faintly as she turned away, and dropped into a chair.

Her mind went back to the promise that his mother had withdrawn, and her eyes became a little dreamy.

Alone with Jimmy for the evening—Jimmy, sorry for her because of this terrible complication about mother and the operation—Jimmy, come there to be nice to her—why, obviously, anything might happen.

And if, while they were sitting there talking, something did happen—well, she would not tell him not to be sloppy to-night.

His engagement to Hilda was only pretence, only a part of the conspiracy. Whatever she herself might suspect that Hilda thought about it, that was how Jimmy re-

garded it—as a bit of play-acting to make her mother happy.

He ought to have been here by now.

Ah! There was the sound of a car.

She waited, with little thrills running up and down her, queer little thrills impossible to be called either pleasant or unpleasant—waited for the car to stop, and Jimmy's ring of the bell to follow.

But the car drove by.

Presently a clock struck, and she sprang to her feet.

Jimmy's mother said he had started. Unquestionably he ought to have been here long ago!

Had something gone wrong?

She clasped her hands together.

Accidents happened very suddenly.

Mother's disaster had come upon her with an overwhelming and unforgettable swiftness. Anxiety about Jimmy brought back a memory of the incredulous horror which had swept over her when first they had broken the news.

Supposing something like that had happened to Jimmy, while on his way to her?

"It's no good. I can't wait any longer. I must know," she murmured to herself.

She went to the telephone and rang up his mother.

"Cecily speaking," she announced, with the receiver trembling in her hand and her face white.

"Is—Jimmy there?"

"Jimmy! No. Isn't he with you?" replied his mother on a note of surprise.

"No. I've been waiting. But he hasn't turned up."

SHE pulled herself together. She must not frighten his mother just because she was afraid.

"I suppose you are sure he meant to come to see me?" she inquired.

"Quite, dear. I understand that he was going straight to you."

"Well—he—he must have changed his mind," said Cecily, her big brown eyes bigger than ever with dismay.

"Ring me up when he comes in, will you?" she added, trying hard to keep the shake out of her voice. "G-good-bye."

Wait a moment, dear," Mrs. Robertson's voice came back. "Don't ring off."

Cecily waited.

"I'm sure Jimmy meant to come to you, and, considering that he told me he thought he ought to go and cheer you up he's hardly likely to have changed his mind."

Cecily noticed the growing anxiety in his mother's voice.

"Oh! my dear, I'm afraid something has happened to him," added Mrs. Robertson.

"There—I've frightened you, too," gasped Cecily. "I'm sorry."

"All I know is that his last words as he went out of the dining-room were that he was going to you," said his mother.

"Perhaps it's all right. Perhaps he met someone or—thought of somewhere else where he ought to go," murmured Cecily vaguely.

It was some seconds before the voice at the other end replied.

Mrs. Robertson was thinking—and her thoughts were very distressing. Considering all the circumstances, she felt certain that Jimmy, having announced his intention of spending the evening with Cecily, was hardly likely to let anything interfere with his plans. Therefore, as he had not arrived—

"I think we must do something to make sure that he is all right," she faltered. "I am positive he meant to come to you."

Cecily felt her knees begin to tremble.

"I'll come round," she said, and rang off.

She sent the maid for a taxi, while she rushed upstairs to her room for a coat.

"Quick as you can," she instructed the driver.

Mrs. Robertson herself opened the door to her directly she rang, and the two white-faced women gravely regarded each other.

"I am afraid there must have been an accident," said Jimmy's mother.

"Yes," said Cecily.

Again they looked at each other.

"What shall we do?" gasped Mrs. Robertson. "The police—"

"Yes, I think the first thing to do is to go to the nearest police-station, and get them to inquire at the hospitals," faltered Cecily. "I—I kept my taxi in case we wanted it."

MRS. ROBERTSON

nodded—and a minute later they were seated in the taxi, very miserable, very frightened.

The inspector to whom they told their story was very sympathetic.

"It is a little early to assume that there has been an accident," he pointed out. "But I'll ring up the hospitals."

He left them.

"You see," said Mrs. Robertson, "he doesn't understand why it is so very unlikely that Jimmy should have changed his mind."

Cecily sighed, and moistened her lips with the tip of her tongue.

For nearly half an hour they sat on two hard chairs in the bare, draughty waiting-room. Then the inspector came back.

"No case has been taken to any of the hospitals at all answering to the description of your son," he reported. "Nor has any accident been notified to any police-station on the point he is likely to have taken. You'd better go home and wait for further developments. Are you on the phone?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Robertson.

"Good. Then I'll ring you up if any news comes in."

They returned to the flat and paid off their taxi-man.

"Perhaps it's all right, after all?" suggested Cecily. "Surely if there had been an accident the police would know of it?"

Bird-like Mrs. Robertson looked at her with big, tragic eyes and her head on one side.

"I shall never believe it's all right till—till I see him come walking in at that door," she sighed.

They sat down together over the fire. Nothing is so contagious as fear, and they were both very frightened, though they were both bravely trying to hope that all might yet turn out to be well.

"He's so reckless, and such a dear," murmured Mrs. Robertson. "If anything happened to him it would kill me."

"Don't," gasped Cecily.

Mrs. Robertson reached out and took the girl's right hand in her left.

"I understand, dear," she said, softly. "This makes you think of what happened to your mother. You're very fond of him—my Jimmy—aren't you?"

"Oh! don't," cried Cecily for the second time.

The clock struck twelve.

After that they sat in silence for what seemed an age, hand in hand, huddled over the fire, waiting and thinking.

The clock struck the half-hour.

"He might not have had his name and address on him," exclaimed Cecily, suddenly.

Waiting together in mutual fear had made their minds akin.

"Yes. He may have been carried into a private house," Mrs. Robertson took up her thought.

"And they haven't thought to tell the police, and can't get at his friends till consciousness returns," shivered Cecily.

The clock struck one.

"How long do you think we ought to go on waiting?" asked Mrs. Robertson.

"Don't give up yet. We can't possibly go to bed till we know one way or the other," Cecily answered.

There was the sound of a key in the lock.

They sprang to their feet.

The door opened, and Jimmy came into the room, alive and well.



"Hallo!" he exclaimed in amazement at finding Cecily and his mother together at such an hour.

"Jimmy, where have you been?" demanded Mrs. Robertson.

## CHAPTER 18

"WHERE have I been?" echoed Jimmy. "Why, dancing with Hilda and a party of pals. I say, what's up?"

He thrust his hands into the pockets of his dinner jacket and looked at Cecily.

"Nothing gone wrong at the nursing home, has there?" he inquired.

Cecily shook her head.

"You told me you were going to St. John's Wood to cheer up Cecily," said Mrs. Robertson.

"That was the intention," returned Jimmy airily. "But Hilda turned up just as I was starting. I let her in—and she persuaded me to go dancing instead."

"You ought to have come back and told me!" said his mother. Jimmy raised his eyebrows.

"Good Lord, why?" he demanded. "Didn't seem to have anything to do with you, old lady."

"It had a lot to do with me," retorted Mrs. Robertson. "You've given Cecily and me the fright of our lives."

"Oh! that doesn't matter now we know he's all right," said Cecily, quickly.

"All right? Of course, I'm all right," scoffed bewildered Jimmy.

He laughed.

"Didn't think I was coming home drunk and incapable, did you?"

"It's very late," murmured Cecily. "I'd better be going."

"Wait a bit."

Jimmy crossed the room and stood with his back to the fire.

"Wonder if you'd mind telling me just what all this means, old lady?" he asked his mother.

Mrs. Robertson looked up at him, towering above her.

"You told me you were going straight round to Cecily—so naturally, when she rang me up a few minutes later about your going to the nursing home with her to-morrow I said you were on your way."

Her head went a little to one side, as it always did when she was perturbed.

"You didn't turn up, and Cecily got anxious. She rang me again, and I couldn't think what had happened to you."

"Good Lord!" Jimmy interrupted, looking from one to the other of them. "I see, you thought—"

"We thought there might have been an accident," said Cecily, stiffly.

"And we went to the police!" supplemented his mother.

"No!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Well, I'm damned!"

"It's all very well for you to laugh," said his mother, severely. "We've been sitting here for hours and hours waiting for news of you!"

"Sorry and all that," said Jimmy, lightly. "But it was rather silly of you, wasn't it now? Didn't know you were such a couple of fuss-boxes!"

In spite of himself he burst into a laugh again, for a man's point of view about this sort of thing is essentially different from a woman's.

"Jimmy, I should like to smack you!" said his bird-like little mother with unexpected ferocity.

Cecily rose.

She had had enough, and she was going home.

She and his mother had made fools of themselves—and Jimmy was rather tickled about it.

"Why couldn't we have thought it was something like this?" she asked herself.

Jimmy had changed his mind, or, rather, Hilda had persuaded him to change it. Intending to come to St. John's Wood, he had encountered Hilda in the hall, and gone

with her and a party of friends to a dance instead.

Well, Jimmy was perfectly at liberty to change his mind.

If he preferred Hilda's society, he was welcome to it!

"Good-night," said Cecily, with a basty peck at Mrs. Robertson's cheek.

"Jimmy will see you home, dear," said Jimmy's mother.

"I don't want anyone to see me home," returned Cecily.

"Rot, Cecily. Of course, I shall see you home at this time of night."

"I'd really rather—"

"Shut up, sister! Come on."

Overborne, Cecily gave in, and they left the flat together.

No taxi was to be seen.

"We'll walk on a bit," said Jimmy. "I know where there's an all-night rank."

They walked on.

"Heavily sorry if you have really been worried," he said, abruptly.

"Oh! it doesn't matter. It was frightfully silly of us."

"If I'd had the least idea—"

"I hope you had a good time, Jimmy."

"Tipping. Ha! here's a taxi."

He bundled her in.

"Tag?" he asked, as he lit a cigarette.

Cecily shook her head.

"No, thank you," she replied, shortly.

She was thinking about all the preparations she had made for the cosy evening they were to have spent together.

Wasted—all wasted.

Her forehead puckered in a tiny frown.

Why shouldn't he change his mind? Why shouldn't he dance with Hilda if he chose?

So long as he continued to be kind to her mother, what did she care?

She shifted in her seat.

The agony of mind she had been through, the foolish pictures she had seen of him

lying dead in the road—in an ambulance—

stretched stiff and cold in a mortuary—

how absurd it all seemed now she knew what had really happened.

"Thinking about what a little fathead you have been?" Jimmy broke in upon her meditations.

"Yes."

"Good girl. Mustn't let anything like this happen again, you know."

Man-like, he felt it his duty to give her a bit of a talking to, and intended to give the old lady another in the morning.

"Makes me wild to think of you and mother sitting there working each other up."

"Must you rub it in?" exclaimed Cecily, with sudden fury. "Can't you understand that when one has been a fool one doesn't want to talk about it?"

"Sorry," Jimmy apologised. "But, you see, it makes me feel such a rotter to have changed my plans. If I'd stuck to my original intention, you and mother wouldn't have been upset like this."

He laid his hand upon her arm.

"Forgive me, old thing," he said. "I wish now I'd come along to you as I meant to do. But Hilda was so sure you would have fixed up something, and wouldn't be staying in all alone—"

This was too much.

Suddenly the restraint which Cecily had been imposing on herself gave way.

This man had got to be put in his place. Her sex demanded it.

"You don't think that I mind that you didn't come?" she turned upon him. "It wasn't that. It was simply that, expecting you, after what happened to mother, I thought something might have happened to you."

Half turning, two bright, angry brown eyes glared at him by the light that shone inside the cab.

"I don't care a damn—not one single damn—that you threw me over," she went

on, recklessly—and believed that it was true.

"Well, I didn't say you did!" exclaimed Jimmy. "I say, put the brake on. Afraid your nerves—"

"My nerves are nothing to do with you! And if you think that my worrying about whether you had met with an accident means that you are anything to me, you are wrong, quite wrong!"

She glared at him again, more furiously than before.

"I suppose you've been telling yourself all sorts of things in your superior man-like way," she stormed. "Flattering yourself that because I've been anxious about you, that shows—"

"Here, chuck it," Jimmy interposed.

"All right, I will."

She did not speak again till the taxi drew up at the door of her mother's house.

"Good-night," she snapped, and was out on the pavement before Jimmy could get there.

"Wait," he said to the driver, and rushed after her.

Her key was already in the lock, and the door opened as he came up.

"I'm afraid it's too late to ask you in," she said, icily, and would have shut the door in his face.

"Half a mo," said Jimmy. "I must come in for a minute."

He went in as he spoke, and calmly shut the door behind him.

Cecily snipped on the electric light and, white and angry, confronted him in the hall.

"I've already wished you good-night," she said, sternly.

"I know. But there are two things I want to settle with you."

There was a ring in his voice that she had never heard there before.

"First, I want to know what it was that you rang mother up about? I haven't been told yet. Something about your mother and the nursing home, wasn't it?"

Cecily rested one hand against the hall wall to steady herself.

"Yes. Mother wants you and me to have tea with her there to-morrow. She's arranged it with the nurses," she faltered.

Jimmy nodded.

"I'll be there. Call for you about 3.30, eh?"

"I suppose so."

It was horrible to feel so angry with a man, and yet be so dependent on him. What she wanted was never to see him again after this chastely evening, when everything had gone wrong.

"That's that," said Jimmy. "And now for the next thing."

He looked her squarely in the eyes.

"What the hell did you mean by saying what you said to me in that taxi?"

She shrank away from him a little.

"You accused me of thinking that because you had been worrying about what might have happened to me—"

"Will you please go?" she interrupted.

"Not till I've said what I'm going to say."

His face was rather white.

"You said that you supposed that I was flattering myself that your worrying showed that you cared for me. Well, as a matter of fact, the thought had not entered my head—till you put it here."

He paused for the tiniest moment.

"It's there now," he said quietly. "I do think that—and I dare you to say it is not true!"

Cecily felt herself trembling.

"Will you please go?" she said, once more.

"Not till you've answered my question. Do you, or do you not care?"

He folded his arms.

THE house seemed weirdly

silent as Jimmy and Cecily stood staring at each other in the hall.

A clock struck two.



## CHAPTER 18

If he had heard of it as happening to somebody else he would have roared with



laughter, and given a decision without hesitation—don't tell.

But circumstances alter cases, particularly the circumstance that it is one's own case that is under consideration—and the complications of this particular case!

It seemed mean to keep quiet, and foolish to tell.

To confess that one had come straight from kissing one woman to kiss another. What girl could be expected to condone such an offence?

"Better forget it," said Jimmy, and argued that it had happened before he and Cecily had come to an understanding, and so long as nothing like it had ever occurred again it was nothing to do with Cecily.

That seemed reasonable enough, and he reinforced the decision by suddenly remembering Hilda. Was it playing the game to give Hilda away? Surely he ought to think about Hilda as well as himself and Cecily?

Yes, it would be "lousy" to do anything about it, he assured himself—and it all seemed settled.

But it wasn't. The lover in him—the new edition of himself hot from the press of Cecily's lips—was not satisfied.

"Oh, Hell!" said Jimmy, and out of sheer weariness, fell asleep at last.

He breakfasted with his mother, and forgot his intention to strafe her again for being such a fuss-box.

Then he went down to the garage, where Sunday morning was always a rather busy time.

Love and work—those were the things to make a man feel that life was worth living!

He wondered what Cecily was doing—brushed aside a sudden temptation to rush round and wish her an unexpected good morning—and then forgot all about her for the time.

There was the usual gear-crashing and engine-stopping which afflict so many perfectly good drivers in the presence of anyone professionally connected with a garage, and betray motorists as the most self-conscious stratum of the community. And there were the usual number of cars that would not start because it was Sunday, and had to be humored before their Sabbath-breaking prejudices could be overcome, and their hurried owners get off to the country.

"Funny to find you one of the world's workers, old lad," observed a friend.

"Yes," said Jimmy. "Tickles me no end."

He had started the place to bolster up a shaky part of the conspiracy, and now he loved it—and was making money into the bargain!

**H**OWEVER, he took his problem home to lunch with him.

Before he went to the nursing home with Cecily that afternoon, should he or should he not tell?

Three-fifteen discovered him outside the other Mrs. Robertson's house in St. John's Wood, and three-sixteen found him with his arms round Cecily in the drawing-room.

Impossible to tell her then—they were due at the nursing-home at three-thirty. Jove! It was great being in love.

Five minutes later they were ushered into the presence of the blind woman.

She greeted Jimmy first.

"Is that you, Jim, dear?"

Her face showing that she expected it, he bent over her and kissed her. She flung up an arm and held it about his neck for a few moments.

Cecily got a quieter welcome, and a much less impassioned embrace.

"Mother, you're worrying," exclaimed Cecily, as she straightened and looked at her.

"Of course, I'm worrying—a bit," her mother answered. "Now can I help it?" Cecily turned to Jimmy, and took his hand in hers.

"Tell her she's not to worry, Jim," she said.

With his eyes looking adoringly into Cecily's face, Jimmy rebuked his other mother.

"Stop it. You're not to worry, do you hear? Worrying's a mug's game. Only make you ill."

"I can't help worrying, Jim," pleaded the blind woman. "Lying here, knowing the operation is to-morrow—how can I help worrying about it? I wish I'd never agreed to let them start it all again," she sighed.

"It means so much to me, if—if it succeeds. You haven't forgotten your promise, have you, Jim?"

"Rather not."

He and Cecily looked at each other with troubled eyes.

This operation that was to take place to-morrow—

**T**HE door opened and Hilda walked in.

"Hallo, duckydaddies," she cried cheerily. "Got the family here? That's good."

Guessed this was where I should find you, beloved," she threw at Jimmy. "Not that I mind him neglecting me for you, duckydaddies," she laughed. "Well, how goes it? Keeping your pocket up and putting mustard on your beef?"

It was sheer goodness of heart that had made her come. She wanted to cheer the old lady up—and she did cheer the old lady up. But those other two—what was the matter with them? Hilda's eyes kept roving towards them—Cecily aloof at the foot of the bed, Jimmy looking out of the window instead of at the girl he had dined with last night.

After she had been rattling away for some time a nurse entered with a tray.

Her manner stiffened at the sight of a third visitor.

"We shall want another cup, please," said Cecily.

"I didn't know there was anyone else here," said the nurse.

"Knowing the number of the room I just walked in," smiled Hilda.

"Sir John said Mrs. Robertson was to be kept very quiet. He wouldn't like it if he found out that there were three persons to tea with her," hinted the nurse.

"It's only my son and his fiancée and my daughter," pleaded the blind woman.

"Look here," said Jimmy. "I'll clear."

He didn't like being there with Cecily and Hilda. It was too painful a reminder of the problem still hovering at the back of his mind.

"No, no," said the blind woman quickly. "Don't you go, Jim."

"I'm the one to push off," exclaimed Hilda.

"But I don't like parting you and Jim on a Sunday afternoon," objected the blind woman.

"He works so hard all the week that it's a shame to deprive him of your company when he's free."

"I'll go, darling," Jimmy interposed.

Neither Mrs. Robertson nor Hilda objected to that solution of the difficulty, but Jimmy did.

Suddenly he remembered the material that encased his legs—and smiled his sunniest at the nurse.

"What about it, nurse?" he asked. "If we promise to be very good, and not to excite her, can't we all stay? She wants a bit of brightening. It would be frightfully good of you if you'd—"

"Oh! very well," the nurse interrupted, smiling back at him. "Only you mustn't stay too long. If Sir John ever found out I should get into terrible trouble."

She departed for the third cup.

"Good old Jimmy! He's got round her," exclaimed Hilda, patting him on the back.

"What a thing it is to be a man! Now then, duckydaddies, let me prop you up while Cecily gets going with the teapot."

"You're coming in?" said Cecily, when she and Jimmy were once more back in St. John's Wood.

"Rather!"

He followed her into the drawing-room.

He looked at Cecily. She flung off her coat, removed the felt hat that exactly matched it, and ran both hands backwards over her shingled hair in a tidying sweep. Then she turned and smiled at him.

"I suppose you'll think it very silly of me," she said. "Of course, I know it is in the part—but I didn't much like hearing Hilda call you darling and beloved—absurd of me, wasn't it?"

"Not at all," he declared, solemnly. "I didn't like it either. But, as you say, we've got to put up with it."

"Jimmy, I do wonder what the result of to-morrow's operation will be?"

But Jimmy was not listening.

Suddenly, he had made up his mind.

"Darling, listen," he began, impulsively. "I've got something to tell you, something I ought to have told you last night, but I was so carried away that I completely forgot all about it."

Cecily looked up at him with adoring brown eyes, and he had to interrupt himself to kiss them.

A silence followed, a somewhat awkward silence for him, since that sudden draught of ambrosia made it difficult for him to get back to the point.

"You said you had something to tell me, dear," she reminded him.

"Yes—it's a bit difficult. I—I'm afraid I made rather a fool of myself last night," he floundered.

"Jimmy, what do you mean? About me?" she twinkled, thinking he was teasing.

"No—about myself and—and Hilda."

He felt her body tauten in his arms, and instinctively tightened his grip as if to prevent her from getting away from him.

"I—I kissed her," he confessed. "At that dance—"

"Jimmy!"

"I didn't really mean anything. Just wanted to—and did. It was beastly of me, but, of course, then, I didn't know that you—didn't realise—"

"Jimmy!"

"I was only fooling, darling. But afterwards, when I remembered it—it seemed a beastly thing to have done. First kissed her and then—then—"

"Don't, Jimmy! Please!" she cried, in a tone that was both muffled and earnest.

"And when she turned up to-day—Cecily, you're not going to—to turn me down, are you?"

He looked at her anxiously, but could make nothing of what he could see of her face.

"Be—be a sport about it," he begged. "Forgive me. I can't tell you how rotten I feel about it. If you could forgive me, Cecily?"

Suddenly she raised her face, and her eyes looked into his.

"Of course, I forgive you, if you want my forgiveness, Jimmy," she said, softly.

"You—darling!"

"It's nothing to do with me, Jimmy, not really. I'm glad you have told me, but you needn't have done, you know."

Smilingly she reached up her arms, and drew his face down to hers.

"Cecily, you angel!" he gasped as he kissed her.

She shook her head.

"I'm not an angel," she said, still clinging to him. "I love you—I love you—that's all dear."

And cook, who, directly she heard them come in, had stationed herself on her knees at the keyhole to see and to hear, nearly fell backwards with excitement.

"They're no brother and sister!" she muttered to herself as she hurried away to confer with the colleague who had first put her on the track of this thrilling scandal.

**L**OVE in the drawing-room—ferment and suspicion in the kitchen!

Cook, plump and excited, wearing no cap, flopped breathlessly into her chair.



Florie, trim and ready to answer the bell, sat with her feet on the kitchen fender and her skirt drawn up above her knees; cap, apron, and cuffs spotlessly clean, and her eyes wide with excitement.

"You're right," cook informed her. "They're no brother and sister!" She went on to describe what she had seen and heard. "And if they ain't brother and sister, what do they want to say they are for?" she demanded.

"That's it," said Florie. "What's it mean?"

"There's that 'Tida; where does she come in? Supposed to be engaged to 'im, she is. Yet there I 'eard, with me own ears, 'im asking 'er to forgive 'im for 'aving kissed 'er, which she did, making nothink at all of it and saying, 'I love you, I love you,' as bold as brass."

"It's a mystery—that's what it is," said Florie—and she was not referring to cook's pronouns.

"I've seen a few things in me time, but this beats all. 'Oo is he, if 'e ain't the son of the 'ouse?"

"Ah!" said Florie.

"And 'ow much does the mistress know about it? Does she think 'e's 'er son, or is she giving it out that 'e is for some reason best not looked into?"

"Ah!" said Florie. "It's a mystery, that's what it is."

"The more you think about it the 'arder it seems to get to the bottom of it, me and you not knowing the family 'istory, 'aving only been 'ere a month or two."

"I was wondering if we 'adn't ought to give warning," remarked Florie. "'E's a 'impoeter—must be—carrying on with a girl 'e calls 'is sister while 'e's engaged to someone else. Can't make 'ead or tail of it. I can't. It's a mystery, that's what it is—the mistress being blind and all, and me rather fond of 'er, and not wanting to leave, and 'er being operated on to-morrow. . . . What do you think?"

"I don't know what to think," cook answered. "Cept that those two ought to be ashamed of themselves. As you say, it's a mystery, dear. You never spoke a truer word than that."

"Makes you wonder if you oughtn't to say something to Missilda when you open the door to 'er," observed Florie thoughtfully.

"I shouldn't, dear."

"What I can't understand is that 'e can't be 'iding, not from the p'lice or anythink like that," reflected Florie. "'e comes 'ere open, so to speak, if you see what I mean?"

Cook nodded. "Ow about a will?" she suggested. "Supposing money 'ad been left to a son what died, and it's all a plot? 'E's pretending to be the son to get the money, and going to marry Cecily on it!"

**C**OOK was a devotee of the cinema.

"Still, I don't see where Missilda comes in," objected Florie.

"She's taking 'im away from 'er, of course," cried cook, loath to surrender her solution.

"It's a mystery," said Florie. "That's what it is—a mystery, Alice, 'ow about 'er waiting till the mistress comes 'ome and then—"

The end of her sentence was drowned in a sudden tinkling of the bell.

Florie rose, and smoothed out her skirt and apron.

A perfect parlormaid to the outward eye—but, impatient and aloof, she went to the drawing-room, received her orders, murmured a strictly correct "Yes, miss," and returned to the kitchen.

"'E's going to stop to supper," she announced. "It was always cold supper on Sunday night."

"Oh! is 'er?" said cook. "Well, while you been gone I've made up my mind. I believe I'm right, and it's a will. Anyways, when I meet my friend to-night I'm going

to ask 'im to look into it. 'E'll know 'ow to find out why this imposter is pretending to be 'er son, and whether she's ever 'ad a son at all. Do anythink for me, George will, and who knows but 'e may get promoted out of what he finds out, if there's anythink in it?"

She rose to go up to her room to get ready. It was her Sunday evening, and George, her friend, was a police-constable with whom she had first made acquaintance on a night when she had left the back door unlocked.

#### CHAPTER 30

**A**NOTHER waiting-room in another nursing home.

Inevitably, Jimmy was reminded of the night when he had sat in the waiting-room of the nursing house at Bourne-mouth, musing upon the astounding request that had just been made to him, and the reluctant consent that had been dragged out of him by the girl who was waiting with him now.

Lord! what a lot of water had run under the bridges since then!

Attracted and angry had been the state of his mind towards her then—irritating and irresistible she had been to him—and now—he loved her and she loved him. The conspiracy that had begun that night was a part of his life.

Life really was a funny old cup of tea. The way it landed you for things—the unsuspecting funniness of yourself—dashed odd!

Quite apart from his love for the daughter, he really cared about the blind mother, and the secret they were determined she should be shielded from ever finding out. Ready to go to any lengths he was, so that she should continue to be kept in the dark.

The dark—but perhaps she was coming back into the light.

Sir John was operating on her at this very moment.

He looked at Cecily, sitting by his side, with one of her hands resting in his silent, lost in the strain of suspense.

"Cheer up," he whispered, moved by the expression on Cecily's face. "I'm sure it is going to be all right."

"What is all right, Jimmy?" she asked, gravely.

That was the point.

Was it better that this operation should succeed or fail?

If it succeeded Mrs. Robertson would have to know everything—the truth about her own son, and the truth about the other Mrs. Robertson's son, who had taken his place.

That would break her heart—and probably make her hate her daughter and the man her daughter loved.

But, at the same time, it would make it possible for him and Cecily to get married. Whether she hated them or forgave them would not affect that issue.

If it failed, all would be well so far as their conspiracy was concerned. The deception could continue. Mrs. Robertson could go on being happy in the belief that her son was a reformed character, working hard at the garage he had started, and—engaged to be married to a girl she was very fond of.

(Very odd the way Hilda and the blind woman had taken to each other—very odd.)

But what about the real secret engagement?—what about him and Cecily? Brother and sister in her mother's eyes, brother and sister they would have to go on pretending in her to be. Love would have to be stolen behind her back. Marriage would be out of the question—while Cecily's mother was still alive.

But startling, that. But it was so. This thing that they had started could not be stopped. For the rest of her days Jimmy had made himself her son, and must go through life with two mothers—and no wife! When the real Jim came out of prison he

would have to be smuggled out of the country.

He knew now what he hoped the result of the operation would be.

He wanted it to succeed!

One might as well be honest with oneself. If it succeeded the conspiracy would end, and he and Cecily could announce the state of their feelings for each other.

"They're being a long time, aren't they?" faltered Cecily, suddenly breaking the silence.

"Oh! no, I don't think so," he lied, pressing the hand that was still resting in his. He strove frantically to find something to talk about, but not one damned thing could he find, not one damned thing.

Cecily spoke again.

"Jimmy," she said, unsteadily, "I'm—I'm hoping it's going to succeed, because I'm a selfish pig, and because I love you."

**B**LAND and dignified, Sir John came into the waiting-room.

"I've finished. They're taking her back to her room," he smiled.

"You look satisfied," said Jimmy, scanning his face. "Everything gone pretty well?"

"Excellent, excellent."

Cecily clasped her hands together.

"I suppose it's too early for you to—to say anything?" she faltered.

The great man patted her on the shoulder. "I am afraid it is. But you can take it from me that I am—well, satisfied."

He rubbed his hands together.

"I don't want to hold out any hopes that may not be realised, young lady," he went on, to the anxious daughter. "And, of course, I cannot possibly say for certain at this stage. We must be patient for a day or two. But, at the same time, I think I can go so far as to tell you that I have every reason to suppose that the issue will be a successful one."

Jimmy and Cecily exchanged glances.

"Indeed," went on Sir John, "I have my own private hopes that your mother will be surprised at just how much of the sight of that eye she is going to get back—if all goes well."

"Is there any reason why all should not go well?" inquired Jimmy.

"N-no. Your mother has an excellent constitution, and she is in good hands. The nursing here is excellent, and with careful nursing—" He stroked his shaven chin. "To be frank with you, the only thing I fear is a sneeze."

"A sneeze!" exclaimed Cecily.

"Yes—a sneeze. Sounds rather trivial, doesn't it? But it is a very grave danger in many eye operations, and the operation on your mother is a very delicate one. A violent jerk, such as happens with an ordinary sneeze, may mean all the difference between failure and success. Twice in my career I have known it happen."

He changed his voice to a brisker note. "But, of course, it isn't going to happen in this case. We won't let it."

He smiled his blindest, kindest smile.

"I've instructed the nurses to see that your mother does not run the slightest risk of catching cold, and to exercise the greatest care in dusting her room, which is not to be swept on any account till I give permission. And I've told your mother if ever she feels the least inclination to sneeze she is to press her upper lip for all she is worth, and immediately blow her nose. We can do no more."

He held out his hand.

"Good-bye, Miss Robertson. Good-bye, Mr. Robertson. You can go up to see your mother for a minute or two if you like. I know I can trust you not to excite her. Good-bye, and we will all hope for the best."

As the door closed behind him Jimmy and Cecily looked at each other.

The operation was going to succeed. Who could doubt it, after what Sir John had just said? Mrs. Robertson was going to get



back the sight of one eye—if she did not sneeze.

Queer to think that the fate and the happiness of a whole group of people were dependent upon—a sneeze!

THE pathos of it, the rich ridiculousness of it! Tears and laughter, tragedy and farce, were ever perilously near together.

On the question of whether or not a middle-aged lady sneezed with any violence during the next three days, all sorts of things depended.

Jimmy and Cecily went up to see the patient.

"Sir John seems pretty sure that everything is going to be all right," said Jimmy, to comfort her. "Quite bucked, isn't he, Cecily?"

"All he's afraid of is that you may sneeze, darling," said Cecily, as she bent over her mother and kissed her.

"Yes, you mustn't do that on any account," observed Jimmy.

"If you feel a sneeze coming on, mother

"I'm not going to sneeze," interrupted the blind woman. "I never do sneeze, unless I've a cold. First Sir John, then the nurse, and now you two—I'm sick of the very word."

She groped for something with her hand. "Where are you, Jimmy?" she asked.

He came up to the bed and put his hand in hers—looking at Cecily as he did it.

"So you think Sir John really thinks—"

"—?" faltered the blind woman. "Well, he wouldn't commit himself, of course, mother," Jimmy answered. "But it was plain that he was fairly certain it was a success."

The pressure on his hand tightened.

"Jimmy, you haven't forgotten your promise—to be here when the bandage is removed?"

"Rather not."

"You've changed so much that I want to see if your face has changed as well. That's why I have such a fancy to see you first."

He saw Cecily bite her lip.

"And Hilda, I'm longing to see Hilda, too."

"I'll tell her," said Jimmy, after another glance at Cecily.

"Is she downstairs, and won't they let her come up?"

Once more Jimmy's and Cecily's eyes met.

Up to that moment they had forgotten all about Hilda.

Where was she? Why hadn't she turned up?

She had told them yesterday that she meant to look in and hear how the operation had gone, and being supposed to be engaged to the patient's son, that was certainly to be expected of her.

"Hilda hasn't been round yet," said Jimmy. "I suppose she's coming later."

"We ought to be going, darling," remarked Cecily. "Sir John put us on our honor only to stay a very little while."

"And Jim, of course, has to get back to his work," said the blind woman. "Good-bye, dears. Don't worry about me. I'll be as good and patient as I can."

She sighed as the closing of the door informed her that she was alone.

Three days was a long time to wait before the surgeon would know for certain how things had gone, and ten days, the time that must elapse before her bandages came off, was longer still!

Everybody was very hopeful—but there was many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. It would be wonderful to be able to see again—to be able to look at things, and to find them without groping for them and just missing them, till one was so angry that one wanted to break something!

It was very trying to be blind—a terrible strain on the temper. One read about blind people's beautiful resignation, their astonishing delicacy of touch, and still in doing without their eyes that they developed. And

it was true, in a way, but it was not all the truth.

One did become resigned, and clever in doing things and avoiding dangers, but at the same time there were moments when one discovered another meaning to the phrase "blind fury."

Of course, with everyone so kind, and with Cecily so devoted, and Jim doing so well—all striving their utmost to make her happy—one hid it as much as one could as not to distress them. But all the same life was very trying when one had to live it in the dark. Nothing was so maddening as helplessness—and there weren't any compensations, no real compensations. Sight was everything.

But here was coming back—perhaps—some of it. All she had to do was to lie there and endure a few more days of darkness without sneezing.

Her lips smiled a trifle wryly.

It was funny the importance everyone was attaching to such a trivial thing as a sneeze! But she wasn't going to sneeze—not she!

She would press her upper lip and exercise her will-power as Sir John had told her to.

"HOW is the mistress, miss?" inquired Florrie, as she let Cecily in. "Everything's gone very well. Nobody can say any more for the present."

"I'm glad, miss. There's a message from Miss Hilda. I've written it down."

She handed Cecily a phone message, saying that Hilda would be obliged if Miss Robertson would ring up and leave word how the operation had gone, and explaining that she had not been able to come to the nursing home because she was in bed with flu.

The paper on which Florrie had written down the message trembled in Cecily's hand. A frightened look leapt into her brown eyes.

She hesitated for a moment or two, as if uncertain what to do, and then went out again.

Jimmy was poring over an engine with Bill, the two of them trying to diagnose what was wrong with the way it was firing, when she entered the garage.

The interesting technical discussion immediately lapsed, and Jimmy took her into his little office, leaving Bill to tackle the problem unaided—which meant that Bill would make a job of it—in the garage rather than the customer's sense.

Cecily gave him the memorandum.

"Bad luck," he commented, as he handed it back.

"Jimmy, what's to be done?"

His eyebrows raised themselves a little.

"What's to be done?" he echoed furiously.

"Don't want me to go round and nurse her, do you?"

"You don't understand. Hilda has flu—and she was with mother yesterday afternoon!"

"I see. You mean she may have given it to her?"

Cecily nodded.

"Mother may be sickening for it even now," she sighed. "And if she is, she'll sneeze—she won't be able to help herself, and then—"

Jimmy passed his hand down the back of his head. He realised the seriousness of the message now.

"I don't see that we can do anything about it, darling, except hope for the best," he said, soothingly. "Don't worry. There's nothing to be gained by meeting troubles half way. Remember the other night, and the song you and my mother made about my accident that never happened," he smiled.

Man's tact and man's notions of comforting are not woman's. Cecily, however, was not small-minded.

"I'm not meeting troubles half way, Jimmy," she said, quietly. "Mother has been exposed to a risk of infection, and if the mischief is done, it is done. But she

mustn't be exposed to any more such risks. That's what I have come to see you about."

Jimmy looked a little bewildered.

"You and I ran the same risk; we were with Hilda, too," Cecily went on. "One or both of us may have caught it from her."

"Good Lord, I never thought of that," exclaimed Jimmy.

"I came along to warn you in case you went there again without my knowing, dear," said Cecily. "And now I must go along to the home and warn them. I'll get them to tell mother that Sir John has said she mustn't have any visitors at all till the three days are up. We don't want to alarm her. She need not be told any more than that."

Jimmy nodded.

Then he smiled.

"I say, I believe it's all a mare's nest, though I see, of course, that we must take every precaution for your mother's sake. Don't worry, darling—come on. I'm going to drive you back."

## CHAPTER 21

IT was very dull waiting in the nursing home, dreadfully dull. Mrs. Robertson, indeed, felt rather resentful of the prohibition of all visitors.

"Sir John let me see my son and daughter immediately after the operation," she protested. "Why can't I go on seeing them?"

"They are his orders, Mrs. Robertson," said the nurse.

"They wouldn't do me any harm, or excite me. I object to being treated like—like an hysterical girl."

"You'll be able to see them after Sir John has made his examination," the nurse tried to soothe her.

Oh! the fuss these people made! And the lack of understanding they showed! Couldn't they realise how awful it was to be able to do nothing but lie there and wonder if the operation had succeeded or failed? Jimmy, or Cecily, or Hilda would have taken her mind off that!

And all this fuss about sneezing! Absurd! Nurse coming in and making her gargle—and taking her temperature!

She had never felt better in her life, physically. Mentally, of course, she was worried. Who wouldn't be in such circumstances, especially when these silly doctors and nurses were keeping everyone away from her?

Jimmy and Cecily ought to have insisted on seeing her!

Oh! well, it would soon be over, and then she would take care never again to get into the doctor's hands.

It would be wonderful to be able to see again.

"I will be patient," she told herself, though this restriction on visitors was undoubtedly very silly, and very irritating.

Still, the time would pass. And she had Jim, and the wonderful change in him, to think about. Dear Jim, even his voice had altered, had become more refined. With a girl like Hilda to love him, and a successful little business that he was genuinely interested in to absorb him, surely she need no longer be anxious about him?

Smiling happily, Mrs. Robertson drifted into sleep.

And presently she woke, feeling hot and vaguely uncomfortable, almost as if she were going to have a cold.

There was a soreness in her throat, and a burning sensation in her nostrils.

And then—before the mists of sleep had cleared from her brain, before she had time to realise what she was doing, she sneezed—twice—and violently.

Her heart seemed to jump in her breast as she grasped what had happened.

She had sneezed! Before she could press her upper lip, before she knew what she was doing, she had sneezed!

She was aware of a pricking sensation in the eye that had been operated on.



Had she—had that sneeze—? Oh! no, no, it couldn't be!

"I shan't say anything about it," she thought, resisting the temptation to ring for the night nurse and tell her.

But the thought had hardly shaped itself in her mind before the door opened, and the night nurse looked in.

"Was that you who sneezed, Mrs. Robertson?" she asked, anxiously.

**E**VIDENTLY the night nurse had been on the alert.

As a matter of fact, the gurgling and the temperature-taking to which Mrs. Robertson had been subjected meant that all the staff were on the alert.

Warned by Cecily of the risk of infection her mother had run, they had been doing their best, without saying anything to alarm the patient. And when, in the silence of a nursing home closed down for the night, the nurse on duty, dosing in her little cubby-hole, heard someone move violently, she guessed at once who it was.

"Yes, I sneezed," said the blind woman, quietly. "It came on before I could do anything to stop it—before I knew I was going to—s-t-sneeze," she sneezed again.

"Take that!" she added, with a touch of grim humor. "No time to press my upper lip, or anything."

"Do you feel anything in the eye that's been operated on?" inquired the night nurse.

"It pricked a little, and now it's smarting rather," replied the patient.

"Oh! well, I dare say you will be all right," said the night-nurse briskly. "Don't sneeze any more if you can help it. I'll be back in a minute."

None the less, in her list slippers, she flitted out of the room, professionally interested, humanly sorry.

She tapped on the matron's door.

"Yes, what is it?" a voice called to her, the voice of one trained to wake right up in an instant.

The night-nurse went in.

"Number seven has sneezed several times," she reported.

"Hang!" said the matron, sitting up in bed.

"I wondered if you'd like me to ring up Sir John?"

"At this hour? No. He can't do anything. We shall have quite enough of Sir John in the morning."

Two quite nice white feet and legs thrust themselves from under the matron's bed-clothes.

The subordinate took up a dressing gown hanging over the rail at the foot of the bed, and held it out. In silence the matron got into it and shuffled her feet into a pair of woolly bedroom slippers.

With quick competent movements she took a hypodermic syringe from a little cupboard and fitted it together. Then followed by the nurse, she went to number seven.

"What's this I hear about you, Mrs. Robertson?"

She pushed back the sleeve of the blind woman's nightdress.

"Caught a little cold, eh? Very naughty of you."

Gently she pinched the flesh of number seven's arm.

"We can't have any more of this sneezing, you know. I'm going to send you to sleep till the morning."

In went the needle.

"My eye pricked just like that," said Mrs. Robertson with a start.

"Oh! I don't suppose you're really done yourself any harm," remarked the matron, cheerfully, as she withdrew the syringe. "Just you lie there and drop off. Good-night."

She handed the hypodermic to the night-nurse.

"Sterilise this," she said, and went back to bed.

**V**ERY bland and dignified was Sir John Chiddingfold as he entered room number seven in the morning, with the matron herself in attendance on him, and another nurse in attendance on her.

"Well, Mrs. Robertson, what's this I hear about you?" he cried, cheerfully—and the patient wondered why the words seemed vaguely familiar in her ears.

"Caught a little cold, eh? Dear, dear, that's rather trying of you."

Mrs. Robertson could feel his cool, skilful fingers on her face, as with his own hands he began to remove her dressings.

"Been sneezing, too, they tell me? Tut, tut, Mrs. Robertson."

He tossed a bandage to the nurse to roll.

In spite of herself the blind woman shivered. The tension was awful. Ever since she had awakened out of her drugged sleep she had been wondering, hoping, fearing. And now Sir John was going to find out.

"Keep still, please, I shan't hurt you much."

The great man's voice was still bland, but was it fancy—hadn't the reassuring note gone out of it?

Ages and ages seemed to pass.

She could hear three people breathing—and was it nervous? Could she not also feel three people's pity?

"I shall scream in a minute," thought number seven.

"Detached retina," she heard Sir John murmur to somebody, and wondered what it meant.

Then she realised from his movements and the feel of his fingers on her face again that Sir John was putting back the dressings.

"Well?" she said, eagerly.

"Just a moment."

Sir John completed his task, and straightened himself.

"It's very unfortunate, most unfortunate," he said, gravely, his fingers now on her wrist, feeling her pulse. "I am afraid it would be wrong to hold out any hopes to you that you will find your sight at all improved."

He paused.

"The operation has failed, I regret to say, Mrs. Robertson," he went on, as she did not speak. "This unlucky cold of yours—that sneezing—believe me, I am very, very sorry. I know you'll be brave about it. I wish I could do something more for you."

He was shaking her hand now.

"I know what this means to you. I understand how disappointed you must be. It's most unfortunate, most unfortunate. Good morning, good morning."

Distressed and dignified, he retreated, and the matron followed, as in duty bound.

A change came over the great man's manner. All the blandness disappeared.

"God damn it, matron," snapped Sir John. "You and that fool nurse of yours who let that infectious case come near her have ruined as fine an operation as ever I have done. It will be a hell of a long time before you get another case from me. I can tell you!"

The matron said nothing. She never did say anything to these great men when their eyes went wrong. Sir John was notorious as a man who rushed out at his nurses, and forgot all about it ten minutes later.

She was sorry for Sir John. If one had asked her she would have said that, of course, she was sorry for the patient, too. But really it was Sir John who had most of her sympathy: Sir John, whose brilliant operation had been wrecked by a sneeze.

One must take the world as one finds it.

"A—tsh—oo!" went the patient in number seven.

"I suppose I can sneeze now as much as I like," she remarked, as she fumbled for

something under her pillow. "Drat it, where can my handkerchief have got to?"

Nurse found it for her.

"Thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Robertson, and lay still for a little while, thinking.

All for nothing—the expense, the fuss, and the worry—all for nothing. There was to be no lightening of her darkness. For the rest of her days she would have to go on losing things, groping, depending.

Her lip quivered, and nurse, quietly watching her, felt a sudden constriction of the throat. She felt horribly guilty.

If only she had been firm, and had refused to get a third cup last Sunday afternoon, instead of letting the patient's good-looking son persuade her to wink at the presence of the third guest, who had walked in unannounced!

"You mustn't worry, you know," she said, gently. "You've only got a slight attack of influenza now, but if you worry you'll make yourself worse, and send your temperature up."

The blind woman did not speak.

"I want it to go up and up and up," she thought. "People die of influenza when they've got it badly enough. I can't think how I've caught it, but I do hope I've got it badly enough!"

Her features worked convulsively. Two wet places showed on her bandages—a piteous sight.

"Oh! don't, please, don't," entreated nurse, on the verge of tears herself. "It's dreadful, I know, but crying won't help."

A strange thought shot into Mrs. Robertson's mind.

How selfish everyone was about other people's tears! Crying helped, crying was a relief—but whenever one saw anyone else crying one always implored them to stop, because one could not bear to see them cry. That wasn't sympathy—that was selfishness.

She swallowed heavily.

"I suppose I can see visitors now?" she murmured. "I wonder if you would mind telephoning to my son—and my daughter, D—don't tell them what's happened, nurse. I would rather tell them myself."

**P**RETTY horrible, what?" said Jimmy, as he and Cecily came away from the nursing home together.

Cecily nodded.

"Poor mother!" she sighed.

"Yes," said Jimmy. "Rough luck—rough luck on her—and Sir John—and Hilda—rough luck all round, including you and me."

It had been a painful interview.

Both of them had been horrified at those wet places on the bandages—and both of them would have died sooner than mention them. Mrs. Robertson, of course, was not aware of them, but Cecily and Jimmy, too, would be aware of them for the rest of their days.

"Jimmy, you were a brick to her," said Cecily suddenly. "You comforted her ever so much more than I could. You were splendid. I believe she really does want to live now, and means to try to get better for your sake."

Jimmy felt a sudden wild desire to go to one of those the-damned-places-with-her. A hot, bright room, a blaring jazz band, and he and Cecily gliding together over a perfect floor.

"God, I must be a pretty heartless devil," he thought. "She'd have a fit if I asked her."

But that was what he wanted—a spree—something hilarious and hectic. Poor blind women with wet bandages—nursing homes—sneezes, and so forth weren't his meat!

"I ought to be getting back to the garage," he said, awkwardly. "Things are rather busy, and I've sworn a sworn not to pass any of Bill's jobs in future without testing



the car myself. He's a good man, but he wants watching. I've set my heart on making my garage a place that motorists can trust. I've had some experiences myself, you see."

He dried up, realising that Cecily was not listening, and that he had only started to talk about the garage to avoid talking about—other things.

"The sooner mother comes out of the nursing home the better," said Cecily. "I shall have her home again directly she's fit to be moved. All the time she's there she will naturally be thinking and thinking—"

"Quite," said Jimmy.

He was hellishly sorry for Cecily's mother, hellishly sorry for her. Her disappointment was cruel. But it was his disappointment as well as hers. What about him and Cecily now?

Cecily, of course, hadn't thought of that, and it wouldn't do to mention it to her.

"I suppose you realise what this means to us?" said Cecily.

"Eh? What do you mean?" he asked, startled.

"Now mother is not going to get her sight back, what's going to happen, Jimmy?"

Good Lord! She had been thinking about it, too!

"What's the use of our being in love? Nothing can ever come of it."

"Here, darling, don't say that!" he cried. "But it can't. If she'd got her sight back and found out, the joy of being able to see would have helped her to bear the blow about Jim—and even if it didn't, we couldn't have helped it."

She sighed.

"But now, well, we can't possibly let her find out, even—not after what she's gone through."

Jimmy pulled himself together from the discovery that the mind of a woman was not so very different from the mind of a man—and because she was so despairing he became suddenly hopeful.

"I know what's in your mind, Cecily. You're going to suggest that we stop loving—going to offer to give me up. But that's all rot. I can't stop loving, and I won't be given up. I see the difficulties and the dangers, but we'll just go on—see? And I'll bet you what you like that something does turn up in the end!"

"Jimmy!" she said. "If you're not engaged this evening, take me out and let's dance till we drop!"

"Good God!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Only two minutes ago I was thinking of suggesting a the-damsel-and-thought-you'd-bite-my-head-off."

"Let's do both!" said Cecily, and Jimmy, no student of reactions, could only answer amazedly.

"Right O!"

#### CHAPTER 22

"YOU'VE let your tea get cold, miss," said Florrie, come in to inform Cecily that her bath was ready.

Cecily glanced at her through heavy, half-closed eyelids.

"I was too sleepy to sit up and drink it," she murmured.

"And no wonder!" thought the maid. "Coming in at two in the morning. I heard you!"

She picked up the neglected tray.

"And what's more, I heard you go into the drawing-room with that brother of yours," she thought. "Half-past it was before he left the house! I'm not surprised that you're sleepy after such carryings-on. Brother, indeed!"

"I'll get you some fresh, miss," she said, in the tone of the perfect parlourmaid.

"Thanks awfully. Sorry to give you the trouble," murmured sleepy Cecily.

In ten minutes Florrie came back. Cook

had a boiling kettle. It had taken only two minutes to make the fresh tea. But it had needed ten for Cook and Florrie to get through their preliminary discussion of the way the daughter of the house and her supposed brother were behaving.

A further and more prolonged debate would take place during the kitchen breakfast.

In all St. John's Wood it would have been difficult to find a happier and more excited pair of servants. Cook's friend, George, had been spoken to, and had undertaken to solve the mystery, and meanwhile Cook and Florrie were free to keep the suspected parties under observation and talk about them to their heart's content.

Cecily had to be roused again.

"Don't let it get cold this time, miss," said Florrie, as she moved towards the door.

"No, I'll drink it at once," promised Cecily.

She sat up and yawned.

Goodness, but she was tired.

Sipping her tea, she thought about what a lovely time she and Jimmy had had last night.

It was the first time they had ever danced together, and she had enjoyed every minute of it.

"I'm glad I suggested it," she thought, as, setting down her cup, slowly and luxuriously she stretched herself.

Some people, no doubt, would say it was very heartless of them.

But it wasn't. What would have been the good of sitting at home, worrying and brooding? They could not do any more for mother than they were doing, and their night out had certainly taken their minds off their troubles.

She felt much better able to face things this morning for it.

Once more she yawned and stretched.

"Jimmy really is rather a dear," she murmured. "Well, I suppose I had better get up."

She sprang out of bed, and put on the shingle-net she had been too lazy to bother with last night. Cecily liked her bath hot, very hot, and the net would be needed to keep her hair in place.

"Shingling's rather a swizz," she thought, as mechanically she surveyed her face and her pyramidal figure in the glass.

She was more than half inclined to let her hair grow again, she told herself. In theory shingling, bobbed, or Eton-cropped hair was supposed to save trouble, but in practice it was a great deal more trouble than long. True, her head had seemed lighter at first—but she had never noticed that her hair was heavy in the past, and the feeling of lightness had long since worn off.

"I never spent half so much time or a quarter so much money on my hair when it was long," she muttered, discontentedly.

Seizing her sponge and her towel, she proceeded to the bathroom.

Yes, Jimmy really was rather a dear, she thought, once more—with the hot water sending delicious tingles over her limbs.

Last night he had said to her that the only thing for them to do was to keep their peckers up and make the best of it—be brother and sister in front of her mother, and steal a little time off for loving when, over they could. And he had stuck to it that something was bound to turn up.

"Your mother can't live for ever," he had said.

Cecily's hands, gripped on her big sponge, suddenly squeezed it hard.

Did that mean that Jimmy thought that mother might die of this unlucky attack of influenza after all?

Did it mean that Jimmy was hoping that would happen?

Stretched at full length in the bath, she

stared up at the ceiling with a look of horror in her brown eyes.

"I believe that was what was in his mind," she thought. "At the back of his mind, anyway."

And it dawned upon her with a sort of chilly devastation that it was at the back of her mind as well.

Yes. If mother died, she and Jimmy could be happy, and mother would never have had to learn the truth about Jim.

"Oh, God, what devils we are! What awful things we can think!" she murmured against.

Out of her bath she sprang, shocked and ashamed.

Furiously she towelled herself, hating herself, hating her mind and Jimmy's, and filled with a sudden fury of tenderness for her afflicted mother.

Her one desire was to go round to mother at once, and be extra sweet to make up for that horrible thing she had almost thought outright, and suspected Jimmy of thinking—or almost thinking.

Poor mother, poor, dear mother.

There were tears in Cecily's eyes as she hurried into her clothes.

"How is she?" she asked eagerly of the nurse directly she arrived at the nursing-home.

"Much better, ever so much better," said Day. "She's had quite a good night, and it is evidently only going to be a very light attack, for her temperature was normal this morning."

Cecily breathed deeply with relief.

"She's wonderful," Day went on. "In the way she's taken it about her eye, I mean. You'll see—she's almost cheerful about it now."

Cecily nodded.

"I do feel awful about that," said Day. "If only I had refused to let that extra visitor stay—"

"You couldn't know," said Cecily, quickly, rather touched, and discovering Day to be a human being as well as a nurse. "These things will happen."

"I should think your brother's fiancée must be very miserable to think that she gave it to her future mother-in-law," remarked Day.

"She doesn't know yet," replied Cecily, and then, with a friendly nod to the nurse, entered her mother's room.

"GLAD to hear you're going on nicely, darling," she murmured, as she bent over her mother and kissed her.

Mrs. Robertson pushed her away. "You shouldn't have done that," she said. "You might catch it."

Cecily laughed.

"I'm not afraid," she declared.

She could see that what the nurse had said was true. Mother was better, her bandages were dry, and her air was that of one fairly reconciled to her lot. Plainly mother had made up her mind not to worry about what could not be helped.

"At this rate you ought to be able to come home in a day or two," said Cecily. "You'll like it better there than here, won't you, darling?"

"Yes. Everyone is very kind, but I shall be happier at home with you and Jim," said the blind woman.

Determined not to talk to her about the operation that had gone wrong, Cecily offered to read to her.

"Yes, dear, I should like that. I've been thinking about a lot of things. I've made up my mind to learn Braille, and when Jim comes I want to speak to him about Hilda."

Cecily took up the paper and began to read.

She was still reading when the door opened and the nurse ushered in Jimmy.

He smiled at Cecily.

"Well, how goes it?" he cried, cheerfully, to his other mother, and as he approached



her bed he laid his hand caressingly on Cecily's cheek in passing.

"Jim, you're not to kiss me!" said the blind woman, quickly. "I don't want you to catch it, too."

"Right-o! but I'm not afraid."

He winked at Cecily, a wink which said: "If we were going to have it, we should have had it by now."

"So you're better, eh?" he said, aloud.

"Much better, Jim. I shall be quite well in a day or two. And I'm longing to be back in my own home, where I can get about better than I can here."

SHE groped with her hand, feeling for his, and Jimmy put his in hers—looking at Cecily as he did it; making love to her with his eyes—unable to look long at anyone else in her presence.

"Jim, I've been thinking about you and Hilda. There isn't anything to wait for, and you both seem very fond of each other. I want you to get married soon, Jim. Why did you start like that?"

"Did I start?" fenced Jimmy.

"Your hand moved as if you were going to snatch it away. Jim, you want to marry Hilda, don't you?"

His eyes met Cecily's, and the message she was signalling to him was unmistakable.

"Rather," he said, doing his best to sound enthusiastic. "Of course."

"But not too soon, Mother," he added. "There's no hurry. We're very happy as we are."

"I want you to get married, Jim. I want to know you are settled for life. Lying here, I've been thinking."

Her hands clasped his a little more tightly.

"I shan't die of influenza now, but supposing I had? Supposing I'd had it badly instead of lightly? Oh! I want to see you married, Jim—before I get anything else. You never know, do you? I shouldn't like to die and not know that you were safe, and I'm sure you would be safe with Hilda."

Again Jimmy looked at Cecily.

Her mother's attitude was only too plain. Thinking of the possibility of death, her mistrust had come back. Because of this queer fancy she had taken to her, she believed that Hilda was capable of keeping him straight; and she wanted to see the knot tied so that whatever happened to her, she would know that her reformed son had someone to look after him.

All very natural from her point of view, but exceedingly awkward from Jimmy's and Cecily's.

Jimmy frowned at Cecily gloomily.

One way and another this Hilda business was turning out a perfect curse! He had never wanted Hilda brought into it at all. It was his mother who had done that—the only time the old lady had ever let him down. And now, what with one thing and another—

"I'll speak to Hilda herself about it," Mrs. Robertson broke in upon his meditations. "I suppose she'll be coming to see me presently, won't she?"

"I don't think so. Not for a day or two at any rate."

"Why? Has she gone away?"

"No, she's ill."

"Ill? So that's why she hasn't been near. What's the matter with her, Jimmy?"

"Influenza."

He glanced at Cecily for further instructions, and Cecily herself joined in the conversation.

"It must have been from Hilda that you got your attack, darling," she said. "Hilda was in bed on Monday—that was why she didn't come to hear how you stood the operation. So she must have been sickening for it on the Sunday."

The blind woman lay silent for a few moments, taking it in. Then:

"Is she very bad, Jim?" she asked.

"I don't know. Don't think so," he answered.

"Haven't you been to see her?"

"How could I go to see her when she's in bed?" he countered.

"But you've written to her, and she's written to you, Jim?"

"No—we've not much of letter writers, Mother. He did his best."

"Jim—you're angry with her because you think it was she who made me sneeze," cried the blind woman. "But you mustn't be. That's not fair, my son."

She turned her head in her daughter's direction.

"Cecily, you must go to see Hilda at once—and tell her what I have just been saying to you and Jim. Don't let her feel that she is to blame in any way, and do make her understand that I want her and Jim to be married as soon as possible."

#### CHAPTER 23

THE incongruous red and white carton had gone from the dressing-table in Hilda's bedroom. Her starched and wrinkled nurse had hidden it away in a drawer. A clinical thermometer, standing in a glass of disinfectant, had taken its place.

Smoking was off. Vamping was off. All that the patient asked of the world at the moment was to be left to gloom.

Her temperature, which had soared once to a hundred and four, was down at last below normal, very much below normal. She was feeling, as she put it, like a flat tyre, or a bit of chewed string—like a substitute, a very cheap substitute. Refuse all imitations!

There was a nasty taste in her mouth, and her voice had gone wrong. It sounded flat and hollow in her ears, and her ears themselves had an echo in them—the sort of echo you can hear in an empty shell or a vault. Her "innards" were uncomfortable, and her legs and arms felt funny. They didn't exactly ache, but there was something wrong with them. There was something wrong with her all over—everywhere—inside and out—and yet the ass of a doctor said she was better, and the nurse was plainly bored with the case, and hoping the next would be an interesting operation with lots of dressings.

Hilda turned her face to the wall away from the nurse, and closed her eyes to shut out as much as she could of the irritating world of which it was her lot to be one of the inhabitants.

"That's right," said the nurse. "A little sleep will do you good. The more you sleep the better."

Hilda opened her eyes.

"I'm not going to sleep," she snapped. "I never go to sleep in the daytime."

"You'd better read your book," suggested the nurse.

"I don't want to read—and I hate hearing it called 'my book,'" fumed Hilda.

"Perhaps you'd like me to read to you, then?" offered the nurse, with a maddening, unflinching demeanor.

"I dislike being read to," said the patient.

Oh! influenza was a beastly thing! Only the doctors loved it. Two or three times a year people went down with it, by the thousand—and the doctors couldn't stop it happening, and couldn't really help you when you'd got it. A disgrace to a scientific age, Hilda called it. All the doctors did was to complain that they were run off their legs, and then run up bills for telling you to stay in bed. And when you felt iller than you had ever felt before, and were simply longing for someone to murder, they said you were better.

And the worst of it was that she knew at the back of her mind that this was all part of her complaint, a mood that would pass.

In a day or two life would not seem so poor a show as it did at the moment. She would discover some meaning in it. The old zest would come back; the old craving

for the daily thrill would return. Cock-tails, dancing, theatres, music, books, friends, and clothes would fill the time again.

A light tap at the door attracted the nurse's attention.

With lack-lustre eyes Hilda watched her go to the door, and heard part of the whispered conversation that took place.

"Certainly. It will do her good. Take her out of herself. She wants cheering up."

The door closed.

"That was your mother," said the nurse. "A Miss Robertson, a friend of yours, has called, and asked to see you. Your mother was afraid it might be too much for you, but I told her—"

"I heard you," Hilda interrupted.

She frowned as the nurse hurriedly straightened the sheet and readjusted the eiderdown.

"Why fuss?" she asked irritably.

"Oh! we must make the room nice and tidy for visitors," replied nurse, cheerfully—and Hilda felt that she would really have loved her if she had boxed her ears or sworn at her. It was inhuman for anyone to go on being kind and calm in face of so much provocation.

Then the door opened, and Cecily came in—and the nurse went out with a parting, smiling admonition not to excite her patient too much.

TWO tired eyes from the pillow looked into two sparkling eyes under a modish veilour hat.

"Glad to hear you've turned the corner," said Cecily. "Your mother tells me you've been really ill."

"Oh! I'm all right now." One never admitted things to contemporaries.

Cecily dropped into the chair the nurse had placed for her by the bedside.

"It's pulled you down a bit," she said. "Meaning I'm looking a perfect fright?" laughed Hilda.

"Not at all. It rather suits you. Makes you look wistful and pathetic."

"Thanks, so much!"

Cecily loosened her coat.

"Mother asked me to come to see you."

"How is she?"

Cecily hesitated for a moment.

"The operation was no good?" inquired Hilda, her eyes searching the other's face.

Cecily shook her head.

"Poor old duckydaddies!" Hilda looked genuinely moved. "That's rather a disappointment, isn't it? Of course, that doctorman wouldn't commit himself, but I felt sure from his manner that he was certain he was going to make a job of it."

"It wasn't Sir John's fault," said Cecily.

"It was what happened afterwards that made it go wrong."

"What happened?"

"Mother developed a slight attack of influenza."

"Poor old dear! I say, what rotten luck!"

"Yes. She sneezed—you know how afraid they were of her sneezing? That detached the retina and ruined everything."

"Beastly," said Hilda.

Cecily did not speak.

"It's dreadful, of course, but in a way I suppose you are relieved?" Hilda inquired.

"Nothing will have to come out."

"No," said Cecily.

Hilda was puzzled. There was something about Cecily's manner—?

"How is your mother taking it?" she asked.

"Oh! very well. Splendidly."

It wasn't that. Duckydaddies wasn't breaking her heart over the disappointment.

"Mother's attack was a very much lighter one than yours," remarked Cecily. "She's practically over it."

Hilda raised herself a little on one elbow.

"I say," she exclaimed. "It's just struck



me. You don't mean that I gave it to her, do you?"

"We are afraid so," said Cecily, quietly. "Of course, we can't say for certain. But you must have been sneaking for it that Sunday, and yours was the only infection we know of that mother was exposed to."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Hilda. "How you must hate me! I hadn't the least idea, of course, I merely felt a bit cheap."

"Nobody blames you. Please don't think any more about it. It was just a bit of rotten bad luck."

Hilda looked away.

Cecily did hate her. She was sure of that. They had always been antagonistic, and now they were more so. Cecily vowed she was not blaming her for what had happened to duckydaddies, and said it as if she meant it. But the hate was still there.

If it wasn't for that, it must be something else.

"How's brother Jim?" she asked, abruptly.

"Jimmy? He's very well."

Cecily hesitated a moment, and then added:

"It was really about Jimmy that mother made me come to see you."

"What about him?"

"Mother's anxious for you two to get married as soon as possible."

"How priceless!" exclaimed Hilda, affecting to treat it as a joke.

"She wants to see him settled. Being in that home has made her think about dying."

"Oh! well, we can easily make some excuse to put her off," said Hilda, lightly. "You leave her to me. I'll manage her."

"Mother is so set upon it that I am afraid it is not going to be very easy," murmured Cecily.

**H**ILDA looked at her thoughtfully.

"Count your change before leaving. It would be rather off if that mock engagement of ours turned earnest, and I had to marry Jimmy after all, wouldn't it?" she cried, with just the faintest spice of malice in tone and eyes.

"I think I ought to tell you that Jimmy and I are in love," said Cecily, quietly.

"Well, of course, I've always known that you were rather attracted," responded Hilda, without turning a hair.

"We're as much engaged as we can be in the circumstances."

"Gratifiers and all that. When did it happen?"

There was a faint flush in Hilda's cheeks.

"When did it happen?" echoed Cecily. "On the—the first night mother was in the nursing home."

Hilda looked puzzled.

"But—but you didn't see him that night," she murmured. "He went to a dance with me."

"I saw him afterwards. I spent the evening with his mother, and Jimmy saw me home," explained Cecily stiffly.

"I see."

Hilda's tone and expression were baffling—but Hilda herself was no longer baffled. "Well, don't worry about your mother and our engagement. I'll see to that as soon as I'm well enough," she said. "And I'm frightfully sorry for having passed on my wretched flu to her."

She paused for the fraction of a second, and then went on before Cecily could speak.

"Give my love to Jimmy, and tell him I'm very glad. Sorry, but I dare not ask you to stop to tea. That nurse of mine is rather a dragon, you know. I'm glad you came—and glad you've told me about you and Jimmy. Of course, there are difficulties in the way, but good luck! Good-bye."

Cecily rose.

"I do hope you'll go on all right, and soon

be well," she said. "And please don't worry about having given it to mother. Jimmy and I both fully realise that it isn't your fault, and we're most frightfully grateful to you for the way you've helped us and all that. Good-bye, Hilda. You'll think what's to be done about your supposed engagement to Jimmy, won't you—how to break it off, I mean?"

Hilda nodded.

When the door had closed behind her visitor she sat up in bed.

"That's it," she thought. "That's why she hates me. He's told her!"

Her eyes glittered with anger now that there was no longer any need to restrain it.

The vamp had been left. The girl she had always instinctively known to be her rival had got in first. And the man who had refused to kiss her in the garage had confessed to Cecily that he had kissed her at that dance.

"All right, Jimmy, my lad," she muttered. "You wait! You wait!"

All she had to do was to go to the nursing home, see Cecily's mother, and pretend to fall in with the old lady's plans.

Then Jimmy and Cecily would be in the denue of a stew.

What a scream—and what a revenge.

But next morning, waking to a brighter world, as influenza convalescents do, Hilda's better nature reasserted itself, and she asked herself a question.

Why should she be offended because Jimmy had told?

If he were really in love and hard hit, had he not a right to tell? Lots of people took that view about serious love.

Cecily hadn't really given anything away. One could not honestly blame either Cecily or Jimmy because one had guessed something.

After all, that vamp business had only been a sort of lark. She had no grand passion for Jimmy Robertson.

She could not really take him away from Cecily—and she did not want to.

Now that Jimmy and Cecily had fixed things up, why waste time fooling about and being spiteful, especially when it would only make things more difficult for duckydaddies?

Nobody wanted to hurt her!

What the end of the business would be, how Jimmy and Cecily were ever going to straighten things up, was their affair, and no one else's.

"Nurse," said Hilda, suddenly, shortly after the doctor had paid his usual daily visit.

The uncomplaining, print-dressed figure came unbidden to her patient's side.

"I'm getting up after lunch, am I not?" Hilda inquired.

"That's what the doctor said."

"I wonder if you would mind ringing up someone for me, nurse?"

"Of course, I will. What is the number?"

Hilda gave her the number of Jimmy's garage.

"Ask for Mr. Robertson," she said. "And when you've got through to him tell him I'm better, and should be very much obliged if he would call to see me this afternoon."

With a cheerful nod the nurse moved toward the door.

"Make him understand that it is most important, and he must just put off everything and come," Hilda called out to her.

**I**T WAS BILL, the right-hand man at Jimmy's garage, who took the message.

"Right-o!" said Bill. "The guv'nor's out, but I'll tell 'im soon's 'e comes in."

Bill was a little heated. The telephone had interrupted him in the middle of a bit of trouble with a customer.

It is to be regretted that Bill's appear-

ances in this history must rather give the impression that he never did anything right. But that is only the way things will turn out. Bill was a good man, as good a mechanic as most garages can boast. It was the motorists themselves, according to Bill, who were to blame. They were such an impatient race and never gave a bloke a chance to scratch himself. And the worst of the lot was the blow-in—the "casualties" and the breakdowns.

There was something in it.

Most motorists, when something has gone wrong with their car, want it put right at once at the first garage they come to. Which means that the Bills have to leave their big jobs to get the "casual" on the road again. And when they return to their interrupted larger job, what more likely than that something has slipped their memory?

What had happened in this particular instance was precisely that. Bill, just finishing overhauling somebody's ignition, had been called away to change a tyre. And now Bill was facing an aggrieved owner-driver whose complaint was that he could not stop his engine!

He couldn't—for the simple reason that Bill had omitted to connect the earth wire to the magneto. The engine would start all right, but it would not stop, and as by law one must not leave a vehicle with the engine running the position was decidedly awkward.

It took Bill exactly one minute to diagnose the trouble and put it right.

But the customer was not to be pacified.

He had been made to look a fool. He had wasted a lot of petrol, and had had to drive back and miss an important appointment.

Bill was a bungler and a swindler.

"You told me everything was in order—you said you'd tested it yourself—and here you sent me away with an important thing like that not properly fastened."

Every word the man uttered jarred upon Bill's technical ear. It was plain that the bloke knew nothing at all about cars beyond how to drive one—badly, Bill was sure.

Hardly knowing the difference between an inner tube and a carburettor, what could one say to him? In the motor world it is much easier to deceive an expert than an ignorant. Bill tried telling him that the wire had come adrift—and was told not to talk both.

"I'm never coming here again. I shall take my work in future to someone less incompetent and more to be trusted," fumed the customer, when Bill got back from the telephone—and all Bill could hope was that he would bluff one of his mudguards as he was backing out.

But he didn't. He missed the door post by a fifth of an inch.

Bill lit a cigarette.

Right in front of his bright blue eyes there was the usual "No Smoking" notice which one finds in all garages.

"To 'ear 'im one would think I'd left a valve out," Bill grumbled to himself. "And all I did was to forget to earth 'is magneto! Fancy a bloke not knowing enough to stop 'is bloomin' engine with a screwdriver and a hammer, and then earth it for 'isself. Make me sick they do."

A very disgusted buccaneer, he went back to his work—and forgot all about the telephone message that had come in the middle of this unreasonable customer's strife!

#### CHAPTER 24

**A**T a quarter to twelve, the very moment that Hilda's message had been telephoned to the forgetful Bill, Cecily extracted herself from Jimmy's arms.

The perfect house-parlourmaid had admitted him; and the drawing-room of the house in St. John's Wood was gay with



fresh flowers which Cecily had only just finished arranging when he arrived.

"Jimmy, I've got a bone to pick with you," she said.

"Pick away."

"You've got to stop it."

She waved her hand at the flowers.

"All these this morning, and that huge box of chocolates yesterday. A brother mustn't spoil a sister like that, Jimmy. We shall have the servants talking."

"Sorry," said Jimmy. "I didn't think. You see, I'm so bucked, I simply must be sending you something every minute I'm not here to be taking something!"

He took another kiss.

"That's the worst of being in love," he complained. "You can't think of anything else. All the time I'm just full of you, and I stop and look in at every shop window I pass, and wonder if there's anything there that you'd like."

Cecily's eyes glowed and her lips smiled.

"Stilly Jimmy," she said, softly.

"That's what I am—stilly about you," he went on. "Didn't know I could be so lousy about a girl. 'Course, you're not an ordinary girl. What I mean is there's something about you—your eyes and your hair and your smile, at every that fill a chap full of bears, if you got me, old thing. You do see what I mean, don't you, darling?"

"Yes," said Cecily, gravely, still glowing.

"I see what you mean."

"I actually tried to make up a poem about you last night—in bed. But I didn't get very far with it. Not my line. I say, you don't mind my being such a precious ass about you, do you?"

"It's perfectly sweet of you, you darling old donkey. I love it. But we've got to remember that we're officially only brother and sister. And these chocs and flowers don't fit in, Jimmy."

"And I suppose this doesn't fit in either?" he muttered and took a little morocco leather-covered box from his waistcoat.

"Jimmy!"

He snapped the catch open and exposed a diamond engagement ring.

"And yet I don't see why it can't fit in," he went on. "Anyway, let's see if it fits."

He slipped it on to the proper finger.

"Like a glove," he cried, triumphantly.

"Jolly good guess, what?"

Cecily looked down at it. Her hand was trembling a little and her cheeks were flushed.

"The fingers of her right hand touched the ring, as if to draw it off. But after they had moved it half an inch they pushed it back again.

"What I thought," explained Jimmy, "was that you'd be able to wear it, as your mother couldn't see it."

"The servants could see it, though," said Cecily.

"I never thought of the servants."

"And my relations?"

"I never thought about my relations."

She and her mother were not quite alone in the world. Occasionally various relations kept cropping up, when Jimmy had to be got out of the way. Mother had made no difficulty about that. Knowing her son's past, and what the family thought of him, mother had sympathized with Jimmy's natural disinclination to meet any of them. She didn't want her reformed black sheep "upset."

**B**UT relations, servants, friends, all sorts of people would be bound to ask questions about the sudden appearance of a ring on Cecily's "engaged" finger.

"I'm afraid it will have to come off, Jimmy."

He nodded.

"I'll be more careful in future," he promised. "Been letting myself go a bit because it's all so new, if you know what I mean. You're right—you can't wear it."

Why, your mother might touch it. Never thought of that."

Hastily Cecily removed the ring and held it out to him.

"I say, I can't take it back—that's unlucky. Couldn't you wear it round your neck on a string or something?" he suggested.

"I'm not a young lady with a capital 'L' in an old-fashioned story," Cecily smiled. "I know!" he cried. "When I was buying that ring I saw a little platinum and pearl chain in the shop and wondered if you would care for it. We'll get that."

"You're too extravagant for anything," said Cecily. "Besides, I couldn't wear the ring at the end of it, if that's what you mean. That might have been all right in the days of high necks, but nowadays—"

"Never mind. Let's get the chain all the same. I believe you'll love it. Better ring so that you can tell them you'll be out for lunch, hadn't it?"

He pressed the bell as he spoke.

"Oh! Florrie," said Cecily, when the perfect house-parlourmaid answered. "My brother and I will be lunching out. Please tell cook."

"Yes, miss," said Florrie.

The ring was safely hidden in Cecily's hand. But the unmistakable little box that Jimmy had brought it in was lying openly on the table on to which he had dropped it.

Florrie retired with the unobtrusive grace of a well-trained servant.

Cook would be very interested to hear about that box.

"You won't forget to be more careful in future, will you, Jimmy?" said Cecily. "We don't want the servants to suspect anything."

"Rather not," he agreed, and she left him to get her outdoor things.

The box caught his eye.

He picked it up, and when Cecily returned held it out to her.

"I say, this was on the table when Florrie was in the room. Do you think she noticed it, darling?"

"I don't know," said Cecily, frowning.

"She may have. Oh! well, it can't be helped. But we really must be more careful."

"We will, after this," Jimmy murmured.

"Don't want this thing, do you?"

"No, I don't think so. I shall keep the ring in my purse. That's the best and safest place for it."

He slipped the box into his pocket.

"Don't mind, do you, if I just look in at the garage on the way?" he asked.

Cecily remained in the car while he dashed in to ask Bill if everything were all right.

"O.K.," said Bill.

"You can manage if I don't get back till after tea, can't you?" inquired the governor.

"Easy," said Bill, with a readiness that seemed to suggest that he thought he could run the place better without the governor.

"Good," said Jimmy, and went back to the stren who was even more fascinating than other people's cars.

They had a most excellent and cheerful lunch, during which Jimmy insisted that Cecily should wear the ring.

After lunch they visited the jewellers, and bought the slender platinum and pearl chain that had attracted Jimmy's attention.

"Now, mind," said Cecily. "This is the last thing you are to buy for me for a whole month at least. I won't have it if you won't promise me that."

The purchase completed, they went on to the nursing home where they proposed to have tea with the blind woman.

"And then," said Jimmy, "I must go back to the garage for an hour or so. But after that we'll meet again for dinner, and make another evening of it."

"All right," said Cecily, recklessly. "I'm thinking of taking mother home to-morrow, and I shan't like leaving her in the evenings."

Eagerly the blind woman lifted her head as they entered her room.

"Is that you, Jim?" she asked.

"Yes, Cecily and I have come along to have tea with you."

"Are you all right, Jim?"

The voice was so earnest that Jimmy and Cecily looked at each other.

"Of course, I'm all right," said Jimmy. "Why shouldn't I be?"

"Oh! Jim!" sighed the blind woman. "I've had such a dreadful dream about you. You're sure you're all right?"

"Right as a fivet—never felt better in my life," he cried, consolingly. "Besides, dreams go by contraries, don't they, Cecily?"

"Not that sort of dream," said the blind woman. "Hold my hand, Jim, while I tell you about it."

**J**IMMY took his other mother's hand, as commanded.

"Personally, I don't go much on dreams, but fire away," he said, with a smile in Cecily's direction.

"It began in the middle, as dreams so often do," faltered the blind woman. "I don't know how I got there, and nobody seemed to take any notice of me, but you—"

—you were lying ill in bed in a place that looked like a hospital. I can't tell you how vivid it all was. I could even smell that disinfectant smell—and you don't smell things in ordinary dreams, Jim. That's what frightened me so, when I thought it over."

He felt her hand clutch more tightly at his.

"I say, is that true?" he asked, more for the sake of something to say than for any real curiosity about the matter. "Don't you smell things in dreams?"

"I never have before, Jim."

"Nor I, when I come to think of it," said Cecily.

"And though it was a sort of hospital it wasn't an ordinary hospital, Jim. There weren't any nurses. Only men—wearing dark trousers and short white coats. At first I thought you had met with an accident, and then I saw that you were ill—dying."

She paused for a moment, and Jimmy looked at Cecily for instructions.

But Cecily's face was a blank, so he took a line of his own.

"What the use of upsetting yourself like this about a dream, Mother? Now you know I'm all alive and kicking. Why not forget it?"

"Your cheeks were flushed and hollow, and your eyes were unnaturally bright," she went on, as if she had not heard him. "He's got flu, I thought. Another victim of the epidemic. Got it very badly. I wonder if he caught it from me or Hilda?"

And I noticed that they had propped you up with pillows, and that you were finding it very difficult to breathe. It was awful. Jim—awful," she broke off.

"Yes, one does dream the most frightful rot," said Jimmy.

"You tried to smile when you saw me. I could see you so plainly, Jim, with both eyes. You hadn't shaved for some days and had an un tidy, straggly little beard that didn't suit you very well. And—and after you had smiled at me, you spoke."

"Mother, you said, 'I'm dying. I shall never see it out. And that's a pity, because this time I really did mean to turn over a new leaf.' And—and then I woke up, trembling all over."

She sighed deeply.

"I've been lying here all the morning, waiting for news," she confessed. "Waiting for Cecily to come and tell me that you were ill. And as the hours passed I felt sorer and sorer."

"Sorry to disappoint you, old dear, but I



am quite well, thank you," said Jimmy, lightly.

"Are you sure, Jim? Isn't your hand rather hot?"

"He's all right, Mother, really he's all right," cried Cecily. "It was only a dream, darling."

"How can either of you know he isn't sickening for it?" wailed the blind woman. "I can't believe it was just a dream. It— it must have been a warning. Influenza is dreadfully dangerous. Thousands of people have died in the last few weeks. Oh! don't laugh at me. . . . I'm frightened."

**J**IMMY passed his free hand down the back of his hair.

"Cecily," said the blind woman, suddenly, "ask nurse for a thermometer and take his temperature!"

"There's no need to ask nurse, Mother. There's a thermometer in here, on the washstand, in a glass," Cecily answered. She laid a hand on Jimmy's arm and looked at him, imploringly, mutely begging him not to refuse to humor her mother's whim, however ludicrous it might seem to him.

"Pass it over," said Jimmy, and stuck it in his mouth.

"Absolutely normal," he announced. "You look at it, Cecily, and tell her that's the truth."

"I suppose it was only a dream, then," murmured the blind woman. "But there's a lot of influenza about."

"Don't you see, darling," interrupted Cecily, "it's all very easily explained. You knew you'd had it, and that Hilda is still ill with it. And you were worrying about Jimmy, and whether he or I might also have got it. And your subconscious mind, while you were asleep, fitted all your fears together into that horrid dream."

"Yes, that's it—clear as can be," agreed Jimmy. "So now forget about it, and don't worry any more."

"I suppose you both think I'm very silly," said the blind woman. "But if I could only make you understand how life-like it all was—"

"Here's the tea coming," Cecily broke in. "Finish dream!" said Jimmy. "Let's talk about something else."

They told her that they were going to take her back to St. John's Wood on the morrow. Jimmy would transport her in his car.

"Why not a taxi?" she inquired. "I don't like taking you away from your work."

"Can't trust you to a taxi-driver," said Jimmy, lightly, and her lip quivered at the thought of how good he was to her.

"How is Hilda?" she inquired.

"Going on fine," Cecily informed her, and launched into a guarded account of her visit.

"She's coming to see you as soon as they'll let her out," she announced—without the faintest idea that at that moment Hilda was waiting for Jimmy to turn up and have tea with her, and hear what she had to say to him.

The blind woman nodded.

When she and Hilda met she was sure that Hilda would fall in with her desire to see Jimmy married as soon as possible. For all her queer slang and her modern ways, Hilda was a very understanding and sympathetic young lady.

Life is made up of the way people misjudge each other. Since no people understand themselves, how can anybody really understand anybody else?

The horror of the dream faded away. It was a cheerful and moderately contented blind woman to whom Jimmy and Cecily said good-bye about half-past five.

"Thank you both for being so good and so patient," she said, chokingly. "It will be nice to be home to-morrow."

"I'll drop you and then go on to the garage," said Jimmy as he helped Cecily into the waiting car.

"Jimmy, you were a dear to let your

temperature be taken," exclaimed Cecily. "I made sure that you would kick."

"Thought it better to humor her," he mumbled.

They drove some way in silence.

"I'm very worried about that dream," said Cecily suddenly.

"Same here."

She looked at him in surprise.

"I thought you regarded it as just nonsense," she exclaimed.

"That's what I thought you thought," he answered.

He could not look at her because he was driving.

"Jimmy! You realised that mother had been dreaming about—Jim?"

"Of course. But I didn't think you realised it."

He put out his hand as a warning to the cars behind that a policeman in front had signalled to him to stop.

"Couldn't let on to her about it, but that place she saw was evidently a prison infirmary."

There was another space of silence during which they considered the situation, and the way they had surprised each other.

The policeman waved them on, and the car got under way again.

"What does it mean?" asked Cecily.

"Don't know."

"Is Jim really ill?"

"Can't say, darling, but it doesn't seem reasonable that your mother should dream quite like that if he isn't."

"No. If she had any idea that he was in prison—but she hasn't. Jimmy, what strange and frightening things can happen!" Jimmy sounded his horn.

"Well, we kidded the old lady all right," he murmured. "I think we left her pretty peaceful about it, don't you?"

"Yes. But—but, Jimmy, is Jim going to die?"

"Don't know. He wasn't dead in her dream. Only very ill."

Cecily sighed.

"I suppose he must have been thinking about her. Poor Jim—he's a bad lot, but—"

Her voice trailed away, and Jimmy drove on in silence.

Presently she spoke again.

"What are we going to do about it?" she asked.

"What can we do?" countered Jimmy.

## CHAPTER 25

**T**HE blind woman was back in her own house in St. John's Wood. Jimmy and Cecily had conveyed her there, and Jimmy had stayed on to lunch.

It was wonderful how he had changed, she reflected, wonderful how he seemed to have improved in every respect. Since his reform he even got on better with his sister, with whom he had always been at loggerheads in the past. There was a really affectionate note in his voice now when he spoke to Cecily.

They had talked and laughed a good deal during lunch, and she had done her best to join in. Not for worlds would she have let Cecily discover her secret—one of those and little secrets that made life so hard for the blind.

Her food no longer interested her. Cecily always took a great deal of trouble to get things her mother used to like, but the fact was that since she had lost her sight everything tasted the same.

After lunch Jim had gone back to his garage and when Cecily had settled her down in her chair by the drawing-room fire, she had insisted that Cecily should go for a walk.

It was good to be back in a place where one had some idea where one was, and where one could move without having always to be guided.

All the same, it was dreadfully easy to

lose oneself, and very, very irritating to discover that one was at the wrong door, or up against the sideboard when one thought one was by the window.

That dream had given her a very bad turn. But there really didn't seem to be anything in it. Jim was well enough—But she would do her best to see that he took every precaution while this epidemic was still about.

The peeling of the front door bell caused her to prick up her ears.

Who was it? Hilda, perhaps. They said Hilda was better, and coming to see her as soon as she could.

The door opened, and she craned forward.

"Yes, what is it, Florrie?" she asked, disappointed not to hear Hilda's voice.

"A telegram, ma'am," said the house-parlormaid.

"A telegram? You'd better open it and read it to me, Florrie."

There was the sound of paper being torn, and then a rustling as the message was spread out.

"Regret to inform you that your son, James Robertson, died of influenza in prison infirmary this morning. A further communication follows by post.—John Watt, Governor."

The flimsy shook in the house-parlormaid's hand, and she stared at her mistress with big, horrified eyes, after she had stumbled her way through that startling message.

There was a long silence, during which the blind woman sat rigid in her chair. Then:

"My son—dead," she gasped. "In prison! What does it mean, Florrie? What does it mean? There must be some mistake. My son—my Jim—is in his garage. You're sure, aren't you, Florrie, that that telegram was addressed to me?"

**"Y**ES, ma'am," said Florrie. "It's addressed to you all right."

Something told her there was no mistake. Suddenly, the truth had leapt at her. Suddenly, she understood the mystery which had been so exciting her and cook, which cook's friend, George, had promised to "look into."

It was no fraud connected with a will that had caused Miss Cecily's young man to pose as her brother. It was to save the blind mother the sorrow of discovering that her son was in gaol that Miss Cecily's "friend" had been pretending to be the mistress's son. Clear as clear it was to Florrie—after she had read out the Governor's telegram.

Trying to keep it from her, that was what they had been doing.

Mrs. Robertson sighed.

She, too, knew that there was no mistake, and that telegram could not possibly refer to anyone else but her black sheep. Prison was the end she had always feared for him. Also, there was the dream, her vivid, alarming dream.

That hospital, that was not quite like an ordinary hospital, was the prison infirmary. The short white coats and dark trousers were the garb of warder-orderlies.

No, there had been no mistake. Jim was dead. With her sightless eyes, in a dream, she had seen him dying.

Yet, even so, she could not, would not, utterly believe. Desperately she must clutch at a straw; half-heartedly she must try to convince herself that it was not so.

"It can't be my son, can it, Florrie?" she whispered pitifully. "It must be someone else."

The house-parlormaid did not speak.

Poor mistress! And, oh! what a wicked shame it was, the way she and cook had misjudged Miss Cecily! Putting cook's friend on to investigate, spying on her, listening at keyholes and on the stairs! And fancy a mother not knowing her own



son—fancy it being possible to take her in about that, even if she was blind! Oh, poor mistress!

"My son was here at lunch, wasn't he, Florrie? You saw him. You served him. You heard him call me mother. Oh! it must be someone else."

With a sigh Florrie laid the telegram on the same little table on which yesterday she had seen the morocco leather-covered ring-box.

"That telegram is a fraud. Someone, who knew him in the past, has taken my son's name. Come to prison under it," cried the blind woman, still struggling not to believe. "That's what it must mean, mustn't it, Florrie?"

SHE leant forward, tense and eager. This new straw seemed very like a raft.

"You'd better ring up Mr. Jim. Florrie. At once. He'll know how to deal with this. He'll go down to the prison, and—"

Her voice faltered, and suddenly she burst into tears, the dreadful, moving tears of the blind.

It was no good. She could fight against the truth no longer. Her Jim was dead. She knew it in her soul, and she must accept it.

"Oh! don't, ma'am," cried the house-parlormaid, kneeling down beside her. "Don't, ma'am, don't!"

"My boy—my boy, dead in prison," wailed the grief-stricken mother.

Tears began to stream down Florrie's cheeks. Mistress and maid wept together. The story was only half comprehended. But they knew enough, knew all that mattered—for the time.

It was true, it was true. The blind woman had to admit it, had to face it.

All this while she had been living in a fool's paradise, believing that her Ethiopian had changed his skin, glorying in the miracle which her disaster had wrought.

And it was all lies. Her Jim was what he had always been—and had died in prison. Only one tiny grain of comfort could she find.

He had thought of her at the last. He must have thought of her, or she would never have dreamed her dream. Dying, he had called to her to come to him, and told her that he meant to turn over a new leaf—too late.

The dream that had so bewildered and frightened her was now the proof that convinced her he was dead, and the one ray of consolation to which she could cling.

"Oh! don't, ma'am, don't," pleaded Florrie, again.

Those tears were too piteous. That broken-hearted figure was altogether too moving.

Florrie glanced out of the window, wishing Miss Cecily would come.

Should she call cook, she wondered? Ought she to fetch the doctor—or send for Miss Cecily's young man?

"He was such a sweet baby, Florrie," sobbed the blind woman. "You never saw such darling curly hair—"

She choked on her mother-memories, and pressed both hands to her throat.

"Who could have believed then that he would die—in prison?" she gulped.

The house-parlormaid crumpled her handkerchief into a ball.

"Perhaps if his father had lived—" the pathetic crooning voice went on. "I suppose I must have spoilt him—Oh! I don't know, I don't know. He was always crooked—and I always knew it. That was what was so dreadful—that was what made me so glad when I thought that my accident had changed him."

With a queer, abrupt movement she clutched at the sides of her chair.

"I thought my love for him had grown since I lost my sight!" she cried, almost fiercely. "Every day, more and more, I have been living for him, clinging to him,

adoring him. And it wasn't my son at all! Someone else, someone else!"

She paused for a moment, a poor, lost, grieving, puzzled soul, groping in the dark.

"Who is he? Why should he pretend to be my son?" she wailed. "Why didn't I know he was not my Jim?"

The house-parlormaid swallowed a lump in her throat. Curious and clandestine she might have been in the past, but she was all sympathy and understanding now, for it is one of life's pleasantest platitudes that few people are as unpleasant as they seem to be.

"Whatever they've done, they meant for the best," said Florrie, the house-parlormaid. "It was you they were thinking of."

"Miss Cecily must have known he was not her brother!"

No mind can be ordered in a great grief.

"When he came to me at the home at Bournemouth and said he was Jim, and I was so pleased and touched, why, why didn't I know that he was not my boy at all?"

"Perhaps you was too ill to notice, like," said Florrie.

"Miss Cecily must have known," repeated the blind woman, coming back to her point.

"Course she knew, ma'am. She—she must have done it to make you happy—arranged with him, I mean."

There was a pause.

"And it did make you happy, didn't it, ma'am?" added Florrie.

"When I nearly got my sight back—if I hadn't sneezed—I should have seen then that he wasn't my son," the blind woman went off at a tangent again.

ONCE more Florrie glanced out of the window, wishing Miss Cecily would come.

"Did—did you know about it, Florrie?" demanded her mistress, suddenly.

"No, ma'am, at least, not properly. I never noticed anything till just before your operation. One night while you was away Miss Cecily and him came home very late. Cook and me thought it was burglars, and I went to creep downstairs to the phone. And then I saw Miss Cecily and her brother kissing in the hall, ma'am. Not like brother and sister, I don't mean, but like sweethearts."

"Sweethearts!" echoed the blind woman.

"But—but—he—is engaged to Miss Lester!"

"It's Miss Cecily he's in love with, ma'am, and if you ask me, that's why he done it. For love of her, and to help you, and make you happy, I mean."

She waited a moment, but Mrs. Robertson did not speak.

"Cook and me couldn't make head nor tail of it," she went on, instinctively aware that the more she talked the better for the other's grief. "We spotted that he must be an impostor, that no brother and sister could behave like that. And we thought it must be a fraud—something to do with a will, and getting hold of the money. Cook asked her friend—he's a policeman, ma'am—to look into it. But he ain't done much. I must say, I never did think as the police was really much good!"

The blind woman let her arms slide from the sides of her chair on to her lap.

Jim was dead. He had died as he had lived, in disgrace. And this other man who had pretended to be her son was her daughter's lover.

What part had Hilda in the affair? Was Hilda also being deceived—or was Hilda in the plot?

A sudden wave of anger swept over her. How dare they deceive her like this! Cecily and this man Cecily was in love with—this interloper, this impostor who had trifled with a mother's affections! She was startled to find herself trembling in every limb with a bitter, futile rage.

How well they had succeeded! How completely she had been taken in! How humiliating it was to realise that all this time she had been deluding herself, and

letting them delude her, while her own son was in prison serving a sentence for some crime she knew nothing whatever about.

"They're very fond of each other, ma'am," said Florrie. "He gave Miss Cecily an engagement ring yesterday. The box was on the table when they rang for me. They didn't think I noticed it, but I did."

Silence from the blind woman, angry, embittered, heart-broken.

"He must be very fond of her, ma'am, to do what he's been doing for you," Florrie went on. "You're not blaming them, are you? They meant it for the best, and now I know what's been going on I think it's all too pathetic for anything."

The blind woman frowned.

"You've got very fond of him, too, Miss Cecily's young man, haven't you?" continued Florrie, anxious to make amends for her suspicions and spying, and eager to comfort her mistress all she could. "Cook and I have often spoke about how good he is to you. If you've lost your own son, you'll gain another in him when he and Miss Cecily are married."

Her voice died away. Nervously, she glanced at her mistress with a feeling that they were out of touch, that she had said something she ought not to have said, something unpalatable to authority. A few moments ago they had been woman to woman. Now, in a flash, they were mistress and maid again.

"Ask Miss Cecily to come to me when she comes in," said the blind woman, dismissing her.

Florrie got up, and moved towards the door.

"There isn't anything I can get you?" she inquired.

"No, thank you, Florrie."

"You—you wouldn't like me to phone to the garage, ma'am? You said something about it just now."

"No, thank you, Florrie. I shall be quite all right till Miss Cecily gets back."

Florrie hesitated.

"It doesn't seem right, somehow, to leave you all alone when you've just had such bad news," she thought—woman to woman again.

Then she remembered that she was only the house-parlormaid, and quietly closed the door.

Cook was so breathlessly interested in the narrative of what had happened in the drawing-room that neither she nor Florrie heard Cecily let herself in with her latch-key.

Softly Cecily opened the drawing-room door and looked in, anxious not to disturb her mother if she had dropped off to sleep.

Cecily's eyes were bright, and her cheeks were flushed with something more than mere exercise—her walk had been to the garage.

"Is that you, Cecily?" inquired her mother.

"Yes, darling."

She came into the room.

"I want you to read the telegram that is lying on the table, Cecily," said the blind woman.

#### CHAPTER 26

Cecily drew a deep, startled breath. The telegram shook in her hand.

"Of course, this would come while I was out," was her first thought.

Anxiously she looked at her mother.

"Who opened this?" she asked, to gain time.

"Florrie. I asked her to read it to me."

Cecily started.

The tone was unmistakable. Mother was angry.

She went and knelt down beside her, on the hearthrug. She tried to take one of her mother's hands, but the blind woman drew it away.

"How dare you deceive me like this?" she asked, coldly. "When I think of the web



of lies I've been living in!—Cecily, how dare you?"

Cecily did not answer. Her house of cards had tumbled at last. Through something which nobody could have foreseen the conspiracy had been revealed and ended. And mother was angry.

"Florrie says you meant it for the best!" said the blind woman, cuttingly, in a voice that was meant to wound.

"Florrie?" echoed Cecily, with a touch of indignation. "What does Florrie know about it?"

"More than you think—and so does Cook. Everyone in the house, it seems, has been aware that something strange was going on except me."

SHE paused for a moment and then added:

"Florrie and Cook know that the man is your lover. They've seen you kissing."

Cecily rose from the hearthrug.

Anger flashed in her eyes at the thought that she and Jimmy had been living in a fools' paradise—the servants had been spying.

"Florrie was good enough to point out to me that though I have lost one son, I need not mind as I am about to gain another!" said the blind woman, stinging.

Cecily clasped her hands together.

"Mother, why are you so bitter?" she protested. "Surely you must understand that we were only thinking of you—trying to make things easier for you?"

"Nobody likes to be hoaxed," the blind woman answered.

She turned her face in her daughter's direction.

"Who is this man who has been pretending to be my son, this lover of yours I have never heard of before? What is his real name?"

"James Robertson."

"His real name, I said, Cecily!"

"That is his real name, mother. When—when you were so ill at Bournemouth, and we thought you were dying, I got the broadcasting people to send out an S.O.S. asking Jim to come to you. I thought it—I thought you'd like to say good-bye to him. But another James Robertson came, whose mother was also at Bournemouth. And as Jim hadn't answered, I—I got him to take his place. You—you see, mother, nobody believed then that you were going to live."

The blind woman gripped the arms of her chair.

"You wanted me to think it was Jim who was saying good-bye to me!" she cried.

"Yes."

There was a defiant ring in her daughter's voice.

"I was so sorry for you. I wanted you to die happy," she explained. "I made him agree to it, this other James Robertson. And—and then—you got better—because you thought he was Jim, and were so glad at the change in him. He—he saved your life, mother, you must admit that!"

She came and stood over her mother's chair.

"It was a fraud. It was deceiving you. Call it what you like—I don't care—it worked. You got better, and it was too late. We had to keep it up—and if it hadn't been for this telegram we should have kept it up till the end. What did a few lies matter? It was worth it—it was worth it! Even his own mother saw that!"

"His own mother? She knew?"

"Yes. At first she was horrified. She came to see you to put an end to it—"

"Came to see me? I've never met this man's mother in my life, Cecily!"

"Yes, you have, twice. Once in the nursing home at Bournemouth, and once here. You mistook her for a clergyman's wife come to console you, and you talked about Jim in such a way that she hadn't

the heart to do anything but leave things as they were."

Cecily waited a moment, but her mother did not speak.

"Darling, don't you see, we just couldn't help going on with it," Cecily pleaded. "And you can't deny that Jimmy made you very happy—really gave you something to live for. I didn't know I was going to fall in love with him, or that he was going to fall in love with me. But we were determined not to let that make any difference. We should just have gone on as we've been going on, even if it meant years and years. We were going to get Jim out of the country when his time was up."

"What did Jim do?" interrupted the blind woman.

"Stole his employer's money. Embezzlement. He got two years. Jimmy saw to it that he had counsel to defend him. Oh! mother, it was awful about Jim. He was arrested at Bournemouth before our eyes. He—he hadn't come there for you—he had come there to hide."

She looked away again, remembering her outburst, and her brother's terse, dramatic "Shut up!" Poor Jim—poor Jim!

"Darling, we meant it for the best, and I can't help feeling that it was for the best," she resumed. "When you think of all Jimmy has been to you—"

"What I'm thinking of is how I have wasted my affection on an—an impostor," flushed the blind woman.

She broke off to snap a question.

"Hilda," she cried. "What about Hilda and his engagement?"

"That was only a blind mother. You worried him to marry Adela, whom Jim had once been after for her money, Jimmy had to say something to put you off, and he said he was in love. And when you insisted on seeing her, someone had to be produced. He—he meant to get his mother to play the part, but she sent Hilda, who took it on for a lark."

"Another liar!" said the blind woman grimly.

"Mother, mother dear!" cried Cecily, aghast. "Don't say that. I wanted to make you happy—we all wanted to make you happy."

"You can't be made happy by lies, by a sham," said the blind woman, severely. "You can't! You were!" her daughter cried. "Blind though you are, Jimmy made you happier than you have been for years!"

There was a short silence. Then:

"It seems to me, Cecily, that the best thing you can do is to marry this man, as you're in love with him," said her mother. "And go away and live somewhere where I need never meet him. I shall be all right here alone."

Cecily looked at her with troubled eyes.

"Darling, don't you think in time—"

she began.

But her mother interrupted with:

"No. I mean it, Cecily. The more I think about what has been going on behind my back, the more I feel that I shall never get over it."

"Very well," said Cecily, with a sigh.

She went out of the room, straight to the telephone and asked for a number.

"Is that you, Jimmy?" she said, when she got through.

TEA was being taken when the bell rang—a queer tea. The blind woman was very quiet and cold—hurt with her daughter, grieving for her son. She picked up her ears when she heard the bell.

"Who's that?" she exclaimed.

"I'll see," said Cecily, hastily rising. She had kept on her hat and coat to go out again with Jimmy to discuss the situation if he could not soften her mother's present mood.

A moment later Jimmy came striding in. Straight he made for the easy chair, and

two strong arms went round the blind woman's neck, while a man's lips kissed her on either cheek.

"Look here, I say, this won't do, you know," he said.

She put up her hands as if to push him away.

"Frightfully sorry to hear from Cecily about the real Jim," he went on. "But, of course, it's a good thing in a way, as you must see for yourself, old lady. No need to worry about him any more, eh, mother? And, of course, that dream must have prepared you for it a bit."

The blind woman's hands fell back into her lap.

It was true what the impostor was saying. In a way, what had happened to Jim, always an anxiety to her, was a sort of relief. Grieve for him she must, because she was his mother, but she need worry about him no longer.

"Cecily tells me you're rather fed-up with us for the way we've been talking you in. We can't have that, Mother. Still got to call you Mother, you know. As Cecily and I are going to be married, obviously that's the drill."

He patted her shoulder and stood back.

"Got very fond of you and all that I have. Honest. Don't know how it is, but you seem to make people fond of you, Mother. And about this conspiracy. Not fair to blame Cecily. Mustn't be wild with her over it. Not nice to be kidded, I know. Get anyone's goat for a bit, it would, when they found out how they'd been had. But, damn it, Mother, what a daughter to think of such a thing and push it through to make things better for you!"

THE figure in the easy chair shook. Something—was it a half-stifled sob—escaped her lips?

"Come on, Mother. Cecily and I are waiting for you to forgive us, so that we can all be happy again," said Jimmy briskly.

"We meant it for the best, you know."

"And it was for the best," said the blind woman, slowly. "Oh! it was, it was. I see it now. Florrie was right, Cecily, after all. If I've lost one son, I've gained another. My dears, my dears, I hope you will be very happy, and I do trust you won't find me too much in the way."

"Rather not," said Jimmy, as Cecily knelt once more on the hearthrug—and flung her arms round her mother's neck.

It was three days afterwards that Jimmy and Cecily, astonishingly happy, and full of plans about their wedding, suddenly remembered—Hilda.

The two Mrs. Robertsons were chatting together in the drawing-room about the ways of young people in love.

"I say!" exclaimed Jimmy, "we've never let Hilda know that the imposture's all off, and the date of the wedding fixed."

Cecily stood beside Jimmy while he phoned.

His ring off almost at once, and turned to Cecily, with a bewildered air.

"I say, that's a bit odd of her! She's gone—started for the Riviera this morning without a word."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter, does it?" smiled Cecily.

And so neither of them ever knew how Hilda had waited in a whole afternoon to tell Jimmy what a lovely plan she had for breaking off their mythical engagement, and had finally said to herself, huffily:

"Too much in love to trouble to come to see me! Who cares? Buy British and be proud of it!"

And Bill's forgetful neglect of duty was not, in consequence, ever found out!

That's life.

(The End.)

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)  
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